This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

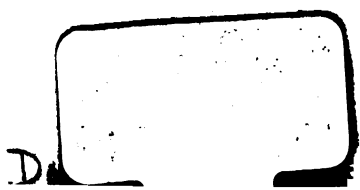
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

BODLEIAN LIBRARY

The gift of

Miss Emma F. I. Dunston



CAMILLA:

OR,

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

EVELINA AND *CECILIA.*

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. PAYNE, AT THE MEWS-GATE; AND T. CADELL, JUN. AND W. DAVIES, IN THE STRAND.

1802.

Luke Hansard, Printer,
Great Turnstile, Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

CONTENTS

OF THE

FOURTH VOLUME.

BOOK VII.

CHAP.		page
I.	The Triumph of Pride,	1
II.	A Summons to Happineſs,	11
III.	Offs and Ons,	28
IV.	Reſolutions,	41
V.	Eaſe and Freedom,	53
VI.	Dilemmas,	66
VII.	Live and Learn,	78
VIII.	A Way to make Friends,	92
IX.	A Rage of Obliging,	106
X.	A pleaſant Adventure,	123
XI.	An Author's Time-keeper,	135
XII.	An agreeable Hearing,	144

BOOK VIII.

CHAP.		page
I.	Ideas upon Marriage,	160
II.	How to treat a Defamer,	167

III. The

CONTENTS.

CHAP.	page
III. The Power of Prepoſſeſſion,	183
IV. A Scuffle,	195
V. A Youthful Effuſion,	210
VI. The Computations of Self-love,	229
VII. Juvenile Calculations,	240
VIII. A Water Party,	253
IX. Touches of Wit and Humour,	282
X. An Adieu,	302
XI. A Modeſt Requeſt.	314

CAMILLA,

OR

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

VOL. IV.

BOOK VII.

CHAP. I.

The Triumph of Pride.

THE three ſiſters were retired, at night, to another council in the room of Camilla; when Molly Mill, with a look of diſmay, burſt in upon them, bringing, with the anſwer of Sir Sedley, news that Tommy Hodd had ridden the horſe ſhe had borrowed for him of the under-groom to death.

The diſmay, now, ſpread equally to them all. What a tale would this misfortune unfold to Sir Hugh, to Edgar, to the whole houſe! The debt of Lionel, the correſpondence with Sir Sedley, the expectations of the young baronet—Camilla could not ſupport it; ſhe ſent for Jacob to own to him the accident, and beg his aſſiſtance.

Jacob, though getting into bed, obeyed the call. He was, however, ſo much irritated at the loſs of the horſe, and the boldneſs of the under-groom, in lending him without leave, that, at firſt, he would liſten to no intreaties, and proteſted that both the boy and Molly Mill ſhould be complained of to his maſter. The eloquence, however, of his three young miſtreſſes, for ſo all the nieces of Sir Hugh were called by the ſervants at Cleves, ſoon ſoftened his ire; he almoſt adored his maſter, and was affectionately attached to the young family. They begged him to buy another horſe, as like it as poſſible, and to contrive not to employ it when Sir Hugh was in ſight, till they were able to clear up the hiſtory to their uncle themſelves; this would not be difficult, as the baronet rarely viſited his ſtables ſince his fall, for the ſight of his horſes conſtantly dejected him.

There was to be a fair for cattle in the neighbourhood the next day, and Jacob promiſed to ſee what bargain he could make.

They then inquired what money would be neceſſary for the purchaſe.

The colt, he ſaid, of poor Tom Jones was 40l.

Camilla held up her hands, almoſt ſcreaming. Eugenia, with more preſence of mind, ſaid they would ſee him again in the morning

ing before he went, and then told Molly Mill to wait for her in her own room.

"What can I now do?" cried Camilla; "I would not add the history of this expence to the sad tale I have already to relate to Edgar for the universe! To begin my career by such a string of humiliations would be insupportable. Already I owe five guineas to Mrs. Arlbery, which the tumult of my mind since my return has prevented me from naming to my uncle; and I have left debts at Tunbridge that will probably take up all my next quarter's allowance!"

"As far as these three guineas will go," said Lavinia, taking out her purse, "here, my dearest Camilla, they are;—but how little that is! I never before thought my pittance too small! yet how well we all know my dear father cannot augment it."

Eugenia, who, in haste, had stept to her own room, now came back, and putting twenty guineas into the hand of Camilla, said: "This, my beloved sister, is all I now have by me; but Jacob is rich and good, and will rejoice to pay the rest for us at present; and I shall very soon reimburse him, for my uncle has insisted upon making me a very considerable present, which I shall, now, no longer refuse."

Camilla burst into tears, and, hanging about their necks: "O my sisters," she

cried, "what goodneſs is yours! but how can I avail myſelf of it with any juſtice? Your three guineas, my Lavinia, your little all—how can I bear to take?"

"Do not teach me to repine, my dear Camilla, that I have no more! I am ſure of being remembered by my uncle on the approaching occaſions, and I can never, therefore, better ſpare my little ſtore."

"You are all kindneſs! and you, my dear Eugenia, who, though you have more, have claims upon that more, and are both expected and accuſtomed to anſwer them—"

"Yes, I have indeed more!" interrupted Eugenia, "which only ſiſters good as mine, could pardon; but becauſe my uncle has made me his heireſs, has he made me a brute? No! whatever I have, muſt be amongſt us all in common, not only now, but—" She ſtopt, affrighted at the idea ſhe was preſenting to herſelf, and fervently claſping her hands, exclaimed: "O long—long may it be ere I can ſhew my ſiſters all I feel for them! they will believe it, I am ſure—and that is far happier!"

The idea this raiſed ſtruck them all, at the ſame moment, to the heart. Not one of them had dry eyes, and with a ſadneſs overpowering every other conſideration, they ſighed as heavily, and with looks as diſconſolate,

ſolate, as if the uncle ſo dear to them were already no more.

The influence of parts, the predominance of knowledge, the honour of learning, the captivation of talents, and even the charm of fame itſelf, all ſhrink in their effects before the ſuperior force of goodneſs, even where moſt ſimple and uncultivated, for power over the ſocial affections.

* * * *

At an early hour, the next morning, the commiſſion, with twenty guineas in hand, and the promiſe of the reſt in a ſhort time, were given to Jacob; and Camilla, then, begged permiſſion of her father, and the carriage of her uncle, to viſit Mrs. Arlbery, who, ſhe had heard, was juſt returned to the Grove.

Concluding, ſhe wiſhed to be the informant of her own ſituation to that lady, they made no oppoſition, and ſhe ſet off before eight o'clock, without entering the parlour, where Edgar, ſhe was informed, was already arrived for breakfaſt.

The little journey was terrible to her; ſcenes of diſappointment and deſpair on the part of Sir Sedley, were anticipated, and ſhe reproached herſelf for every word ſhe had ever ſpoken, every look ſhe had ever

given, that could have raiſed any preſumption of her regard.

The laſt note was written in the ſtyle of all the others, and not one ever expreſſed the ſmalleſt doubt of ſucceſs; how dreadful then to break to him ſuch news, at the very moment he might imagine ſhe came to meet him with partial pleaſure!

Mrs. Arlbery was not yet riſen. Camilla inquired, ſtammering, if any company were at the houſe. None, was the anſwer. She then begged leave to walk in the garden till Mrs. Arlbery came down ſtairs.

She was not ſorry to miſs her; ſhe dreaded her yet more than Sir Sedley himſelf, and hoped to ſee him alone.

Nevertheleſs, ſhe remained a full hour in waiting, ruminating upon the wonder her diſappearance would give to Edgar, and perſuaded that ſome chance had anticipated her account to Sir Sedley, whoſe rage and grief were too violent to ſuffer him to keep his appointment.

This idea ſerved but to add to her perturbation, when, at laſt, ſhe ſaw him enter the garden.

All preſence of mind then forſook her; ſhe looked around to ſee if ſhe could eſcape, but his approach was too quick for avoidance. Her eyes, unable to encounter his, were bent upon the ground, and ſhe ſtood

ſtill, and even trembling, till he reached her.

To the prepoſſeſſed notions and vain character of Sir Sedley, theſe were ſymptoms by no means diſcouraging; with a confidence almoſt amounting to arrogance he advanced, pitying her diſtreſs, yet pitying himſelf ſtill more for the ſnare in which it was involving him. He permitted his eyes for a moment to faſten upon her, to admire her, and to enjoy triumphantly her confuſion in ſilence: "Ah, beauteous tyrant!" he then cried; "if this inſtant were leſs inappreciable, in what language could I upbraid thy unexampled abuſe of power? thy lacerating barbarity?"

He then, almoſt by force, took her hand; ſhe ſtruggled eagerly to recover it, but "No," he cried, "fair torturer! it is now my priſoner, and muſt be puniſhed for its inhuman ſins, in the congealing and unmerciful lines it has portrayed for me."

And then, regardleſs of her reſiſtance, which he attributed to mere baſhfulneſs, he obſtinately and inceſſantly devoured it with kiſſes, in defiance of oppoſition, ſupplication, or anger, till, ſuddenly and piercingly, ſhe ſtartled him with a ſcream, and ſnatched it away with a force irreſiſtible.

Amazed, he ſtared at her. Her face was almoſt convulſed with emotion; but

her eyes, which appeared to be fixed, directed him to the cauſe. At the bottom of the walk, which was only a few yards diſtant, ſtood Mandlebert!

Pale and motionleſs, he looked as if bereft of ſtrength and faculties. Camilla had ſeen him the moment ſhe raiſed her eyes, and her horror was uncontrollable. Sir Sedley, aſtoniſhed at what he beheld, aſtoniſhed what to think, drew back, with a ſupercilious kind of bow. Edgar recalled, by what he thought inſolence, to his recollection, advanced a few ſteps, and addreſſing himſelf to Camilla, ſaid: "I had the commands of Sir Hugh to purſue you, Miſs Tyrold, to give you immediate notice that Mr. Lynmere is arrived." He added no more, deigned not a look at Sir Sedley, but rapidly retreated, remounted his horſe, and galloped off.

Camilla looked after him till he was out of ſight, with uplifted hands and eyes, deploring his departure, his miſtake, and his reſentment, without courage to attempt ſtopping him.

Sir Sedley ſtood ſuſpended, how to act, what to judge. If Edgar's was the diſpleaſure of a diſcarded lover, why ſhould it ſo affect Camilla? if of a ſucceſsful one, why came ſhe to meet him? why had ſhe received and anſwered his notes?

Finding

Finding ſhe attempted neither to ſpeak nor move, he again approached her, and ſaying, "Fair Incomprehenſible!—" would again have taken her hand; but rouſing to a ſenſe of her ſituation, ſhe drew back, and with ſome dignity, but more agitation, cried: "Sir Sedley, I bluſh if I am culpable of any part of your miſtake; but ſuffer me now to be explicit, and let me be fully, finally, and not too late underſtood. You muſt write to me no more; I cannot anſwer nor read your letters. You muſt ſpeak to me no more, except in public ſociety; you muſt go further, Sir Sedley—you muſt think of me no more."

"Horrible!" cried he, ſtarting back; "you diſtreſs me paſt meaſure!"

"No, no, you will ſoon—eaſily—readily forget me."

"Inhuman! you make me unhappy paſt thought!"

"Indeed I am inexpreſſibly concerned; but the whole affair—"

"You ſhock, you annihilate me, you injure me in the tendereſt point!"

Camilla now, amazed, cried, "what is it you mean, Sir?"

"By inveſting me, fair barbarian, with the temerity of forming any claim that can call for reproof!"

Utterly confounded by ſo unexpected a diſclaiming

disclaiming of all design, she again, though from far different sensations, cast up her eyes and hands. And is it, she thought, for a trifler such as this, so unmeaning, so unfeeling, I have risked my whole of hope and happiness?

She said, however, no more; for what more could be said? She coloured, past him, and hastily quitting the garden, told the footman to apologise to Mrs. Arlbery for her sudden departure, by informing her that a near relation was just arrived from abroad; and then got into the carriage and drove back to Cleves.

Sir Sedley followed carelessly, yet without aiming at overtaking her, and intreated, negligently, to be heard, yet said nothing which required the smallest answer.

Piqued completely, and mortified to the quick, by the conviction which now broke in upon him of the superior ascendance of Mandlebert, he could not brook to have been thought in earnest when he saw he should not have been accepted, nor pardon his own vanity the affront it had brought upon his pride. He sung aloud an opera air till the carriage of Sir Hugh was out of sight, and then drove his phaeton to Clarendel-place, where he instantly ordered his post-chaise, and in less than an hour, set off on a tour to the Hebrides.

CHAP. II.

A Summons to Happineſs.

CAMILLA had but juſt ſet out from Cleves, when Sir Hugh, conſulting his weather-cocks, which a new chain of ideas had made him forget to examine, ſaw that the wind was fair for the voyage of his nephew; and heard, upon inquiry, that the favourable change had taken place the preceding day, though the general confuſion of the houſe had prevented it from being heeded by any of the family.

With eagerneſs the moſt exceſſive, he went to the room of Eugenia, and bid her put on a ſmart hat to walk out with him, as there was no knowing how ſoon a certain perſon might arrive.

Eugenia, colouring, ſaid ſhe would rather ſtay within.

"Well," cried he, "you'll be neater, to be ſure, for not blowing about in the wind; ſo I'll go take t'other girls."

Eugenia, left alone, became exceedingly fluttered. She could not bear to remain in the houſe under the notion of ſo degrading a conſideration as owing any advantage to outward appearance; and fearing her uncle,

in his extreme openneſs, ſhould give that reaſon for her not walking, ſhe determined to take a ſtroll by herſelf in the park.

She bent her ſteps towards a ſmall wood at ſome diſtance from the houſe, where ſhe meant to reſt herſelf and read; for ſhe had learnt of Dr. Orkborne never to be unprovided with a book: But ſhe had not yet reached her place of intended repoſe, when the ſound of feet made her turn round, and, to her utter conſternation, ſhe ſaw a young man, whoſe boots, whip, and foreign air, announced him inſtantly to be Clermont Lynmere.

She doubted not but he was ſent in purſuit of her; and though youthful timidity prompted her to ſhun him, ſhe retained ſufficient command over herſelf to check it, and to ſtop till he came up to her; while he, neither quickening nor ſlackening his pace as he approached, paſſed her with ſo little attention, that ſhe was preſently convinced he had ſcarcely even perceived her.

Diſconcerted by a meeting ſo ſtrange and ſo ill timed, ſhe involuntarily ſtood ſtill, without any other power than that of looking after him.

In a few minutes Molly Mill, running up to her, cried: "Dear Miſs, have not you ſeen young Mr. Lynmere? He come by

by t'other way juſt as maſter, and Miſs Margland, and Miſs Lynmere, and Miſs Tyrold, was gone to meet him by the great gate; and ſo he ſaid he'd come and look who he could find himſelf."

Eugenia had merely voice to order her back. The conviction of having a figure ſo inſignificant as to be paſſed, without even exciting a doubt who ſhe might be, was cruelly mortifying, and ſhe ſat down under a tree to recollect herſelf.

Preſently, however, ſhe ſaw the ſtranger turn quick about, and before ſhe could riſe, ſlightly touching his hat, without looking at her: "Pray, ma'am," he ſaid, "do you belong to that houſe?" pointing to the manſion of Sir Hugh.

Faintly ſhe anſwered, "Yes, ſir;" and he then added: "I am juſt arrived, and in ſearch of Sir Hugh and the young ladies; one of them, they told me, was this way; but I can trace nobody. Have you ſeen any of them?"

More and more confounded, ſhe could make no reply. Inattentive to her embarraſſment, and ſtill looking every way around, he repeated his queſtion. She then pointed towards the great gate, ſtammering ſhe believed they went that way. "Thank you;" he anſwered, with a nod, and hurried off.

She

She now thought no more of moving nor of riſing; ſhe felt a kind of ſtupor, in which, fixed, and without reflection, ſhe remained, till, ſtartled by the ſound of her uncle's voice, ſhe got up, made what haſte ſhe was able to the houſe by a private path, and aſcended to her own room by a back ſtair-caſe.

That an interview to which ſhe had ſo long looked forward, for which, with unwearied aſſiduity, ſhe had ſo many years laboured to prepare herſelf, and which was the declared precurſor of the moſt important æra of her life, ſhould paſs over ſo abruptly, and be circumſtanced ſo awkwardly, equally diſpirited and confuſed her.

In a few minutes, Molly Mill, entering, ſaid: "They're all come back, and Sir Hugh's fit to eat the young ſquire up. Come, miſs, I hope you'll put on ſomething elſe, for that hat makes you look worſe than any thing."

The artleſſneſs of unadorned truth, however ſure in theory of extorting admiration, rarely, in practice, fails inflicting pain or mortification. The ſimple honeſty of Molly redoubled the chagrin of her young miſtreſs, who, ſending her away, went anxiouſly to the looking-glaſs, whence, in a few moments, ſhe perceived her uncle, from

from the window, laughing, and making ſignificant ſigns to ſome one out of her ſight. Extremely aſhamed to be ſo ſurpriſed, ſhe retreated to the other end of the room, though not till ſhe had heard Sir Hugh ſay: "Ay, ay, ſhe's getting ready for you; I told you why ſhe would not walk out with us, ſo don't let's hurry her; though I can't but commend your being a little impatient, which I dare ſay ſo is ſhe, only young girls can't ſo well talk about it."

Eugenia now found that Clermont had no ſuſpicion he had ſeen her. Sir Hugh concluded ſhe had not left her room, and aſked no queſtions that could lead to the diſcovery.

Preſently the baronet came up ſtairs himſelf, and tapping at her door, ſaid: "Come, my dear, don't be too curious, the breakfaſt having been ſpoilt this hour already; beſides your couſin's having nothing on himſelf but his riding-dreſs."

Happy ſhe could at leaſt clear herſelf from ſo derogatory a deſign, ſhe opened her door. Sir Hugh, ſurveying her with a look of ſurpriſe and vexation, exclaimed: "What my dear! an't you dizen'd yet? why I thought to have ſeen you in all your beſt things!"

"No, ſir," anſwered ſhe calmly; "I ſhall not dreſs till dinner-time."

"My

"My dear girl," cried he, kindly, though a little diſtreſſed how to explain himſelf; "there's no need you ſhould look worſe than you can help; though you can do better things, I know, than looking well at any time; only what I mean is, you ſhould let him ſee you to the beſt advantage at the firſt, for fear of his taking any diſlike before he knows about Dr. Orkborne, and that."

"Diſlike, ſir!" repeated ſhe, extremely hurt; "if you think he will take any diſlike—I had better not ſee him at all!"

"My dear girl, you quite miſtake me, owing to my poor head's always uſing the wrong word; which is a remarkable thing that I can't help. But I don't mean in the leaſt to doubt his being pleaſed with you, except only at the beginning, from not being uſed to you; for as to all your ſtudies, there's no more Greek and Latin in one body's face than in another's; but, however, if you won't dreſs, there's no need to keep the poor boy in hot water for nothing."

He then took her hand, and rather dragged than drew her down ſtairs, ſaying as they went: "I muſt wiſh you joy, though, for I aſſure you he's a very fine lad, and hardly a bit of a coxcomb."

The family was all aſſembled in the parlour,

lour, except Camilla, for whom the baronet had inſtantly diſpatched Edgar, and Mr. Tyrold, who was not yet returned from a morning ride, but for whom Sir Hugh had ordered the great dinner bell to be rung, as a ſignal of ſomething extraordinary.

Young Lynmere was waiting the arrival of Eugenia with avowed and unbridled impatience. Far from ſurmiſing it was her he had met in the park, he had concluded it was one of the maids, and thought of her no more. He aſked a thouſand queſtions in a breath when his uncle was gone. Was ſhe tall? was ſhe ſhort? was ſhe plump? was ſhe lean? was ſhe fair? was ſhe brown? was ſhe florid? was ſhe pale? But as he aſked them of every body, nobody anſwered, yet all were in ſome diſmay at a curioſity implying ſuch entire ignorance; except Indiana, who could not, without ſimpering, foreſee the amazement of her brother at her couſin's perſon and appearance.

"Here's a noble girl for you!" cried Sir Hugh, opening the door with a flouriſh; "for all ſhe's got ſo many beſt things, ſhe's come down in her worſt, for the ſake of looking ill at the beginning, to the end that there may be no fault to be found afterwards; which is a wiſeneſs that does honour to her education."

This

This was, perhaps, the first time an harangue from the baronet had been thought too short; but the surprise of young Lynmere, at the view of his destined bride, made him wish he would speak on, merely to annul any necessity for speaking himself. Eugenia aimed in vain to recover the calmness of her nature, or to borrow what might resemble it from her notions of female dignity. The injudicious speech of Sir Hugh, by publicly forcing upon the whole party the settled purpose of the interview, covered her with blushes, and gave a tremor to her frame that obliged her precipitately to seat herself, while her joined hands supplicated his silence.

"Well, my dear, well!" said he, kissing her, "don't let me vex you; what I said having no meaning, except for the best; though your cousin might as well have saluted you before you sat down, I think; which, however, I suppose may be out of fashion now, every thing changing since my time; which, Lord help me! it will take me long enough to learn."

Lynmere noticed not this hint, and they all seated themselves round the breakfast table; Sir Hugh hardly able to refrain from crying for joy, and continually exclaiming; "This is the happiest day of all my life, for all I've lived so long! To see us all together,

gether, at laſt, and my dear boy come home to his native old England!"

Miſs Margland made the tea, and young Lynmere inſtantly and almoſt voraciouſly began eating of every thing that was upon the table. Indiana, when ſhe ſaw her brother as handſome as her couſin was deformed, thought the contraſt ſo droll, ſhe could look at neither without tittering; Lavinia obſerved, with extreme concern, the viſible diſtreſs of her ſiſter; Dr. Orkborne forbore to ruminate upon his work, in expectation, every moment, of being called upon to converſe with the learned young traveller; but Sir Hugh alone ſpoke, though his delight and his loquacity, joined to his pleaſure in remarking the good old Engliſh appetite which his nephew had brought with him from foreign parts, prevented his being ſtruck with the general taciturnity.

The entrance of Mr. Tyrold proved a relief to all the party, though a pain to himſelf. He ſuffered in ſeeing the diſtreſſed confuſion of Eugenia, and felt ſomething little ſhort of indignation at the ſupercilious air with which Clermont ſeemed to examine her; holding his head high and back, as if meaſuring his ſuperior height, while every line round his mouth marked that ridicule was but ſuppreſſed by contempt.

When

When Sir Hugh, at length, obſerved, that the young traveller uttered not a ſyllable, he exclaimed: "Lord help us! what fools it makes of us, being overjoyed! here am I talking all the talk to myſelf, while my young ſcholar ſays nothing! which I take to be owing to my ſpeaking only Engliſh; which, however, I ſhould not do, if it was not for the misfortune of knowing no other, which I can't properly call a fault, being out of no idleneſs, as that gentleman can witneſs for me; for I'll warrant nobody's taken more pains; but our heads won't always do what we want."

He then gave a long and melancholy detail of his ſtudies and their failure.

When the carriage arrived with Camilla, young Lynmere loitered to a window, to look at it; Eugenia aroſe, meaning to ſeize the opportunity to eſcape to her room; but ſeeing him turn round, ſhe felt no ſpirits to exhibit, again, before his tall and ſtrikingly elegant figure, her diminutive little perſon.

Camilla entered with traces of a diſordered mind too ſtrongly marked in her countenance to have eſcaped obſervation, had ſhe been looked at with any attention. But Eugenia and Lynmere ingroſſed all eyes and all thoughts. Even herſelf, at firſt ſight of the huſband elect of her ſiſter,

loſt,

loſt, for a moment, all perſonal conſideration, and looked at him only with the intereſting idea of the future fate of Eugenia. But when ſhe turned round, and ſaw nothing of Edgar, when her uncle's inquiry what had become of him convinced her he was gone elſewhere, her heart ſunk, ſhe felt ſick, and would have glided out of the room, had not Sir Hugh, thinking her faint for want of breakfaſt, begged Miſs Margland to make ſome freſh tea; adding, "As this is a day in which I intend us all to be happy alike, I beg nobody will go out of the room, for the ſake of our enjoying it all together."

This ſummons to happineſs produced the uſual effect of ſuch calls; a general ſilence, ſucceeded by a general yawning, and a univerſal, though ſecret wiſh of ſeparation, to the ſingle exception of Sir Hugh, who, after a pauſe, ſaid, "Why nobody ſpeaks but me! which I really think odd enough. However, my dear nephew, if you don't care for our plain Engliſh converſation, which, indeed, after all your ſtudies, one can't much wonder at, nobody can be againſt you and the Doctor jabbering together a little of your Greek and Latin."

Lynmere, letting fall his bread upon the table, leaned back in his chair, and, ſtick-

ing

ing his hands in his ſide, looked at his uncle with an air of aſtoniſhment.

"Nay," continued the baronet, "I don't pretend I ſhould be much the wiſer for it; however, it's what I've no objection to hear: ſo come, Doctor! you're the oldeſt; break the ice!"

A verſe of Horace with which Dr. Orkborne was opening his anſwer, was ſtopt ſhort, by the eager manner in which Lynmere re-ſeized his bread with one hand, while, with the other, to the great diſcompoſure of the exact Miſs Margland, he ſtretched forth for the tea-pot, to pour out a baſon of tea; not ceaſing the libation till the ſaucer itſelf, overcharged, ſent his beverage in trickling rills from the table-cloth to the floor.

The ladies all moved ſome paces from the table, to ſave their clothes; and Miſs Margland reproachfully inquired if ſhe had not made his tea to his liking.

"Don't mind it, I beg, my dear boy," cried Sir Hugh; "a little ſlop's ſoon wiped up; and we're all friends: ſo don't let that ſtop your Latin."

Lynmere, noticing neither the Latin, the miſchief, nor the conſolation, finiſhed his tea in one draught, and then ſaid: "Pray, Sir, where do you keep all your newſpapers?"

"Newſ-

"Newſpapers, my dear nephew? I've got no newſpapers: what would you have us do with a mere ſet of politics, that not one of us underſtand, in point of what may be their true drift; now we're all met together o' purpoſe to be comfortable?"

"No newſpapers, ſir?" cried Lynmere, riſing, and vehemently ringing the bell; and, with a ſcornful laugh, adding, half between his teeth, "Ha! ha! live in the country without newſpapers! a good joke, faith!"

A ſervant appearing, he gave orders for all the morning papers that could be procured.

Sir Hugh looked much amazed; but preſently, ſtarting up, ſaid, "My dear nephew, I believe I've caught your meaning, at laſt; for if you mean, as I take for granted, that we're all rather dull company, why I'll take your hint, and leave you and a certain perſon together, to make a better acquaintance; which you can't do ſo well while we're all by, on account of modeſty."

Eugenia, frightened almoſt to ſickneſs, caught by her two ſiſters; and Mr. Tyrold, tenderly compaſſionating her apprehenſions, whiſpered to Sir Hugh to diſpenſe with a *téte-à-tête* ſo early; and, taking her hand, accompanied her himſelf to her room, compoſing, and re-aſſuring her by the way.

Sir Hugh, though vexed, then followed,

to

to iſſue ſome particular orders; the reſt of the party diſperſed, and young Lynmere remained with his ſiſter.

Walking on tiptoe to the door, he ſhut it, and put his ear to the key-hole, till he no longer heard any footſtep. Turning then haſtily round, he flung himſelf, full length, upon a ſofa, and burſt into ſo violent a fit of laughter, he was forced to hold his ſides.

Indiana, tittering, ſaid, "Well, brother, how do you like her?"

"Like her!" he repeated, when able to ſpeak; "why the old gentleman doats! He can never, elſe, ſeriouſly ſuppoſe I'll marry her."

"He! he! he! yes, but he does, indeed, brother. He's got every thing ready."

"Has he, faith?" cried Lynmere, again rolling on the ſofa, almoſt ſuffocated with violent laughter: from which, ſuddenly recovering, he ſtarted up to ſtride to a large looking-glaſs, and, ſtanding before it, in an eaſy and moſt aſſured attitude, "Much obliged to him, 'pon honour!" he exclaimed: "Don't you think;" turning carelefsly, yet in an elegant poſition, round to his ſiſter, "don't you think I am, Indiana?"

"Me, brother! la! I'm ſure I think ſhe's the ugliеſt little fright, poor thing! I ever ſaw in the world, poor thing! ſuch a

little,

little, ſhort, dumpty, hump backed, crooked, limping figure of a fright—poor thing!"

"Yes, yes," cried he, changing his poſture, but ſtill undauntedly examining himſelf before the glaſs, "he has taken amazing care of me, I confeſs; matched me moſt exactly!"

Then ſitting down, as if to conſider the matter more ſeriouſly, he took Indiana by the arm, and, with ſome diſpleaſure, ſaid, "Why, what does the old quoz mean? Does he want me to toſs him in a blanket?"

Indiana tittered more than ever at this idea, till her brother angrily demanded of her, why ſhe had not written herſelf ſome deſcription of this young Hecate, to prepare him for her ſight? Sir Hugh having merely given him to underſtand that ſhe was not quite beautiful.

Indiana had no excuſe to plead, but that ſhe did not think of it. She had, indeed, grown up with an averſion to writing, in common with whatever elſe gave trouble, or required attention; and her correſpondence with her brother rarely produced more than two letters in a year, which were briefly upon general topics, and read by the whole family.

She now related to him the hiſtory of the will, and the vow, which only in an imper-

fect, and but half-credited manner, had reached him.

His laughter then gave place to a ſtorm of rage. He called himſelf ruined, blaſted, undone; and abuſed Sir Hugh as a good-for-nothing dotard, defrauding him of his juſt rights and expectations.

"Why, that's the reaſon," ſaid Indiana, "he wants to marry you to couſin Eugenia; becauſe, he ſays, it's to make you amends."

This led him to a rather more ſerious conſideration of the affair; for, he proteſted the money was what he could not do without. Yet, again parading to the glaſs, "What a ſhame, Indiana," he cried, "what a ſhame would it be to make ſuch a ſacrifice? If he'll only pay a trifle of money for me, and give me a few odd thouſands to begin with, I'll hold him quit of all elſe, ſo he'll but quit me of that wizen little ſtump."

A newſpaper, procured from the neareſt public houſe, being now brought, he pinched Indiana by the chin, ſaid ſhe was the fineſt girl he had ſeen in England, and whiſtled off to his appointed chamber.

Clermont Lynmere ſo entirely reſembled his ſiſter in perſon, that now, in his firſt youth, he might almoſt have been taken for her, even without change of dreſs: but the effect produced upon the beholders bore

bore not the ſame parallel: what in her was beauty in its higheſt delicacy, in him ſeemed effeminacy in its loweſt degradation. The brilliant fairneſs of his forehead, the tranſparent pink of his cheeks, the pouting vermillion of his lips, the liquid luſtre of his languiſhing blue eyes, the minute form of his almoſt infantine mouth, and the ſnowy whiteneſs of his ſmall hands and taper fingers, far from bearing the attraction which, in his ſiſter, rendered them lovely, made him conſidered by his own ſex as an unmanly fop, and by the women, as too conceited to admire any thing but himſelf.

With reſpect to his underſtanding, his ſuperiority over his ſiſter was rather in education than in parts, and in practical intercourſe with the world, than in any higher reaſoning faculties. His character, like his perſon, wanted maturing, the one being as diſtinct from intellectual deciſion, as the other from maſculine dignity. He had youth without diffidence, ſprightlineſs without wit, opinion without judgment, and learning without knowledge. Yet, as he contemplated his fine perſon in the glaſs, he thought himſelf without one external fault; and, early caſt upon his own reſponſibility, was not conſcious of one mental deficiency.

CHAP. III.

Offs and Ons.

MR. TYROLD left Eugenia to her ſiſters, unwilling to ſpeak of Lynmere till he had ſeen more of him. Sir Hugh, alſo, was going, for he had no time, he ſaid, to loſe in his preparations: but Eugenia, taking his arm, beſought that nothing of that kind might, at preſent, be mentioned.

"Don't trouble yourſelf about that, my dear," he anſwered, "for it's what I take all into my own hands; your couſin being a perſon that don't talk much; by which, how can any thing be brought forward, if nobody interferes? A girl, you know, my dear, can't ſpeak for herſelf, let her wiſh it never ſo much."

"Alas!" ſaid Eugenia, when he was gone, "how painfully am I ſituated! Clermont will ſurely ſuppoſe this precipitance all mine; and already, poſſibly, concludes it is upon my ſuggeſtion he has thus prematurely been called from his travels, and impeded in his praiſe-worthy ambition of ſtudying the laws, manners, and cuſtoms of the different nations of Europe!"

The wan countenance of Camilla ſoon, however,

however, drew all obſervation upon herſelf, and obliged her to narrate the cruel adventure of the morning.

The ſiſters were both petrified by the account of Sir Sedley; and their compaſſion for his expected deſpair was changed into diſguſt at his inſulting impertinence. They were of opinion that his bird and his letters ſhould immediately be returned; and their horror of any debt with a character mingling ſuch preſumption with ſuch levity, made Eugenia promiſe that, as ſoon as ſhe was miſtreſs of ſo much money, ſhe would ſend him, in the name of Lionel, his two hundred pounds.

The bird, therefore, by Tom Hodd, was inſtantly conveyed to Clarendel-Place; but the letters Camilla retained, till ſhe could firſt ſhew them to Edgar,—if this event had not loſt him to her for ever, and if he manifeſted any deſire of an explanation.

* * * *

Edgar himſelf, meanwhile, in a paroxyſm of ſudden miſery, and torturing jealouſy, had gallopped furiouſly to the rectory of Cleves.

"O, Doctor Marchmont!" he cried, "what a tale have I now to unfold! Within theſe laſt twenty-four hours I have been

the moſt wretched — the happieſt — and again the moſt agonized of human beings! I have thought Camilla beſtowed upon another,—I have believed her,—oh, Doctor!—my own!—I have conceived myſelf at the ſummit of all earthly felicity!—I find myſelf, at this moment, deluded and undone!"

He then detailed the account, calling upon the Doctor to unravel to him the inſupportable ænigma of his deſtiny; to tell him for what purpoſe Camilla had ſhewn him a tenderneſs ſo bewitching, at the very time ſhe was carrying on a clandeſtine intercourſe with another? with a man, who, though deſtitute neither of wit nor good qualities, it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould love, ſince ſhe was as incapable of admiring as of participating in his defects? To what incomprehenſible motives attribute ſuch incongruities? Why accept and ſuffer her friends to accept him, if engaged to Sir Sedley? Why, if ſeriouſly meaning to be his, this ſecret correſpondence? Why ſo early, ſo private, ſo ſtrange a meeting? "Whence, Doctor Marchmont, the daring boldneſs of his ſeizing her hand? whence the never-to-be-forgotten licence with which he preſumed to lift it to his lips,—and there hardily to detain it, ſo as never man durſt do, whoſe hopes were not all alive from his own belief

in

in their encouragement! explain, expound to me this work of darkneſs and amazement; tell me why, with every appearance of the moſt artleſs openneſs, I find her thus eternally diſingenuous and unintelligible? why, though I have caſt myſelf wholly into her power, ſhe retains all her myſtery —ſhe heightens it into deceit next to perjury?"

"Aſk me, my dear young friend, why the ſun does not give night, and the moon day; then, why women practiſe coquetry. Alas! my ſeaſon for ſurpriſe has long been paſſed! They will rather trifle, even with thoſe they deſpiſe, than be candid even with thoſe they reſpect. The young baronet, probably, has been making his court to her, or ſhe has believed ſuch was his deſign; but as you firſt came to the point, ſhe would not hazard rejecting you, while uncertain if he were ſerious. She was, poſſibly, putting him to the teſt, by the account of your declaration, at the moment of your unſeaſonable intruſion."

"If this, Doctor, is your ſtatement, and if your ſtatement is juſt, in how deſpicable a lottery have I riſked the peace of my life! You ſuppoſe then—that, if ſure of Sir Sedley—I am diſcarded?"

"You know what I think of your ſituation: can I, when to yet more riches I add

a title, ſuppoſe that of Sir Sedley leſs ſecure?"

The ſhuddering ſtart, the diſtracted look of Edgar, with his hand clapped to his burning forehead, now alarmed the Doctor; who endeavoured to ſomewhat ſoften his ſentence, diſſuading him againſt any immediate meaſures, and adviſing him to paſs over theſe firſt moments of emotion, and then coolly to ſuffer inquiry to take place of deciſion. But Edgar could not hear him; he ſhook hands with him, faintly ſmiled, as an apology for not ſpeaking; and, hurrying off, without waiting for his ſervant, galloppéd towards the New Foreſt: leaving his abſence from Cleves to declare his defection, and bent only to fly from Camilla, and all that belonged to her.

All, however, that belonged to Camilla was preciſely what followed him; purſued him in every poſſible form, clung to his heart-ſtrings, almoſt maddened his ſenſes. He could not bear to reflect; retroſpection was torture, anticipation was horror. To loſe thus, without neceſſity, without calamity, the object of his deareſt wiſhes, —to loſe her from mere declenſion of eſteem—

"Any inevitable evil," he cried, "I could have ſuſtained; any blow of fortune, however ſevere; any ſtroke of adverſity, however

however terrible;—but this—this error of all my ſenſes—this deception of all my hopes—this extinction of every feeling I have cheriſhed"—.

He rode on yet harder, leaping over every thing, thoughtleſs rather than fearleſs of any danger, and galloping with the ſpeed and violence of ſome purſuit, though wholly without view, and almoſt without conſciouſneſs; as if, hoping by flight, to eſcape from the degenerate portrait of Camilla: but its painter was his own imagination, and mocked the attempt.

From the other ſide of a five-barred gate, which, with almoſt frantic ſpeed, he was approaching with a view to clear, a voice halloo'd to ſtop him; and, at the ſame time, a man who was leading one horſe, and riding another, diſmounted, and called out, "Why, as ſure as I'm alive, it's 'Squire Mandlebert!"

Edgar now, perceiving Jacob, was going to turn back to avoid him; but, reſtraining this firſt movement, faintly deſired him to ſtand by, as he had not a moment to loſe.

"Good lack!" cried Jacob, with the freedom of an old ſervant, who had known him from a boy; "why, I would not but have happened to come this way for never

ſo much! why you might have broke your neck, elſe! Leap ſuch a gate as this here? why, I can't let you do no ſuch a thing! Miſs Camilla's like a child of my own, as one may ſay; and ſhe'll never hold up her head again, I'll be bound for it, if you ſhould come to any harm; and, as to poor old maſter! 'twould go nigh to break his heart."

Struck with words which, from ſo faithful an old ſervant, could not but be touching, Edgar was brought ſuddenly to himſelf, and felt the claim of the Tyrold family for a conduct more guarded. He endeavoured to put his own feelings apart, and conſider how beſt he might ſpare thoſe of the friends of Camilla; thoſe of Camilla herſelf he concluded to be out of his reach, except as they might ſimply relate to the female vanity of refuſing rather than being given up.

He pauſed, now, to weigh how he might obviate any offence; and, to gain time for deliberation, determined to commiſſion Jacob to carry a meſſage to Cleves, that ſome ſudden affairs called him, for the preſent, to a diſtant part of the country. This, at ſuch a period, would create a ſurpriſe that might lead the way to what would follow: and Camilla, who could not, he thought, be much aſtoniſhed, might then take her

own meaſures for the defection ſhe would ſee reaſon to expect.

But Jacob reſiſted bearing the intelligence: "Good lack, ſir," he cried, "what have you got in your head? ſomething that will do you no good, I'll be bound, by the look of your eyes, which look as big as if they were both going to drop out; you'd better come yourſelf and tell 'em what's the matter, and ſpeak a word to poor Miſs Camilla, or ſhe'll never believe but what ſome ill has betided you. Why we all knew about it, faſt enough, before our maſter told us. Servants have eyes as well as their betters; only Mary will have it ſhe found it out firſt, which an't true, for I ſaw it by the time you'd been a week in the houſe; and if you'll take my word, 'ſquire, I don't think there's ſuch another heart in the world as Miſs Camilla's, except juſt my own old maſter's."

Edgar leanſt againſt his horſe, neither ſpeaking nor moving, yet involuntarily liſtening, while deeply ſighing.

"What a power of good ſhe'll do," continued Jacob, "when ſhe's miſtreſs of Beech Park! I warrant ſhe'll go about, viſiting the poor, and making them clothes, and broths, and wine poſſets, and baby-linen, all day long. She has done it at

Etherington quite from a child; and when ſhe had nothing to give 'em, ſhe uſed to take her thread papers and needle books, and ſit down and work for them, and carry them bits and ſcraps of things to help 'em to patch their gowns. Why when ſhe's got your fine fortunes, ſhe'll bring a bleſſing upon the whole county."

Edgar felt touched; his wrath was ſoftened into tenderneſs, and he ejaculated to himſelf: "Such, indeed, I thought Camilla! active in charity, indefatigable in good works!—I thought that in putting my fortune into her hands, I was ſerving the unhappy,—feeding the indigent,—reviving the ſick!"

"Maſter," continued Jacob, "took a fancy to her from the very firſt, as well as I; and when maſter ſaid ſhe was coming to live with us, I aſked to make it a holiday for all our folks; and maſter was as pleaſed as I. But nobody'd think what a tender heart ſhe's got of her own, without knowing her, becauſe of her ſinging, and laughing, and dancing ſo, except when old Miſs Margland's in the way, who's what Mr. Lionel calls a kill-joy at any time. Howbeit, I'll take ſpecial care the old lady ſhan't be by when I tell her of my ſtopping you from breaking your neck here; but I wiſh you could be in a corner yourſelf, to peep

at

at her, without her knowing it; I'll warrant you ſhe'll give me ſuch a ſmile, you'd be fit to eat her!"

Shaken once more in every reſolution, becauſe uncertain in every opinion, Edgar found the indignant deſperation which had ſeized him begin to ſubſide, and his mind again become affailable by ſomething reſembling hope. Almoſt inſtinctively he remounted his horſe, and almoſt involuntarily—drawn on by hearkening to the praiſe of Camilla, and faſcinated by the details made by Jacob of her regard, accompanied him back to Cleves.

As they rode into the park, and while he was earneſtly endeavouring to form ſome palliation, by which he might exculpate what ſeemed to him ſo guilty in the ſtrange meeting and its ſtrange circumſtances, he perceived Camilla herſelf, walking upon the lawn. He ſaw ſhe had obſerved him, and ſaw, from her air, ſhe ſeemed irreſolute if to re-enter the houſe, or await him.

Jacob, ſignificantly pointing her out, offered to ſhew the effect he could produce by what he could relate; but Edgar, giving him the charge of his horſe, earneſtly beſought him to retire in quiet, and to keep his opinions and experiments to himſelf.

They both, now, ſeparately, and with nearly

nearly equal difficulty, ſtrove to attain fortitude to ſeek an explanation. They approached each other; Camilla with her eyes fixed upon the ground, her air embarraſſed, and her cheeks covered with bluſhes; Edgar with quick, but almoſt tottering ſteps, his eyes wildly avoiding hers, and his complexion pale even to indiſpoſition.

When they were met within a few yards, they ſtopt; Camilla ſtill without courage to look up, and Edgar ſtriving to ſpeak, but finding no paſſage for his voice. Camilla, then, aſhamed of her ſituation, raiſed her eyes, and forced herſelf to ſay, "Have you been into the houſe? Have you ſeen my couſin Lynmere?"

"No—madam."

Struck with a cold formality that never before, from Edgar, had reached her ears, and ſhocked by the ſight of his eſtranged and altered countenance, with the cruel conſciouſneſs that appearances authoriſed the moſt depreciating ſuſpicions, ſhe advanced, and holding out her hand, "Edgar," ſhe gently cried, "are you ill? or only angry?"

"O Camilla!" he anſwered, "can you deign to uſe to me ſuch words? can you diſtort my deareſt affections, convulſe my faireſt hopes, eradicate every power of hap-

happineſs—yet ſpeak with ſo much ſweetneſs—yet look at me with ſuch mildneſs? ſuch ſoftneſs—I had almoſt ſaid—ſuch kindneſs?"

Deeply affected, ſhe could hardly ſtand. He had taken her offered hand, but in a manner ſo changed from the ſame action the preceding day, that ſhe ſcarcely knew if he touched while he held it, ſcarcely felt that he relinquiſhed, as almoſt immediately ſhe withdrew it.

But her condeſcenſion at this moment was rather a new torment than any ſolace to him. The hand which ſhe proffered, and which the day before he had received as the token of permanent felicity, he had now ſeen in the poſſeſſion of another, with every licence, every apparent mark of permitted rapture in which he had been indulged himſelf. He knew not to whom it of right belonged; and the doubt not merely baniſhed happineſs, but mingled reſentment with miſery.

"I ſee," cried ſhe, after a mortified pauſe; "you have loſt your good opinion of me—I can only, therefore——" She ſtopt, but his melancholy ſilence was a confirmation of her ſuggeſtion that offended her into more exertion, and, with ſenſibility raiſed into dignity, ſhe added, "only hope your intended tour to the Continent may take place without delay!"

She

She would then have walked on to the houſe; but following her, "Is all over?" he cried, "and is it thus, Camilla, we part?"

"Why not?" ſaid ſhe, ſuppreſſing a ſigh, yet turning back.

"What a queſtion! cruel Camilla! Is this all the explanation you allow me?"

"What other do you wiſh?"

"All!—every other!—that meeting—thoſe letters—"

"If you have any curioſity yet remaining—only name what you deſire."

"Are you indeed ſo good?" cried he, in a voice that ſhewed his ſoul again melting; "thoſe letters, then—"

"You ſhall have them—every one!" ſhe cried, with alacrity; and inſtantly taking out her pocket-book, preſented him with the prepared packet.

Penetrated by this unexpected openneſs and compliance, he ſnatched her hand, with intent to preſs it to his lips; but again the recollection, he had ſeen that liberty accorded to Sir Sedley, joined to the ſight of his writing, checked him; he let it go; bowed his thanks with a look of grateful reſpect, and attempting no more to ſtop her, walked towards the ſummer-houſe, to peruſe the letters.

CHAP. IV.

Reſolutions.

THE ſound of the dinner-bell, which rang in the ears of Edgar before he reached his intended retreat, would have been unnoticed, if not ſeconded by a meſſage from Sir Hugh, who had ſeen him from his window.

Compelled to obey, though in a ſtate of ſuſpenſe almoſt intolerable, he put up the important little packet, and repaired to the dining parlour; where, though none were equally diſturbed with himſelf, no one was at eaſe. Young Lynmere, under an appearance of mingled aſſurance and apathy, the effect of acquired conceit, playing upon natural inſipidity, was ſecretly tormented with the rueful neceſſity of ſacrificing either a noble fortune, or his own fine perſon; Sir Hugh felt a ſtrange diſappointment from the whole behaviour of his nephew, though it was what he would not acknowledge, and could not define; Mr. Tyrold ſaw with much uneaſineſs the glaringly apparent unſuitableneſs of the intended alliance; Eugenia had never yet thought herſelf ſo plain and inſignificant,

ficant, and felt as if, even ſince the morning, the ſmall-pox had renewed its ravages, and ſhe had ſunk into being ſtill ſhorter; Indiana and Miſs Margland were both acutely incenſed with Mandlebert; Dr. Orkborne ſaw but ſmall reaſon to expect gratitude for his labours from the ſupercilious negligence of the boaſted young ſtudent; Lavinia was diſturbed for both her ſiſters; and Camilla felt that all ſhe valued in life depended upon the next critical hour.

In this ſtate of general diſcomfort, Sir Hugh, who could never be ſilent, alone talked. Having long prepared himſelf to look upon this meeting as a day of happineſs, he ſtrove to believe, for a while, the whole family were peculiarly enjoying themſelves; but, upon a dead ſilence, which enſued upon his taking a copious draught of Madeira and water, "Why, my dear nephew," he cried, putting down his goblet, "you don't tell us any thing? which I've no doubt but you know why yourſelf. However, as we're all met o' purpoſe to ſee you; I can't ſay I ſhould be ſorry to hear the ſound of your voice, provided it won't be diſagreeable."

"We are not much—converſant, ſir, in each other's connexions, I believe," anſwered Lynmere, without ceaſing a moment to

to eat, and to help himſelf, and ordering a freſh plate at every ſecond mouthful; "I have ſeen nothing, yet, of your folks hereabouts; and, I fancy, ſir, you don't know a great deal of the ſort of people I have been uſed to."

Sir Hugh, having good humouredly acknowledged this to be truth, was at a loſs what further to propoſe; and, imagining the taciturnity of the reſt of the party to proceed from an awe of the knowledge and abilities of his nephew, ſoon became himſelf ſo infected with fear and reverence, that, though he could not be ſilent, he ſpoke only to thoſe who were next him, and in a whiſper.

When the deſſert was ſerved, ſomething like a general relief was effected by the unexpected entrance of Dr. Marchmont. Alarmed by the ungoverned, and, in him, unprecedented, emotions of Edgar, he had been to Beech Park; and finding he had not returned thither, had ridden on, in the moſt uneaſy uncertainty, to inquire for him at Cleves.

Happy to ſee him ſafe, though almoſt ſmiling to ſee with whom, he was beginning ſome excuſe for his intruſion, when the baronet ſaved his proceeding, by calling out, "Well, this is as good a piece of good luck as any we've met with yet! Here's Dr.

Dr. Marchmont come to wiſh us joy; and as he's as good a ſcholar as yourſelf, nephew, for any thing I know to the contrary, why you need not be ſo afraid of ſpeaking, for the ſake of our not underſtanding you; which here's five of us can do now, as well as yourſelf."

Lynmere, readily concluding Mr. Tyrold and Edgar, with the two Doctors, made four, glanced round the table to ſee who might be the fifth; when, ſuppoſing it Miſs Margland, he withdrew his eyes with a look of deriſion, and, turning to the butler, aſked what wines he might call for.

Sir Hugh then propoſed that they ſhould all pair off; the ignorant ones going one way, and the learned ones ſtaying another.

It would be difficult to ſay which looked moſt averſe to this propoſition, Eugenia, or the young traveller; who haſtily ſaid, "I always ride after dinner, ſir. Is your groom at hand? Can he ſhew me your horſes?"

"My nephew little ſuſpects," cried Sir Hugh, winking, "Eugenia belongs to the ſcholars! Ten to one but he thinks he's got Homer and Horace to himſelf! But here, my dear boy, as you're ſo fond of the claſſics"—

Cler-

Clermont, nimbly riſing, and knocking down a decanter of water in his haſte, but not turning back to look at it, nor ſtaying to offer any apology, affected not to hear his uncle, and flung haſtily out of the room, calling upon Indiana to follow him.

"In the name of all the *Diavoli*," cried he, pulling her into the park with him, "what does all this mean? Is the old gentleman *non compos?* what's all this ſtuff he deſcants upon ſo freely, of ſcholars, and claſſics, and Homer, and Horace?"

"O you muſt aſk Eugenia, not me!" anſwered Indiana, ſcornfully.

"Why, what does Eugenia know of the matter?"

"Know? why every thing. She's a great ſcholar, and has been brought up by Dr. Orkborne; and ſhe talks Greek and Latin."

"Does ſhe ſo? then, by the Lord! ſhe's no wife of mine! I'd as ſoon marry the old Doctor himſelf! and I'm ſure he'd make me as pretty a wife. Greek and Latin! why, I'd as ſoon tie myſelf to a rod. Pretty ſort of dinners ſhe'll give!"

"La, brother, won't you have her then?"

"No, faith, won't I! This learning is worſe than her uglineſs; 'twould make me look like a dunce in my own houſe."

He

He then proteſted he had rather loſe forty eſtates, than ſo be ſacrificed, and vowed, without venturing a direct refuſal, he would ſoon ſicken the old gentleman of his ſcheme.

* * * *

Eugenia, in retreating to her room, was again accompanied by her father and her uncle, whom ſhe conjured now, to name her to Clermont no more.

"I can't ſay I admire theſe puttings off, my dear," ſaid the baronet, "in this our mortal ſtate, which is always liable to end in our dying. Not that I pretend to tell you I think him over much alert; but there's no knowing but what he may have ſome meaning in it that we can't underſtand; a perſon having ſtudied all his life, has a right to a little particularity."

Mr. Tyrold himſelf now ſeriouſly interfered, and deſired that, henceforth, Clermont might be treated as if his viſit to Cleves were merely to congratulate his uncle upon his recovery; and that all ſchemes, preparations, and alluſions, might be put aſide, unleſs the youth himſelf, and with a good grace, brought them forward: meanwhile, he and Lavinia would return without delay to Etherington, to obviate all appearance of waiting the deciſion of any plan.

Sir

Sir Hugh was much diſcomfited by the exaction of ſuch forbearance, yet could the leſs oppoſe it, from his own internal diſcontent with his nephew, which he inadvertently betrayed, by murmuring, in his way to his chamber, "There's no denying but what they've got ſome odd-fangled new ways of their own, in thoſe foreign parts; meeting a ſet of old relations for the firſt time, and ſaying nothing to them, but aſking for the newſpapers! Lord help us! caring about the wide world ſo, when we know nothing of it, inſtead of one's own uncles and nephews, and kinſpeople!"

* * * *

During this time, Edgar, almoſt agoniſed by ſuſpence and doubt, had eſcaped to the ſummer-houſe, whither he was followed by Dr. Marchmont, greatly to the wonder, almoſt with the contempt of Dr. Orkborne; whom he quitted, in anxiety for his young friend, juſt as he had intimated a deſign to conſult him upon a difficult paſſage in an ancient author, which had a place in his work, that was now nearly ready for the preſs.

"I know well, Doctor," ſaid Edgar, "that to find me here, after all that has paſſed, will make you conclude me the weakeſt of men—but I cannot now explain how

how it has been brought about—theſe letters muſt firſt tell me if Camilla and I meet more than once again."

He then haſtily ran over the letters; but by no means haſtily could he digeſt, nor even comprehend their contents. He thought them florid, affected, and preſuming, with little appearance of ſincerity, and leſs of explicit deciſion. What related to Lionel, and to aiding him in the diſpoſal of his wealth, ſeemed leaſt intelligible, yet moſt like ſerious meaning; but when he found that the interview at the Grove was by poſitive appointment, and granted to a requeſt made with a forwardneſs and aſſurance ſo wide from all delicacy and propriety, the blood mounted high into his cheeks, and, precipitately putting up the packet, he exclaimed: "Here, then, it ends! the laſt little ray of heſitation is extinct—extinct to be kindled never more!"

The ſound of theſe laſt words cauſed him an emotion of ſorrow he was unable to reſiſt, though unwilling to betray, and he hurried out of the ſummer-houſe to the wood, where he ſtrove to compoſe his mind to the laſt leave-taking, upon which he was now determined; but ſo dreadful was the reſolution which exacted from his own mouth the reſignation of all that, till now, had been deareſt to his views and hopes,

that

that the afternoon was far advanced, before he could aſſume ſufficient courage to direct his ſteps to the ſpot where the ſacrifice was to be made.

Accuſing himſelf, then, of weakneſs unpardonable, he returned to the ſummer-houſe, to apologiſe to Dr. Marchmont for his abrupt retreat; but the Doctor had already re-entered the manſion. Thither, therefore, he proceeded, purpoſing to ſeek Camilla, to return her the letters of Sir Sedley, and to deſire her commands in what manner to conduct himſelf with her father and her uncle, in acknowledging his fears that the projected union would fail of affording, to either party, the happineſs which, at firſt, it ſeemed to promiſe.

The carriage of Sir Hugh was in waiting at the door, and Mr. Tyrold and Lavinia were in the hall. Edgar, in no condition for ſuch an encounter, would have avoided them; but Mr. Tyrold, little ſuſpecting his deſire, rejoiced at the meeting, ſaying he had had the houſe ſearched for him in vain, that he might ſhake hands with him before his return to Etherington.

Then, taking him apart, "My dear Edgar," he cried, "I have long loved you as tenderly, and I may now confide in you as completely, as if you were my ſon. I go hence in ſome inquietude; I fear my bro-

ther has been too hasty in making known his views with regard to Clermont, who does not seem equal to appreciating the worth of Eugenia, though it is evident he has not been slack in noticing her misfortunes. I entreat you, during my absence, to examine him as if you were already the brother of that dear child; who merits, you well know, the best and tendereſt of husbands."

He then followed Lavinia into the carriage, prevented by his own occupied mind from observing the fallen countenance of Edgar, who, more wretched than ever, bemoaned now the kindness of which he had hitherto been proud, and lamented the paternal trust which he would have purchased the day before almost with life.

* * * *

Camilla, during this period, had gone through conflicts no less severe.

Jacob, who had bought a horse, for which he had cheerfully advanced 20l. had informed her of the gate-adventure of Edgar, and told her that he was riding like mad from Cleves, and sending them all a message that he could not come back.

Grieved, surprised, and offended, she instantly determined she would not risk such another mark of his cold superiority, but

restore

reſtore to him his liberty; and leave him maſter of himſelf. "If the ſeverity of his judgment," cried ſhe, "is ſo much more potent than the warmth of his affection, it ſhall not be his delicacy, nor his compaſſion, that ſhall make me his. I will neither be the wife of his repentance nor of his pity. I muſt be convinced of his unaltered love, his eſteem, his truſt—or I ſhall deſcend to humiliation, not riſe to happineſs, in becoming his. Softneſs here would be meanneſs; ſubmiſſion degrading—if he heſitates let him go!"

In this ſtate of tumultuous perturbation, without weighing, or even ſeeing one objection, ſhe then precipitately reſolved to beg permiſſion of her friends to accept an invitation ſhe had received, without as yet anſwering, to meet Mrs. Berlinton at Southampton, where that lady was going to paſs ſome weeks. She could there, ſhe thought, give the rejection which here its inviolable circumſtances made her, for Lionel's ſake, afraid to riſk; or ſhe could there, if a full explanation ſhould appeaſe him, find opportunity to make it with equal ſafety: his diſlike to that acquaintance rather urged than impeded her plan, for her wounded ſpirit panted to prove its independence and dignity.

Eugenia approved this elevation of ſenti-

ment, and doubted not it would ſhew her again in her true light to Edgar, and bring him, with added eſteem, to her feet.

Camilla wept with joy at the idea: "Ah!" ſhe cried, "if ſuch ſhould be my happy fate; if, after hearing all my imprudence, my precipitance, and want of judgment, he ſhould voluntarily, when wholly ſet free, return to me—I will confeſs to him every failing—and every feeling of my heart! I will open to him my whole ſoul, and caſt myſelf ever after upon his generoſity and his goodneſs—O, my Eugenia! almoſt on my knees could I receive—a ſecond time—the vows of Edgar Mandlebert!"

CHAP. V.

Eaſe and Freedom.

LYNMERE, at tea-time, returned from his ride, with a fixed plan of frightening or diſguſting the baronet from the alliance; with Eugenia, herſelf, he imagined the attempt would be vain, for he did not conceive it poſſible any woman who had eyes could be induced to reject him.

Determined, therefore, to indulge in full both the natural preſumption and acquired luxurioufneſs of his character, he conducted himſelf in a manner that, to any thing ſhort of the partiality of Sir Hugh, would have rendered him inſupportably offenſive: but Sir Hugh had ſo long cheriſhed a reverence for what he had himſelf ordered with regard to his ſtudies, and what he implicitly credited of his attainments, that it was more eaſy to him to doubt his ſenſes, than to ſuppoſe ſo accompliſhed a ſcholar could do any thing but what was right.

"Your horſes are worth nothing, ſir," cried he, in entering; "I never rode ſo unpleaſant a beaſt. I don't know who has the care of your ſtud; but whoever it is, he deſerves to be hanged."

Sir Hugh could not refuſe, either to his juſtice or his kindneſs, to vindicate his faithful Jacob; and for his horſes he made as many excuſes as if every one had been a human creature, whom he was recommending to his mercy with a fear they were unworthy of his favour.

Not a word was ſaid more, except what Miſs Margland, from time to time, extorted, by begging queſtions, in praiſe of her tea, till Lynmere, violently ringing the bell, called out to order a fire.

Every body was ſurpriſed at this liberty, without any previous demand of permiſſion from the baronet, or any inquiry into the feelings of the reſt of the company; and Sir Hugh, in a low voice, ſaid to Eugenia, "I am a little afraid poor Mary will be rather out of humour to have the grate to poliſh again to-morrow morning, in the caſe my nephew ſhould not like to have another fire then; which, I ſuppoſe, if the weather continues ſo hot, may very likely not be agreeable to him."

Another pauſe now enſued; Dr. Marchmont, who, of the whole party, was alone at this time capable of leading to a general converſation, was ſeparately occupied by watching Camilla; while himſelf, as uſual, was curiouſly and unremittingly examined by Dr. Orkborne, in whom ſo much attention

tention to a young lady raiſed many private doubts of the juſtice of his ſcholaſtic fame; which ſoon, by what he obſerved of his civility even to Miſs Margland, were confirmed nearly to ſcepticiſm.

Mary, now, entering with a coal ſcuttle and a candle, Lynmere, with much diſpleaſure, called out, "Bring wood; I hate coals."

Mary, as much diſpleaſed, and nearly as much humoured as himſelf, anſwered that nothing but coals were ever burnt in that grate.

"Take it all away, then, and bid my man ſend me my peliſſe. That I made to croſs the Alps in."

"I am very ſorry, indeed, nephew," ſaid Sir Hugh, "that we were not better prepared for your being ſo chilly, owing to the weather being ſet in ſo ſultry, that we none of us much thought of having a fire; and, indeed, in my young time, we were never allowed thinking of ſuch things before Michaelmas-day; which I ſuppoſe is quite behind-hand now. Pray, nephew, if it is not too much trouble to you, what's the day for lighting fires in foreign parts?"

"There's no rule of that ſort, now, ſir, in modern philoſophy; that kind of thing's completely out; entirely exploded, I give you my word."

"Well, every thing's new, Lord help me, ſince I was born! But pray, nephew, if I may aſk, without tiring you too much, on account of my ignorance, have they fires in ſummer as well as winter there?"

"Do you imagine there are grates and fires on the Continent, ſir, the ſame as in England? ha! ha!"

Sir Hugh was diſcountenanced from any further inquiry.

Another ſilence enſued, broken again by a vehement ringing of the bell.

When the ſervant appeared, "What have you got," cried Lynmere, "that you can bring me to eat?"

"Eat, nephew! why you would not eat before ſupper, when here's nobody done tea? not that I'd have you baulk your appetite, which, to be ſure, ought to be the beſt judge."

The youth ordered ſome oyſters.

There were none in the houſe.

He deſired a barrel might immediately be procured; he could eat nothing elſe.

Still Edgar, though frequent opportunities occurred, had no fortitude to addreſs Camilla, and no ſpirits to ſpeak. To her, however, his dejection was a revival; ſhe read in it her power, and hoped her preſent plan would finally confirm it.

A ſervant now came in, announcing a perſon

perſon who had brought two letters, one for Sir Hugh, the other for Miſs Camilla, but who ſaid he muſt deliver them himſelf. The baronet deſired he might be admitted.

Several minutes paſſed, and he did not appear. The wonder of Sir Hugh was awakened for his letter; but Camilla, dreading a billet from Sir Sedley, was in no haſte.

Lynmere, however, glad of an opportunity to iſſue orders, or make diſturbance, furiouſly rang the bell, ſaying: "Where are theſe letters, Jacob?"

"Jacob," ſaid the baronet, "my nephew don't mean the ſlowneſs to be any fault of your's, it being what you can't help; only tell the perſon that brought us our letters, we ſhould be glad to look at them, not knowing who they come from."

"Why he ſeems but an odd ſort of fiſh, ſir; I can't much make him out; he's been begging ſome flour to put in his hair; he'll make himſelf ſo ſpruce, he ſays, we ſha'n't know him again; I can't much think he's a gentleman."

He then, however, added he had made a miſtake, as there was no letter for his maſter, but one for Miſs Camilla, and the other for Miſs Margland.

"For me?" exclaimed Miſs Margland,

breaking forth from a ſcornful ſilence, during which her under lip had been buſy to expreſs her contempt of the curioſity excited upon this ſubject. "Why how dare they not tell me it was for me? it may be from ſomebody of conſequence, about ſomething of importance, and here's half a day loſt before I can ſee it!"

She then roſe to go in ſearch of it herſelf, but opened the door upon Mr. Dubſter.

A ghoſt, could ſhe have perſuaded herſelf ſhe had ſeen one, could not more have aſtoniſhed, though it would more have diſmayed her. She drew haughtily back, ſaying: "Is there nobody elſe come?"

The ſervant anſwered in the negative, and ſhe retreated to her chair.

Camilla alone was not perplext by this ſight; ſhe had, already, from the deſcription, ſuggeſted whom ſhe might expect, according to the intimation given by the ever miſchievous Lionel.

Miſs Margland, concluding he would turn out to be ſome broken tradeſman, prepared herſelf to expect that the letter was a petition, and watched for an opportunity to ſteal out of the room.

Mr. Dubſter made two or three low bows, while he had his hand upon the door, and two or three more when he had ſhut

it.

it. He then caſt his eyes round the room, and eſpying Camilla, with a leering ſort of ſmile, ſaid: "O, you're there, ma'am! I ſhould find you out in a hundred. I've got a letter for you, ma'am, and another for the gentlewoman I took for your mamma."

He then preſented her a letter, which ſhe haſtily put up, not daring to venture at a public peruſal, leſt it might contain not merely ſomething ludicrous concerning Mr. Dubſter, but alluſions to Sir Sedley Clarendel, which, in the actual ſituation of things, might be fatally unſeaſonable.

"And now," ſaid Mr. Dubſter, "I muſt give up my t'other letter, aſking the gentlewoman's pardon for not giving it before; only I was willing to give the young lady her's firſt, young ladies being apt to be more in a hurry than people a little in years."

This addreſs did not much add to the benevolent eagerneſs of Miſs Margland to read the epiſtle, and endeavouring to decline accepting it: "Really," ſhe ſaid, "unleſs I know what it's about, I'm not much uſed to receiving letters in that manner."

"As to what it's about," cried he, with a half ſuppreſſed ſimper, and nodding his

head on one ſide; "that's a bit of a ſecret, as you'll ſee when you've read it."

"Indeed, good man, I wiſh you very well; but as to reading all the letters that every body brings one, it requires more time than I can pretend to have to ſpare."

She would then have retired; but Mr. Dubſter, ſtopping her, ſaid: "Why, if you don't read it, ma'am, nobody'll be never the wiſer for what I come about, for its ungain-like to ſpeak for one's ſelf; and the young gentleman ſaid he'd write to you, becauſe, he ſaid, you'd like it the beſt."

"The young gentleman? what young gentleman?"

"Young ſquire Tyrold; he ſaid you'd be as pleaſed as any thing to tell it to the old gentleman yourſelf; for you was vaſt fond, he ſaid, of matrimony."

"Matrimony? what have I to do with matrimony?" cried Miſs Margland, reddening and bridling; "if it's any vulgar trick of that kind, that Mr. Lionel is amuſing himſelf with, I'm not quite the right ſort of perſon to be ſo played upon; and I deſire, miſter, you'll take care how you come to me any more upon ſuch errands."

"Dear heart! I'm not going to offer any thing uncivil. As to matrimony, it's no great joke to a man, when once he's made

made his way in the world; it's more an affair of you ladies by half."

Then, putting the letter upon the table, and advancing to Camilla: "Now, ma'am," he added, "let's you and I have a little talk together; but firſt, by good rights, I ought to ſpeak to your uncle; only I don't know which he is; 'twill be mortal kind if you'll help a body out."

Sir Hugh was going to anſwer for himſelf, when Lynmere, fatigued with ſo long a ſcene in which he had no ſhare, had recourſe to his friend the bell, calling out, at the ſame time, in a voice of impatience, "No oyſters yet!"

Sir Hugh now began to grow unhappy for his ſervants; for himſelf he not only could bear any thing, but ſtill concluded he had nothing to bear; but his domeſtics began all to wear long faces, and, accuſtomed to ſee them happy, he was hurt to obſerve the change. No partiality to his nephew could diſguiſe to him, that, long uſed to every poſſible indulgence, it was vain to hope they would ſubmit, without murmuring, to ſo new a bondage of continual and peremptory commands. Inſtead of attending, therefore, to Mr. Dubſter, he conſidered what apology to offer to Jacob; who ſuſpecting by whom he was ſummoned, did not make his appearance till Lynmere rung again.

"Where

"Where are theſe oyſters?" he then demanded; "have you been eating them?"

"No, ſir," anſwered he ſurlily; "we're not ſo ſharp ſet; we live in Old England; we don't come from outlandiſh countries."

This true John Bulliſm, Lynmere had neither ſenſe to deſpiſe, nor humour to laugh at; and, ſerioufly in a rage, called our, "Sirrah, I'll break your bones!" and lifted up his riding ſwitch, with which, as well as his boots, he had re-entered the parlour.

"The Lord be good unto me!" cried Sir Hugh, "what new ways are got into the world! but don't take it to heart, Jacob, for as to breaking your bones, after all your long ſervices, it's a thing I ſha'n't conſent to; which I hope my nephew won't take ill."

Affronted with the maſter, and enraged with the man, Lynmere ſtalked up and down the room, with loud and marked ſteps, that called, or at leaſt diſturbed the attention of every one, exclaiming, at every turning, "A confounded country this! a villainous country! nothing to be had in it! I don't know what in the world to think of that there's any chance I can get!"

Sir Hugh, recovering, ſaid he was ſorry he was ſo badly off; and deſired Jacob not

to

to fail procuring oyſters if they were to be had within a mile.

"A mile?—ten miles! ſay ten miles," cried Lynmere, "or you do nothing; what's ten miles for a thing of that ſort?"

"Ten miles, nephew? what? at this time of night! why you don't think, with all your travelling, that when they've got ten miles there, they'll have ten miles to come back, and that makes count twenty."

"Well, ſir, and ſuppoſe it was forty; what have ſuch fellows to do better?"

Sir Hugh bleſſed himſelf, and Mr. Dubſter ſaid to Camilla: "So, ma'am, why you don't read your letter no more than the gentlewoman; however, I think you may as well ſee a little what's in it; though I ſuppoſe no great matters, being from a lady."

"A lady! what lady?" cried ſhe, and eagerly taking it from her pocket, ſaw the hand-writing of Mrs. Berlinton, and inquired how it came into his poſſeſſion.

He anſwered, that happening to meet the lady's footman, whom he had known ſomething of while in buſineſs, as he was going to put it to the poſt, he told him he was coming to the very houſe, and ſo took it to bring himſelf, the man being rather in a hurry to go another way; "ſo I thought 'twas as well, ma'am," he added, "to ſave

you

you the poſtage; for as to a day or ſo ſooner or later, I ſuppoſe it can break no great ſquares, in you ladies letter-writing."

Camilla, haſtily running it over, found it contained a moſt preſſing repetition of invitation from Mrs. Berlinton for the Southampton plan, and information that ſhe would make a little circuit, to call and take her up at Cleves, if not forbidden. The time ſhe named for her arrival, though four days diſtant from the date of her letter, would be now the following morning.

This ſeemed, to the agitated ſpirits of Camilla, an inviting opening to her ſcheme. She gave the letter to her uncle, ſaying, in a fluttered manner, ſhe ſhould be happy to accompany Mrs. Berlinton, for a few days, if her father ſhould not diſapprove the excurſion, and if he could himſelf have the goodneſs to ſpare one of the carriages to fetch her home, as Southampton was but ſixteen miles off.

While Sir Hugh, amazed at this requeſt, yet always unable to pronounce a negative to what ſhe deſired, ſtammered his conſent, Edgar abruptly took leave.

Thunderſtruck by his departure, ſhe looked affrighted after him, with a ſigh impoſſible to repreſs; ſhe now firſt weighed the hazard of what ſhe was doing, the deep game ſhe was inconſiderately playing.

Would

Would it ſunder—would it unite them?—Tears ſtarted into her eyes at the doubt; ſhe did not hear her uncle's anſwer; ſhe roſe to hurry out of the room; but before ſhe could eſcape, the big drops rolled faſt down her cheeks; and, when arrived at her chamber, "I have loſt him!" ſhe cried, "by my own unreflecting precipitance; I have loſt him, perhaps, for ever!"

Dr. Marchmont now alſo took leave; Mr. Dubſter deſired he might ſpeak with the baronet the next morning; and the family remained alone.

CHAP. VI.

Dilemmas.

WHILE the baronet was pondering, in the moſt malancholy manner, upon this ſudden and unexpected demand of abſence in Camilla, the grim goddeſs of Envy took poſſeſſion of the fine features of Indiana; who declared ſhe was immured alive, while her couſin went every where. The curioſity of Lynmere being excited to inquire what was to be had or done at Southampton, he heard it abounded in good company, and good fiſh, and proteſted he muſt undoubtedly ſet out for it the next morning.

Indiana then wept with vexation and anger; and Miſs Margland affirmed ſhe was the only young lady in Hampſhire who had never been at Southampton. Sir Hugh, concluding Edgar would attend Camilla, feared it might hurt the other match to part Eugenia from Clermont; and, after a little pauſe, though deeply ſighing at ſuch a diſperſion from Cleves, conſented that they ſhould all go together. Camilla, therefore, was commiſſioned to aſk leave of Mr. Tyrold for Eugenia, as well as for herſelf, and to add a petition from Sir Hugh, that he and Lavinia

Lavinia would ſpend the time of their abſence at Cleves. The baronet then aſked Dr. Orkborne to be of the party, that Eugenia, he ſaid, might run over her leſſons with him in a morning, for fear of forgetting them.

A breach, however, ſuch as this, of plans ſo long formed, and a deſertion ſo voluntary of his houſe, at the very epoch he had ſettled for rendering its reſidence the moſt deſirable, ſent him in complete diſcomfiture to his bed. But there, in a few hours, his ſanguine temper, and the kindneſs of his heart, new modelled and new coloured the circumſtances of his chagrin. He conſidered he ſhould have full time to prepare for the double marriages; and that, with the aid of Lavinia, he might delight and amaze them all, with new dreſſes and new trinkets, which he could now chooſe without the torment of continual oppoſition from the documentiſing Miſs Margland. Thus he reſtored his mind to its uſual ſatisfaction, and aroſe the next morning without a cloud upon his brow. The pure deſign of benevolence is to beſtow happineſs upon others, but its intrinſic reward is bringing happineſs home.

But this ſweetneſs of nature, ſo aptly ſupplying the firſt calls and the firſt virtues of philoſophy, was yet more ſeverely again tried

tried the next morning: for when, forgetting the caution he had ſolemnly promiſed, but vainly endeavoured to obſerve, he intimated to Lynmere theſe purpoſes, the youth, bluſhing at the idea of being taken for the deſtined huſband of Eugenia in public, preferred all riſks to being followed by ſuch a rumour to Southampton; and, when he found ſhe was to be of the party, poſitively declared the match to be out of all queſtion.

Sir Hugh now ſtood aghaſt. Many had been his diſappointments; his rage for forming ſchemes, and his credulity in perſuading himſelf they would be ſucceſsful, were ſources not more fertile of amuſement in their projection, than of mortification in their event: but here, the length of time ſince his plan had been arranged, joined to the very ſuperficial view he had taken of any chance of its failure, had made him, by degrees, regard it as ſo fixed and ſettled, that it rather demanded congratulation than concurrence, rather waited to be enjoyed than executed.

Lynmere took not the ſmalleſt intereſt in the diſmay of his uncle, but, turning upon his heel, ſaid he would go to the ſtables, to ſee if he could find ſomething that would carry him any better than the miſerable jade he had mounted the preceding evening.

Sir

Sir Hugh remained in a kind of ſtupefaction. He ſeemed to himſelf to be bereft of every purpoſe of life, and robbed at once, of all view for his actions, all ſubject for his thoughts. The wide world, he believed, had never, hitherto, given birth to a plan ſo ſagaciouſly conceived, ſo rationally combined, ſo infallibly ſecure: yet it was fallen, cruſhed, rejected!

A gleam of ſunſhine, however, ere long, burſt upon his deſpondence; it occurred to him, that the learned education of Eugenia was ſtill a ſecret to her couſin; his whole ſcheme, therefore, might perhaps yet be retrieved, when Lynmere ſhould be informed of the peculiar preparations made for his conjugal happineſs.

Fetching now a long breath, to aid the revival of his faculties and his ſpirits, he conſidered how to open his diſcourſe ſo as to render it moſt impreſſive, and then ſent for Clermont to attend him in his chamber.

"Nephew," cried he, upon his entrance, "I am now going to talk to you a little in your own way, having ſomething to tell you of, that, I believe, you won't know how to hold cheap, being a thing that belongs to your ſtudies; that is to ſay, to your couſin's; which, I hope, is pretty much the ſame thing, at leaſt as to the end. Now the caſe of what I have to ſay is this;

this; you muſt know, nephew, I had always ſet my heart upon having a rich heir; but it's what did not turn out, which I am ſorry enough for; but where's the man that's ſo wiſe as to know his own doom? that is, the doom of his fortune. However, that's what I ſhould not talk of to you, having ſo little; which, I hope, you won't take to heart. And, indeed, it in't much worth a wiſe man's thinking of, when he han't got it, for what's a fortune, at bottom, but mere metal? And ſo having, as I ſaid before, no heir, I'm forced, in default of it, to take up with an heireſs. But, to the end of making all parties happy, I've had her brought up in the ſtyle of a boy, for the ſake of your marrying her. For which reaſon, I believe, in point of the claſſics"—

"Me, ſir!" cried Lynmere, recovering from a long yawning fit, "and what have I to do with marrying a girl like a boy? That's not my taſte, my dear ſir, I aſſure you. Beſides, what has a wife to do with the claſſics? will they ſhew her how to order her table? I ſuppoſe when I want to eat, I may go to a cook's ſhop!"

Here ſubſided, at once, every particle of that reverence Sir Hugh had ſo long nouriſhed for Clermont Lynmere. To hear the claſſics ſpoken of with diſreſpect, after

after all the pains he had taken, all the orders he had given for their excluſive ſtudy and veneration, and to find the common calls of life, which he had believed every ſcholar regarded but as means of exiſtence, not auxiliaries of happineſs, named with preference, diſtanced, at a ſtroke, all high opinion of his nephew, and made way, in its ſtead, for a diſpleaſure not wholly free from diſdain.

"Well, Clermont," ſaid he, after a pauſe, "I won't keep you any longer, now I know your mind, which I wiſh I had known before, for the account of your couſin, who has had plague enough about it in her bringing up; which, however, I ſhall put an end to now, not ſeeing that any good has come from it."

Lynmere joyfully accepted the permiſſion to retire, enchanted that the rejection was thus completely off his mind, and had incurred only ſo ſlight a reproof, unaccompanied with one menace, or even remonſtrance.

The firſt conſternation of Sir Hugh, at the fall of this favourite project, was, indeed, ſomewhat leſſened, at this moment, by the fall of his reſpectful opinion of its principal object. He ſent therefore, haſtily, for Eugenia, to whom he abruptly exclaimed, "My dear girl, who'd have thought

thought it? here's your couſin Clermont, with all his Greek and Latin, which I begin to bleſs God I don't know a word of, turning out a mere common nothing, thinking about his dinners and ſuppers! for which reaſon I beg you'll think of him no more, it not being worth your while; in particular, as he don't deſire it."

Eugenia, at this intimation, felt nearly as much relieved as diſturbed. To be refuſed was, indeed, ſhocking; not to her pride, ſhe was a ſtranger to that paſſion; but to her delicacy, which pointed out to her, in ſtrong colours, the impropriety of having been expoſed to ſuch a deciſion. Nevertheleſs, to find herſelf unſhackled from an alliance to which ſhe looked forward with dread, without offending her uncle, to whom ſo many reaſons made it dear, or militating againſt her own heroic ſentiments of generoſity, which revolted from wilfully depriving her couſin of an inheritance already offered to him, removed a weight from her mind, which his every word, look, and geſture, had oppreſſed it with ſince their firſt meeting.

* * * *

Dr. Marchmont had ridden to Beech Park, where he had ſpent the night, though uninvited by its agitated owner, whom the very

very name of Mrs. Berlinton, annexed to an accepted party of pleaſure, had driven, in ſpeechleſs agony, from Cleves.

"I wonder not," cried he, "at your diſturbance; I feel for it, on the contrary, more than ever, from my obſervations of this evening; for I now ſee the charm, the potent charm, as well as the difficulties of your ſituation. This ſtrange affair with Sir Sedley Clarendel cannot, in common foreſight of what may enſue from it, be paſſed over without the moſt rigid ſcrutiny; yet, I ſincerely hope, inquiry may produce ſome palliation: this young lady, I ſee, will not eaſily, for ſweetneſs, for countenance, for every apparent attraction, be replaced: and, the firſt of all requiſites is certainly in your favour; it is evident ſhe loves you."

"Loves me?" cried Edgar, his arms involuntarily encircling him as he repeated the magnetiſing words: "Ah! Dr. Marchmont, could ſhe then thus grieve and deſy me?—And yet, ſo too ſaid Jacob,—that good, faithful, excellent old ſervant!"—

"Yes; I watched her unremittingly; and ſaw her ſo much hurt by your abrupt retreat, that her eyes filled with tears the moment you left the room."

"O, Dr. Marchmont!—and for me were they ſhed?—my dear—dear friend!

withhold from me such a picture—or reconcile me completely to viewing no other!"

"Once more, let me warn you to circumspection. The stake for which you are playing is life in its best part, 'tis peace of mind. That her manners are engaging, that her looks are captivating, and even that her heart is yours, admit no doubt: but the solidity or the lightness of that heart are yet to be proved."

"Still, Doctor, though nearly in defiance of all my senses, still I can doubt any thing rather than the heart of Camilla! Precipitate, I know, she has always been reckoned; but her precipitance is of kin to her noblest virtues; it springs but from the unsuspicious frankness of an unguarded, because innocent nature. And this, in a short time, her understanding will correct."

"Are you sure it is adequate to the task? There is often, in early youth, a quickness of parts which raises expectations that are never realised. Their origin is but in the animal spirits, which, instead of ripening into judgment and sense by added years, dwindle into nothingness, or harden into flippancy. The character, at this period, is often so unstable as to be completely new moulded by every new accident,

or new aſſociate. How innumerable are the lurking ill qualities that may lie dormant beneath the ſmiles of youth and beauty, in the ſeaſon of their untried ſerenity! The contemporaries of half our fierceſt viragos of fifty, may aſſure you that, at fifteen, they were all ſoftneſs and ſweetneſs. The preſent criſis, however, my dear young friend, is highly favourable to all you can judiciouſly wiſh; namely, the entire re-eſtabliſhment, or total deſtruction of all confidence.—To a man of your nice feelings, there is no medium. Your love demands reſpect, or your tranquillity exacts flight from its object. Set apart your offence at the cultivation of an acquaintance you diſapprove; be yourſelf of the party to Southampton, and there, a very little obſervation will enable you to dive into the moſt ſecret receſſes of her character."

"Steadineſs, Doctor, I do not want, nor yet, however I ſuffer from its exertion, fortitude: but a plan ſuch as this, requires ſomething more; it calls for an equivocal conduct, which, to me, would be impracticable, and to her, might prove deluſive. No!—the openneſs I ſo much pine to meet with, I muſt, at leaſt, not forfeit myſelf."

"The fervour of your integrity, my dear Mandlebert, miſtakes caution for deceit.

If, indeed, this plan had any other view than your union, it would not merely be cruel, but infamous: the truth, however, is, you muſt either purſue her upon proof, or abandon her at once, with every chance of repenting ſuch a meaſure."

"Alas! how torturing is heſitation! to believe myſelf the object of her regard—to think that firſt of all human felicities mine, yet to find it ſo pliant—ſo precarious—to ſee her, with ſuch thoughtleſs readineſs, upon the point of falling into the hands of another!—receiving—anſwering—his letters!—letters too ſo confident, ſo daring! made up of inſolent demands and imperious reproaches—to meet him by his own appointment—O, Dr. Marchmont! all delicious as is the idea of her preference—all entwined as ſhe is around my ſoul, how, now, how ever again, can I be happy, either to quit—or to claim her?—"

"This diviſion of ſentiment is what gives riſe to my plan. At Southampton, you will ſee if Sir Sedley purſues her; and, as ſhe will be uncertain of your intentions, you will be enabled to judge the ſingleneſs of her mind, and the ſtability of her affection, by the reception ſhe gives him."

"But if—as I think I can gather from her delivering me his letters, the affair, what-

whatever it has been, with Sir Sedley, is over.—What then?"

"You will have leiſure to diſcuſs it; and opportunity, alſo, to ſee her with other Sir Sedleys. Public places abound with thoſe flutterers after youth and beauty; unmeaning admirers, who ſigh at every new face; or black traitors to ſociety, who ſeek but to try, and try but to publiſh their own power of conqueſt."

"Will you, then, my dear Doctor, be alſo of the party? for my ſake, will you, once more, quit your ſtudies and repoſe, to give me, upon the ſpot, your counſel according to the varying exigence of varying circumſtances? to aid me to prepare and compoſe my mind for whatever may be the event, and to guide even, if poſſible, my wavering and diſtracted thoughts?"

To the importance of the period, and to a plea ſo ſerious, every obſtacle yielded, and Dr. Marchmont agreed to accompany him to Southampton.

CHAP. VII.

Live and Learn.

BEFORE the Cleves party aſſembled to breakfaſt, after the various arrangements made for Southampton, Mr. Dubſter arrived, and demanded an interview with Sir Hugh, who, attending him to the drawing-room, aſked his pleaſure.

"Why, have not you read the young gentleman's letter, ſir?" cried he, ſurpriſed, "becauſe, he ſaid, he'd put it all down, clear as a pike-ſtaff, to ſave time."

Sir Hugh had not heard of it.

"Why, then, if you pleaſe, ſir, we'll go and aſk that elderly gentlewoman what ſhe's done with it."

Repairing, then, to Miſs Margland, after his uſual bows to all the company, "I aſk pardon, ma'am," he cried; "but pray, what's the reaſon of your keeping the young gentleman's letter to yourſelf, which was writ o'purpoſe to let the old gentleman know what I come for?"

"Becauſe I never trouble myſelf with any thing that's impertinent," ſhe haughtily anſwered: though, in fact, when the family had retired, ſhe had ſtolen down ſtairs,

ſtairs, and read the letter; which contained a warm recommendation of Mr. Dubſter to her favour, with abundant ſlippant offers to promote her own intereſt for ſo deſirable a match, ſhould Camilla prove blind to its advantages. This ſhe had then burnt, with a determination never to acknowledge her condeſcenſion in opening it.

The repeated calls of Mr. Dubſter procuring no further ſatisfaction; "Why, then, I don't ſee," he ſaid, "but what I'm as bad off, as if the young gentleman had not writ the letter, for I've got to ſpeak for myſelf at laſt."

Taking Sir Hugh, then, by a button of his coat, he deſired he would go back with him to the other parlour: and there, with much circumlocution, and unqualified declarations of his having given over all thoughts of further marrying, till the young gentleman over perſuaded him of his being particular agreeable to the young lady, he ſolemnly propoſed himſelf for Miſs Camilla Tyrold.

Sir Hugh, who perceived in this addreſs nothing that was ridiculous, was ſomewhat drawn from reflecting on his own diſappointments, by the pity he conceived for this hopeleſs ſuitor, to whom, with equal circumlocution of concern, he communicated, that his niece was on the point of marriage with a neighbour.

"I know that," replied Mr. Dubſter, nodding ſagaciouſly, "the young gentleman having told me of the young baronight; but he ſaid, it was all againſt her will, being only your over teaſing, and the like."

"The Lord be good unto me!" exclaimed the baronet, holding up his hands; "if I don't think all the young boys have a mind to drive me out of my wits, one after t'other!"

Hurrying, then, back to the breakfaſt parlour, and to Camilla, "Come hither, my dear," he cried, "for here's a gentleman come to make his addreſſes to you, that won't take an anſwer."

Every ſerious thought, and every melancholy apprehenſion in Camilla gave place, at this ſpeech, to the ludicrous image of ſuch an admirer as Mr. Dubſter, foiſted upon her by the ridiculous machinations of Lionel. She took Sir Hugh by the hand, and, drawing him away to the moſt diſtant window, ſaid, in a low voice, "My dear uncle, this is a mere trick of Lionel; the perſon you ſee here is, I believe, a tinker."

"A tinker!" repeated Sir Hugh, quite loud, in defiance of the ſigns and hiſts! hiſts! of Camilla, "good lack! that's a perſon I ſhould never have thought of!" Then, walking up to Mr. Dubſter, who was taking into his hands all the ornaments from the chimney-piece, one by one, to ex-

examine, "Sir," he ſaid, "you may be a very good ſort of man, and I don't doubt but you are, for I've a proper reſpect for every trade in its way; but in point of marrying my niece, it's a thing I muſt beg you to put out of your head; it not being a proper ſubject to talk of to a young lady, from a perſon in that line."

"Very well, ſir," anſwered Mr. Dubſter, ſtiffly, and pouting, "it's not of much conſequence. There's nothing in what I was going to propoſe but what was quite genteel. She'd have a good five hundred a-year, in caſe of outliving me."

"Good lack! five hundred a-year! who'd have thought of ſuch a thing by the tinkering buſineſs?"

"The what buſineſs, did you ſay, ſir?" cried Mr. Dubſter, ſtrutting up to the baronet, with a ſolemn frown.

"The tinkering buſineſs, my good friend. An't you a tinker?"

"Sir!" cried Mr. Dubſter, ſwelling, "I did not think, when I was coming to make ſuch a handſome offer, of being affronted at ſuch a rate as this. I'm no more a tinker than yourſelf, whatever put it in your head."

"Good lack, my dear," cried the baronet, to Camilla, "the gentleman quite denies it."

Camilla, though unable to refrain from laughing, confeſſed ſhe had received the information from Mrs. Arlbery at the Northwick breakfaſt, who, ſhe now ſuppoſed, had ſaid it in random ſport.

Sir Hugh cordially begged his pardon, and aſked him to take a ſeat at the breakfaſt table, to ſoften the undeſigned offence.

A note now arrived from Mr. Tyrold to the baronet. It contained his conſent to return, with Lavinia, to Cleves, and his ready acquieſcence in the little excurſion to Southampton, ſince Miſs Margland would be ſuperintendant of the party; "and ſince," he added, "they will have another guardian, to whom already I conſign my Camilla, and, upon her account, my dear Eugenia alſo, with the ſame fearleſs confidence I ſhould feel in ſeeing them again under the maternal wing."

Sir Hugh, who always read his letters aloud, ſaid, when he had done: "See what it is to be a good boy! my brother looks upon young Mr. Edgar as theſe young girls' huſband already; that is, of one of them; by which means the other becomes his ſiſter; which, I'm ſure, is a trouble he won't mind, except as a pleaſure."

Camilla's diſtreſs at this ſpeech paſt unnoticed, from the abrupt entrance of Lynmere, giving orders aloud to his ſervant to get ready for Southampton.

In-

Inflamed with triumph by his recent ſucceſs in baffling his uncle, that youth was in the moſt turbulent ſpirits, and fixed a reſolution either to lord it over the whole houſe, or to regain his liberty for returning to the Continent.

Forcing a chair between Sir Hugh and Camilla, he ſeized rapidly whatever looked moſt inviting from every plate on the table, to place upon his own, murmuring the whole time againſt the horſes, declaring the ſtud the moſt wretched he had ever ſeen, and proteſting the old groom muſt be turned away without loſs of time.

"What, Jacob?" cried the baronet; "why, nephew, he has lived with me from a boy: and now he's grown old, I'd ſooner rub down every horſe with my own hand, than part with him."

"He muſt certainly go, ſir. There's no keeping him. I may be tempted elſe to knock his brains out ſome day. Beſides, I have a very good fellow I can recommend to you of my own."

"Clermont, I've no doubt of his being a good fellow, which I'm very glad of; but as to your always knocking out the brains of my ſervants, it's a thing I muſt beg you not to talk of any more, being againſt the law. Beſides which, it don't ſound very kind of you, conſidering their having done

you no harm; never having ſeen your face, as one may ſay, except juſt to wait upon you; which can hardly be reckoned a bad office; beſides a ſervant's being a man, as well as you; whether Homer and Horace tell you ſo or no."

To ſee Sir Hugh diſpleaſed, was a ſight new to the whole houſe. Camilla and Eugenia, mutually pained for him, endeavoured, by various little kind offices, to divert his attention; but Indiana thought his diſpleaſure proved her brother to be a wit; and Clermont roſe in ſpirits and in inſolence upon the ſame idea: too ſhallow to know, that of all the qualities with which the perverſity of human nature is gifted, the power which is the moſt common to attain, and the moſt eaſy to practiſe, is the art of provoking.

Jacob now appearing, Lynmere ordered ſome ſhrimps.

There were none.

"No ſhrimps? There's nothing to be had! 'Tis a wretched country this!"

"You'll get nice ſhrimps at Southton, ſir, by what I can hear," ſaid Mr. Dubſter. "Tom Hicks ſays he has been ſick with 'em many a day, he's eat ſuch a heap. They gets 'em by hundreds, and hundreds, and hundreds at a time."

"Pray, nephew, how long ſhall you ſtay?

ſtay? becauſe of my nieces coming back at the ſame time."

"A fortnight's enough to tire me any where, ſir. Pray what do you all do with yourſelves here after breakfaſt?"

Sir Hugh now ſighed, ejaculating to himſelf, though aloud, "I can't but think what my poor friend Weſtwyn will do, if his ſon's come home in this manner! caring for nobody, but an oyſter, or a ſhrimp;—unleſs it's a newſpaper!"

"And what ſhould a man care for elſe, my good old friehd, in a deſart place ſuch as this?"

"Good old friend!" repeated the baronet; "to be ſure, I'm not very young.—but you mean no harm, I know, for which reaſon I can't be ſo ill-natured as to take it ill. However, if poor Weſtwyn is ſerved in this way—He's my deareſt friend that I've got, out of us all here, of my own kin, and he's only one ſon, and he ſent him to foreign parts only for cheapneſs; but if he ſhould happen to like nothing he can get at home, it won't anſwer much in point of ſaving."

"O don't be troubled, ſir: Weſtwyn's but a poor creature. He lived within his allowance the whole time. A mighty poor creature."

"I'm glad of it! glad of it, indeed!" cried

cried Sir Hugh, with involuntary eagerneſs; "I ſhould have been ſorry if my poor good old friend had had ſuch a diſappointment."

"Upon my honour," cried Lynmere, piqued, "the quoz of the preſent ſeaſon are beyond what a man could have hoped to ſee!"

"Quoz! what's quoz, nephew?"

"Why, it's a thing there's no explaining to you ſort of gentlemen; and ſometimes we ſay quiz, my good old ſir."

Sir Hugh, now, for almoſt the firſt time in his life, felt ſeriouſly affronted. His utmoſt lenity could not palliate the wilful diſrepect of this language; and, with a look of grave diſpleaſure, he anſwered, "Really, nephew, I can't but ſay, I think you've got rather a particular odd way of ſpeaking to perſons. As to talking ſo much about people's being old, you'd do well to conſider that's no fault in any body; except one's years, which is what we can't be ſaid to help."

"You deſcant too much upon words, ſir; we have left off, now, uſing them with ſuch prodigious preciſion. It's quite over, ſir."

"O, my dear Clermont!" cried Sir Hugh, loſing his ſhort movement of anger in a more tender ſenſation of concern, "how

"How it goes to my heart to ſee you turn out ſuch a jackanapes!"

Lynmere, reſentfully hanging back, ſaid no more: and Mr. Dubſter, having drunk ſeven diſhes of tea, with a long apology between each for the trouble, gladly ſeized the moment of pauſe, to aſk Camilla when ſhe had heard from *their friend Mrs. Mittin*, adding, "I ſhould have brought you a letter from her, ma'am, myſelf, but that I was rather out of ſorts with her; for happening to meet her, the day as you went, walking on them Pantiles, with ſome of her quality binding, when I was not dreſſed out quite in my beſt becomes, ſhe made as if ſhe did not know me. Not as it ſignifies. It's pretty much of a muchneſs to me. I remember her another ſort of perſon to what ſhe looks now, before I was a gentleman myſelf."

"Why, pray, what was you then, ſir?" cried Sir Hugh, with great ſimplicity.

"As to that, ſir, there's no need to ſay, whether I was one thing or another, as I know of; I'm not in the leaſt aſhamed of what I was."

Sir Hugh ſeeing him offended, was beginning an apology; but, interrupting him, "No, ſir," he ſaid, "there's no need to ſay nothing about it. It's not a thing to take much to heart. I've been defamed often

often enough, I hope, to be above minding it. Only juſt this one thing, ſir; I beg I may have the favour to be introduced to that lady as had the obligingneſs to call me a tinker, when I never was no ſuch thing."

Breakfaſt now being done, the ladies retired to prepare for their journey.

"Well," cried Mr. Dubſter, looking after Eugenia, "that little lady will make no great figure at ſuch a place as Southton. I would not have her look out for a huſband there."

"She'd have been juſt the thing for me!" cried Lynmere, haughtily riſing, and conceitedly parading his fine form up and down the room; his eyes catching it from looking-glaſs to looking-glaſs, by every poſſible contrivance; "juſt the thing! matched to perfection!"

"Lord help me! if I don't find myſelf in the dark about every thing!" cried Sir Hugh; "who'd have thought of you ſcholars thinking ſo much of beauty; I ſhould be glad to know what your claſſics ſay to that point?"

"Faith, my good ſir, I never trouble myſelf to aſk. From the time we begin our tours, we wipe away all that ſtuff as faſt as poſſible from our thoughts."

"Why, pray, nephew, what harm could it do to your tours?"

"We

"We want room, sir, room in the pericranium! As soon as we begin to travel, we give up every thing to taste. And then we want clear heads. Clear heads, sir, for pictures, statues, busts, alto relievos, basso relievos, tablets, monuments, mausoleums"—

"If you go on at that rate, nephew," interrupted Sir Hugh, holding his ears, "you'll put my poor head quite into a whirligig. And it's none of the deepest already, Lord help me!"

Lynmere now, without ceremony, made off; and Mr. Dubster, left alone with the baronet, said they might as well proceed to business. "So pray, sir, if I may make bold, in the case we come to a right understanding about the young lady, what do you propose to give her down?"

Sir Hugh, staring, inquired what he meant.

"Why, I mean, sir, what shall you give her at the first? I know she's to have it all at your demise; but that i'n't the bird in the hand. Now, when once I know that, I can make my offers, which shall be handsome or not, according. And that's but fair. So how much can you part with, sir?"

"Not a guinea!" cried Sir Hugh, with some emotion; "I can't give her any thing! Mr. Edgar knows that."

"That's

"That's hard, indeed ſir. What nothing for a ſetting out? And, pray, ſir, what may the ſum total be upon your demiſe?"

"Not a penny!" cried Sir Hugh, with ſtill more agitation: "Don't you know I've diſinherited her?"

"Diſinherited her? why this is bad news enough! And pray, ſir, what for?"

"Nothing! She never offended me in thought, word, nor deed!"

"Well, that's odd enough. And when did you do it, ſir?"

"The very week ſhe was nine years old, poor thing! which I ſhall never forget as long as I live, being my worſt action."

"Well, this is particular enough! And young 'ſquire Tyrold's never heard a word of it: which is ſomewhat of a wonder too."

"Not heard of it? why the whole family know it! I've ſettled every thing I was worth in the world upon her younger ſiſter, that you ſaw ſitting by her."

"Well, if Tom Hicks did not as good as tell me ſo ever ſo long ago, though the young 'ſquire ſaid it was all to the contrary: what for, I don't know; unleſs to take me in. But he won't find that quite ſo eaſy, aſking his pardon. Matrimony's a good thing enough, when it's to help a man forward;

ward: but a perſon muſt be a fool indeed, to put himſelf out of his way for nothing."

He then formally wiſhed the baronet a good day, and haſtened from the houſe, puffed up with vain glory at his own ſagacious precautions, which had thus happily ſaved him from being tricked into unprofitable wedlock.

Mrs. Berlinton now arrived, and, as Camilla was ready, though trembling, doubtful, and apprehenſive of the ſtep ſhe was taking, declined alighting. A general meeting was to take place at Southampton: and the baronet, putting a twenty pound note into her hand, with the moſt tender bleſſings parted with his darling niece. And then, ſurpriſed at not ſeeing Edgar to breakfaſt, ſent his butler to tell him the hiſtory of the excurſion.

Lynmere was already ſet off on horſeback: and the party, conſiſting of Dr. Orkborne, Miſs Margland, Indiana, and Eugenia, followed two hours after, in the coach of the baronet, which drove from the park as the chaiſe entered it with Mr. Tyrold and Lavinia, to ſupply their places.

CHAP. VIII.

A Way to make Friends.

WHEN Camilla appeared at the hall-door, a gentleman deſcended from the carriage of Mrs. Berlinton, with an air the moſt melancholy, and eyes bent to the earth in the mournful bow with which he offered her his hand: though, when he had aſſiſted her into the coach, he raiſed them, and, turning round, caſt upon the manſion a look of deſponding fondneſs, that immediately brought to her recollection the adorer of Indiana, and the brother of her new friend.

Mrs. Berlinton received her with tenderneſs, folding her to her breaſt, and declaring life to be now inſupportable without her.

The affection of Camilla was nearly reciprocal, but her pleaſure had no chance of equal participation; nor was the ſuſpenſive ſtate of her mind the only impediment; oppoſite to her in the carriage, and immediately claiming her attention, was Mrs. Mittin.

The agitating events which had filled up the ſhort interval of her reſidence at Cleves, had

had so completely occupied every faculty, that, till the affair of the horse involved her in new difficulties, her debts had entirely flown her remembrance; and the distressing scenes which immediately succeeded to that forced recollection, made its duration as short as it was irksome: but the sight of Mrs. Mittin brought it back with violence to her memory, and flashed it, with shame, upon her conscience.

The twenty pounds, however, just given her by Sir Hugh, occurred at the same moment to her thoughts; and she determined to repair her negligence, by appropriating it into parcels for the payment of all she owed, before she suffered sleep again to close her eyes.

Mrs. Berlinton informed her, that both herself and her brother had been summoned to Southampton to meet Mrs. Ecton, the aunt by whom she had been educated; who had just arrived there from Wales, upon some secret business which could not be revealed by letters.

The journey, though in itself short and pleasant, proved to Camilla long and wearisome; the beauties of the prospect were acknowledged by her eye, but her mind, dead to pleasure, refused to give them their merited effect. To the charms of nature she could not be blind; her fervent imagi-

nation,

nation, and the leſſons of her youth, combined to do them juſtice; but ſhe thought not of them at this moment; hill, vale, or plain, were unintereſting, however beautiful; it was Edgar ſhe looked for; Edgar, who thus coldly had ſuffered her to depart, but who ſtill, it was poſſible, might purſue; and hope, ever active, painted him, as ſhe proceeded, in every diſtant object that caught her eye, whether living or inanimate, brightening, from time to time, the roſes of her cheeks with the felicity of a ſpeedy reconciliation; but upon every near approach, the flattering error was detected, and neither hill, vale, nor plain, could diſpel the diſappointment. A fine country, and diverſified views, may ſoften even the keeneſt affliction of decided misfortune, and tranquiliſe the moſt gloomy ſadneſs into reſignation and compoſure: but ſuſpenſe rejects the gentle palliative; 'tis an abſorbent of the faculties that ſuffers them to ſee, hear, and feel only its own perplexity; and the finer the fibres of the ſenſibility on which it ſeizes, the more excluſive is its deſpotiſm. Doubt, in a fervent mind, from the rapidity of its evolutions between fear in its utmoſt deſpondence, and hope in its fulleſt rapture, is little ſhort of torture.

They drove immediately to an elegant houſe,

houſe, ſituated upon a ſmall eminence, half a mile without the town of Southampton, which had already been ſecured; and Mrs. Berlinton, as ſoon as ſhe had choſen the pleaſanteſt apartment it afforded for Camilla, and ſuffered Mrs. Mittin to chooſe the next pleaſant for herſelf, went, accompanied by her brother, to the lodging of Mrs. Ecton.

Left alone, Camilla ſtationed herſelf at a window, believing ſhe meant to look at the proſpect; but her eye, faithful to her heart, roved up and down the high road, and took in only chaiſes or horſemen, till Mrs. Mittin, with her cuſtomary familiarity, came into the room. "Well, my dear miſs," ſhe cried, "you're welcome to Southampton, and welcome to Mrs. Berlinton; ſhe's a nice lady as ever I knew; I ſuppoſe you're ſurpriſed to ſee us ſo great together? but I'll tell you how it came about. You muſt know, juſt as you was gone, I happened to be in the book ſhop when ſhe came in, and aſked for the Peruvan Letters; and it was not at home, and ſhe looked quite vexed; ſo I thought it would be a good opportunity to make a prodigious genteel acquaintance; ſo I found out the lady that had got the book, and I made her a viſit, and I told her it was particular wanted by a lady that had a reaſon;

ſo

ſo ſhe let me have it, and I took it to my pretty lady, who was ſo pleaſed, ſhe did not know how to thank me: So this got me footing in the houſe; and there I heard, amongſt her people, ſhe was coming to Southton, and was to call for you, my dear miſs; ſo when I found ſhe had not her coach full, I aſk'd her to give me a caſt; for I told her you'd be particular glad to ſee me, as we'd ſome buſineſs to ſettle together, that was a ſecret between only us two; ſo ſhe ſaid ſhe would do any thing to give you pleaſure; ſo then I made free to aſk her to give me a night's lodging, till I could find out ſome friend to be at; for I'd a vaſt mind to come to Southampton, as I could do it ſo reaſonable: And I dare ſay, my dear miſs, if you'll tell her 'twill oblige you, ſhe'll make me the compliment to let me ſtay all the time, for I know nobody here; though I don't fear making friends, go where I will. And you know, my dear miſs, you can do no leſs by me, conſidering I've kept all the good people quiet about your debts; and they ſay you may pay them when you will, as I told them you was ſuch a rich heireſs; which Mr. Dubſter let me into the ſecret of; for he had had it from your brother."

Camilla now experienced the extremeſt repentance and ſhame, to find herſelf involved

volved in any obligation with a character so forward, vulgar, and encroaching, and to impose such a person, through the abuse of her name and influence, upon the time and patience of Mrs. Berlinton.

The report spread by Lionel she immediately disavowed, and, producing her twenty pound bank note, begged Mrs. Mittin would have the goodness to get it changed for her, and to discharge her accounts without delay.

Surprised by this readiness, and struck by the view of the note, Mrs. Mittin imputed to mere reserve the denial of her expected wealth, but readily promised to get in the bills, and see her clear.

Camilla would now have been left alone; but Mrs. Mittin thought of nothing less than quitting her, and to obviate, in some measure, the fatigue of her conversation, Camilla proposed walking.

It was still but two o'clock, and the weather was delicious; every place that opened to any view, presented some prospect that was alluring; Camilla, notwithstanding her anxiety, was caught, and at intervals, at least, forgot all within, from admiration of all without.

Mrs. Mittin led immediately to the town, and Camilla was struck with its neatness, and surprised by its populousness.

"But now, my dear miſs," cried Mrs. Mittin, "the thing is, to find out what we've got to look at; ſo don't let's go on without knowing what we're about; however, theſe ſhops are all ſo monſtrous ſmart, 'twill be a pleaſure to go into them, and aſk the good people what there's to ſee in the town."

This pretext proved ſo fertile to her of entertainment, in the opportunity it afforded of taking a near view of the various commodities expoſed to ſale, that while ſhe entered almoſt every ſhop, with inquiries of what was worth ſeeing, ſhe attended to no anſwer nor information, but having examined and admired all the goods within ſight or reach, walked off, to obtain, by ſimilar means, a ſimilar privilege further on.

It is poſſible that this might ſafely have been repeated, from one end of the town to the other, had Mrs. Mittin been alone; but Camilla, who, abſent and abſorbed, accompanied without heeding her, was of a figure and appearance not quite ſo well adapted for indulging with impunity ſuch unbridled curioſity. The ſhopkeepers, who, according to their ſeveral taſtes or opinions, gave their directions to the churches, the quays, the market-place, the antique gates, the town-hall, &c. in-

volun-

voluntarily looked at her as they answered the queſtioner, and not ſatisfied with the ſhort view, followed to the door, to look again. This preſently produced an effect, that, for the whole length of the High-ſtreet, was amply ridiculous; every one perceiving that, whatſoever had been his recommendation, whether to the right, to the left, or ſtraight forward, the inquirer and her companion went no further than into the next ſhop.

Some ſuppoſed they were both only ſeeking to attract notice; others thought they were deranged in mind; and others, again, imagining they were ſhoplifters, haſtened back to their counters, to examine what was miſſing of their goods.

Two men of the two laſt perſuaſions communicated to one another their opinions, each ſuſtaining his own with a poſitiveneſs that would have ended in a quarrel, had it not been accommodated by a wager. To ſettle this became now ſo important, that buſineſs gave way to ſpeculation, and the contending parties, accompanied by a young perfumer as arbitrator, leaving their affairs in the hands of their wives, or their domeſtics, iſſued forth from their repoſitories, to purſue and watch the curious travellers, till they reached the quay, where the ladies made a full ſtand, and their followers

lovers opened a conſultation how beſt to decide the conteſt.

Mr. Firl, a ſagacious old linen-draper, who concluded them to be ſhoplifters, declared he would keep aloof, for he ſhould detect them beſt when they leaſt ſuſpected they were obſerved.

Mr. Dorn, a gentle and ſimple haberdaſher, who believed their ſenſes diſordered, made a circuit to face and examine them, frequently, however, looking back, to ſee that no abſconding trick was played him by his friends. When he came up to them, the penſive and abſorbed look of Camilla ſtruck him as too particular to be natural; and in Mrs. Mittin he immediately fancied he perceived ſomething wild, if not inſane. In truth, an opinion preconceived of her derangement might eaſily authoriſe ſtrong ſuſpicions, from the contented volubility with which ſhe inceſſantly ran on, without waiting for anſwerers, or even liſteners; and his obſervation had not taught him, that the loquacious deſire only to ſpeak. They exact time, not attention.

Mrs. Mittin, ſoon obſerving the curioſity with which he examined them, looked at him ſo hard in return, talking the whole time, in a quick low voice, to Camilla, upon his oddity, that, ſtruck with a direful panic, in the perſuaſion ſhe was marking

him

him for ſome miſchief, he turned ſhort about to get back to his companions; leaving Mrs. Mittin with preciſely the ſame opinion of himſelf which he had imbibed of her.

"Well, my dear miſs," cried ſhe, "as ſure as you're alive that man that ſtares ſo is not right in the head! I'll aſſure you, I think the beſt thing we can do, is to get off as faſt as we can, for fear of the worſt!"

They then ſped their way from the quay; but, in turning down the firſt paſſage to get out of ſight, they were led into one of the little rooms prepared for the accommodation of bathers.

This ſeemed ſo ſecure, as well as pleaſant, that Camilla, ſoothed by the tranquillity with which ſhe could contemplate the noble Southampton water and its fine banks, ſat down at the window, and deſired not to walk any further.

The fright with which Mr. Drim had retreated, gained no proſelyte to his opinion; Mr. Girt, the perfumer, aſſerted, ſignificantly, they were only idle travellers, of light character; and Mr. Firl, when in dodging them, he ſaw they went into a bathing room, offered to double his wager that it was to make ſome aſſortment of their ſpoil.

Mrs. Mittin, meanwhile, was as much

engaged, though with different objects, as Camilla. A large mixt party of ladies and gentlemen, who had ordered a veſſel for ſailing down the water, now made their appearance; and their dreſs, their air of enjoyment, their outcries of impatience, the friſky gaiety of ſome, the noiſy merriment of others, ſeemed to Mrs. Mittin marks of ſo much grandeur and happineſs, that all her thoughts were at work to deviſe ſome contrivance for becoming of their acquaintance.

Camilla alſo ſurveyed, but almoſt without ſeeing them; for the only image of her mind, Edgar, now unexpectedly met her view. Juſt arrived with Dr. Marchmont, he had patrolled to the beach, where his eyes, which, from his eagerneſs, appeared to be every where in a moment, immediately perceived her; they both bowed, and Dr. Marchmont, amazed by the air and figure of her companion, inquired if Mrs. Berlinton had any particularly vulgar relation to whom ſhe was likely to commit her fair gueſt.

Edgar, who had ſeen only herſelf, could not now forbear another glance; but the aſpect of Mrs. Mittin, without Mrs. Berlinton, or any other more dignified or fitting protectreſs, was both unaccountable and unpleaſant to him; he recollected having

ſeen

ſeen her at Tunbridge, where the careleſs temper, and negligent manners of Mrs. Arlbery, made all approaches eaſy, that anſwered any purpoſe of amuſement or ridicule; but he could not conceive how Mrs. Berlinton, or Camilla herſelf, could be joined by ſuch a companion.

Mr. Firl, having remarked theſe two gentlemen's bows, began to fear for his wager; yet, thinking it authoriſed him to ſeek ſome information, approached them, and taking off his hat, ſaid: "You ſeem to be noticing thoſe two ladies up there; pray, gentlemen, if you've no objection, who may they be? for we have a wager depending upon them; they have been into every body's ſhop in the town, routing over all their goods, yet buying nothing."

The uneaſineſs of Edgar now augmented into indignation, at ſeeing with whom Camilla was thus aſſociated; Mrs. Mittin might certainly be a worthy woman, and, if ſo, muſt merit every kindneſs that could be ſhewn her; but her air and manner ſo ſtrongly diſplayed the low bred ſociety to which ſhe had been accuſtomed, that he foreſaw nothing but improper acquaintance, or demeaning adventures, that could enſue from ſuch a connection at a public place.

Anſwer or inquiry were, however, alike ſtopt, by the pert junction of Girt, the

young perfumer, who, during this period, had not been idle; for perceiving, in the group waiting for a veſſel, a certain cuſtomer by whom he was particularly patronized, he contrived to excite in him a curioſity which ſoon drew all eyes to the bathing room.

New bets were then circulated, conſiſting of every deſcription of conjecture, except that the two objects in queſtion were innocent: and for that, in a ſet of fourteen, one only was found who defended Camilla, though her face looked the very index of purity, which ſtill more ſtrongly was painted upon it than beauty, or even than youth. Such is the prevalent diſpoſition to believe in general depravity, that while thoſe who are debaſed themſelves find a conſolation in thinking others equally worthleſs, thoſe even, who are of a better ſort, nouriſh a ſecret vanity in ſuppoſing few as good as themſelves; and fully, without reflection, the fair candour of their minds, by aiding that inſidious degeneracy, which robs the community of all confidence in virtue.

The approach of the perfumer to Edgar had all the hardineſs of vulgar elation, beſtowed, at this moment, by the recent encouragement of having been permitted to propagate his facetious opinion of the fair young ſtranger, in a ſociety of gentlefolks.

"My

"My friend Firl's been telling you, I ſuppoſe, ſir," ſaid he, to Edgar, "of his fooliſh wager? but, take my word for it—"

Here Edgar, who again had irreſiſtibly looked up at the room, ſaw that three gentlemen had entered it, and alarmed leſt this ſhould be productive of impertinence to Camilla, he darted quick from the beach to her immediate protection.

CHAP. IX.

A Rage of Obliging.

CAMILLA, from the inſtant ſhe perceived Edgar, had been in the utmoſt emotion, from doubt if his journey were to ſeek a reconciliation, or to return her letters, and take a laſting farewel. She looked ſtedfaſtly down the water, but denied herſelf a moment's ſecond glance upon the beach, and, unheeding the remarks of Mrs. Mittin, liſtened only to hear if any footſteps approached; but when, at laſt, ſome ſtruck her ears, they were accompanied by an unknown voice, ſo loud, and clamorouſly jovial, that, affrighted, ſhe looked round—and ſaw the door violently flung open, and three perſons, dreſſed like gentlemen, force their way into the ſmall dwelling place.

Mr. Halder, the leader of this triumvirate, was the particular patron of Girt, the young perfumer; and, though his ſuperior in birth and riches, was ſcarcely upon a par with him, from wilful neglect, in education, and undoubtedly beneath him in decency and conduct; notwithſtanding young Girt piqued himſelf far leſs upon ſuch ſentimental qualifications, than upon his ſkill in coſmetics,

metics, and had much leſs reſpect for unadulterated morals, than unadulterated powder.

The ſecond who entered, was, in every particular, ſtill leſs defenſible: he was a peer of the realm; he had a daughter married, and his age entitled him to be the grandfather of young Halder. In point of fortune, ſpeculatiſts deemed them equal; for though the eſtate of Halder was as yet unincumbered with the mortgages that hung upon that of Lord Valhurſt, they computed, with great exactneſs, the term of its ſuperiority, ſince already he had inliſted in the jockey meetings, and belonged to the gaming clubs.

The third, a young man of a ſerious, but pleaſing demeanour, was rather an attendant than a partner in this intruſion. He was the only one of the whole party to whom the countenance of Camilla had announced innocence; and when Halder, inſtigated by the aſſertions of the facetious Girt, propoſed the preſent meaſure, and Lord Valhurſt, caught by the youthful beauty of the fair ſubject of diſcuſſion, acceded, this ſingle champion ſtood forth, and modeſtly, yet firmly, declaring his opinion they were miſtaken, accompanied them with a view to protect her, if he himſelf were right.

Boisterously entering, Halder addressed at once to Camilla such unceremonious praise of her beauty, that, startled and offended, she hastily seized the arm of Mrs. Mittin, and, in a voice of alarm, though with an air of command that admitted no doubt of her seriousness, and no appeal from her resolution, said, "Let us go home, Mrs. Mittin, immediately."

Simple as were these words, their manner had an effect upon Halder to awe and distance him. Beauty, in the garb of virtue, is rather formidable than attractive to those who are natively unenlightened, as well as habitually degenerate: though, over such as have ever known better sentiments, it frequently retains its primeval power, even in their darkest declension of depravity.

But while Halder, repulsed, stood back, and her young champion, with an air the most respectful, made way for her to pass; Lord Valhurst, shutting the door, planted himself against it.

Seeing terror now take possession of every feature of her face, her determined protector called out: "Make way, my Lord, I beg!" and offered her his hand. But Camilla, equally frightened at them all, shrunk appalled from his assistance, and turned towards the window, with an intention of demanding help from Edgar,

whom

whom ſhe ſuppoſed ſtill on the beach; when the peer, moving from the door, ſaid he was the laſt to diſconcert the young lady, and only wiſhed to ſtop her till he could call for his carriage, that he might ſee her ſafe wherever ſhe wiſhed to go.

Camilla had no doubt of the ſincerity of this propoſal; and fear is generally precipitate: ſhe inſtantly, therefore, accepted his offer, and Lord Valhurſt was going to take her under his care, when Edgar ruſhed forward.

The pleaſure that darted into her eyes announced his welcome. Halder, from his reception, thought the enigma of his own ill ſucceſs ſolved; the other youth, ſuppoſing him her brother, no longer ſought to interfere; but Lord Valhurſt exhibited ſigns of ſuch irrepreſſible mortification, that inexperience itſelf could not miſtake the diſhonourable views of his offered ſervices, ſince, to ſee her in ſafety, was ſo evidently not their purpoſe. Camilla, looking at him with the horror he thence juſtly excited, gave her hand to Edgar, and, without one word being uttered by either, haſtily walked away with him, nimbly accompanied by Mrs. Mittin.

The young man, whoſe own mind was ſufficiently pure to make him give eaſy credit to the purity of another, was ſhocked at

at his undeſerved implication in ſo groſs an attack, and at his failure of manifeſting the laudable motive which had made him one of the triumvirate; and, looking after her with mingled admiration and concern, "Indeed, gentlemen," he cried, "you have been much to blame. You have affronted a young lady who carries in the whole of her appearance the marks of meriting reſpect."

The ſenſibility of Lord Valhurſt was not of ſufficient magnitude to ſeparate into two courſes: the little he poſſeſſed was already occupied by his diſappointment in loſing the beautiful prey he believed juſt falling into his hands, and he had no emotion, therefore, to beſtow upon his young reprover. But Halder, who, to want of feeling, added want of ſenſe, roared out, with rude raillery, a groſs, which he thought witty attack, both of the defender and the defended.

The young man, with the proud probity of unhackneyed ſentiment, made a vindication of his uncorrupt intentions; which produced but louder mirth, and coarſer incredulity. The conteſt, however, was wholly unequal; one had nerves of the moſt irritable delicacy; the other had never yet, by any ſenſation, nor any accident, been admoniſhed that nerves made any

part

part of the human compoſition: in proportion, therefore, as one became more offended, the other grew more callous, till the chivalry of indignant honour, caſting prudence, ſafety, and forbearance away, dictated a haſty challenge, which was accepted with a horſe laugh of brutal ſenſeleſſneſs of danger. Courage is of another deſcription. It riſks life with heroiſm; but it is only to preſerve or purſue ſomething without which the charm of life were diſſolved: it meets death with ſteadineſs; but it prepares for immortality with reverence and awe.

* * * *

Edgar and Camilla continued their walk in a ſilence painful to both, but which neither knew how firſt to breaк; each wiſhed with earneſtneſs an opening to communication and confidence; but, mutually ſhocked by the recent adventure, Edgar waited the abſence of Mrs. Mittin, to point out the impropriety and inſufficiency of ſuch a guard; and Camilla, ſtill aghaſt with terror, had no power of any ſort to begin a diſcourſe.

The horror of the attack ſhe had juſt eſcaped became ſoon but a ſecondary ſuffering to Camilla, though, at the moment, it had

had impreſſed her more terribly than any actual event of her life, or any ſcene her creative imagination had ever painted; yet, however dreadful, it was now paſt; but who could tell the end of what remained? the mute diſtance of Edgar, her uncertainty of his intentions, her ſuſpicions of his wiſhed receſſion, the ſevere taſk ſhe thought neceſſary to perform of giving him his liberty, with the anguiſh of a total inability to judge whether ſuch a ſtep would recall his tenderneſs, or precipitate his retreat, were ſuggeſtions which quickly ſucceeded, and, in a very ſhort time, wholly domineered over every other.

When they arrived at the houſe, Edgar demanded if he might hope for the honour of being preſented, as a friend of the family, to Mrs. Berlinton.

Reviving, though embarraſſed, ſhe looked aſſent, and went forward to inquire if Mrs. Berlinton were come home.

The ſervant anſwered no; but delivered her a letter from that lady; ſhe took it with a look of diſtreſs whether or not to invite Edgar to enter, which the, at this period, welcome officiouſneſs of Mrs. Mittin relieved, by ſaying, "Come, let us all come in, and make the parlour a little comfortable againſt Mrs. Berlinton comes home; for, I dare ſay, there's nothing as it ſhould be."

They

They then all three entered, and Mrs. Mittin, who ſaw, ſhe ſaid, a thouſand ways by which ſhe might oblige Mrs. Berlinton, by various ſuggeſtions, and even directions, which ſhe hazarded againſt her return, buſied herſelf to arrange the two parlours to her ſatisfaction; and, then, went up ſtairs, to ſettle, alſo, all there; making abundant apologies for leaving them, and aſſuring them ſhe would be back again as ſoon as ſhe poſſibly could get all in order.

Her departure was a moment of extreme confuſion to Camilla, who conſidered it as an invitation to her great ſcheme of rejection, but who ſtammered ſomething upon every other ſubject, to keep that off. She looked at her letter, wondered what it could contain, could not imagine why Mrs. Berlinton ſhould write when they muſt ſo ſoon meet; and ſpent in conjectures upon its contents the time which Edgar beſought her to beſtow upon their peruſal.

Nothing gives ſo much ſtrength to an adverſary as the view of timidity in his opponent. Edgar grew preſently compoſed, and felt equal to his purpoſed expoſtulation.

"You decline reading your letter till I am gone?" cried he; "I muſt, therefore, haſten away. Yet, before I go, I earneſtly wiſh

wiſh once more to take upon me the office formerly allowed me, and to repreſent, with ſimple ſincerity, my apprehenſions upon what I have obſerved this morning."

The beginning of this ſpeech had made Camilla break the ſeal of her letter; but its concluſion agitated her too much for reading it.

"Is this ſilence," ſaid he, trying to ſmile, "to repreſs me as arrogant—or to diſregard me as impertinent?"

"Neither!" ſhe anſwered, forcing herſelf to look towards him with cheerfulneſs; "it is merely—attention."

"You are very good, and I will try to be brief, that I may put your patience to no longer proof than I can avoid. You know, already, all I can urge concerning Mrs. Berlinton; how little I wonder at the promptneſs of your admiration; yet how greatly I fear for the permanence of your eſteem. In putting yourſelf under her immediate and ſole protection, you have ſhewn me the complete diſſonance of our judgments upon this ſubject; but I do not forget that, though you had the goodneſs to hear me, you had the right to decide for yourſelf. Truſt indeed, even againſt warning, is ſo far more amiable than ſuſpicion, that it muſt always, even though it prove unfortunate, call for praiſe rather than cenſure."

The

The confusion of Camilla was now converted into self-reproach. What she thought coldness, she had resented; what appeared to her to be haughtiness, she had resisted; but truth, in the form of gentleness, brought her instantly to reason, and reason could only resume its empire, to represent as rash and imprudent an expedition so repugnant, in its circumstances, to the wishes and opinions of the person whose approbation was most essential to her happiness. Edgar had paused; and her every impulse led to a candid recognition of what she felt to be wrong; but her precarious situation with him, the report of his intended flight by Jacob, the letters still detained of Sir Sedley Clarendel, and no explanation demanded, by which she could gather if his plighted honour were not now his only tie with her, curbed her design, depressed her courage, and, silently, she let him proceed.

"Upon this subject, therefore, I must say no more, except to hint a wish, that the apprehensions which first induced me to name it may, unbidden, occur as timely heralds to exertion, should any untoward circumstances point to danger, alarm, or impropriety."

The new, but strong friendship of Camilla was alarmed for its delicacy by these words.

words. The diffidence she felt, from conscious error, for herself, extended not to Mrs. Berlinton, whom, since she found guiltless, she believed blameless. She broke forth, therefore, into a warm eulogy, which her agitation rendered eloquent, while her own mind and spirits were relieved and revived, by this flight from her mortified self, to the friend she thought deserving her most fervent justification.

Edgar listened attentively, and his eyes, though they expressed much of serious concern, shewed also an irrepressible admiration of an enthusiasm so ardent for a female friend of so much beauty.

"May she always merit this generous warmth!" cried he; "which must have excited my best wishes for her welfare, even if I had been insensible to her own claims upon every man of feeling. But I had meant, at this time, to confine my ungrateful annotations to another—to the person who had just quitted the room."

"You do not mean to name her with Mrs. Berlinton? to imagine it possible I can have for her any similar regard? or any, indeed, at all, but such common goodwill as all sorts and classes of people are entitled to, who are well meaning?"

"Here, at least, then," said Edgar, with a sigh half suppressed, "our opinions may

may be consonant. No; I designed no such disgraceful parallel for your elegant favourite. My whole intention is to remonstrate—can you pardon so plain a word?—against your appearing in public with a person so ill adapted to insure you the respect that is so every way your due."

"I had not the smallest idea, believe me, of appearing in public. I merely walked out to see the town, and to beguile, in a stroll, time, which, in this person's society, hung heavily upon me in the absence of Mrs. Berlinton."

The concise simplicity of this innocent account, banished, in a moment, all severity of judgment; and Edgar, expressively thanking her, rose, and, though scarcely knowing with what purpose, was approaching her, when Mrs. Mittin burst into the room, exclaiming:—"Well, my dear, you'll never guess how many things I have done since I left you. In the first place, there was never a wash-ball; in the next place, not a napkin nor a towel was in its proper place; then the tea-things were forgot; and as to spoons, not one could I find. And now, I've a mind to go myself to a shop I took good notice of, and get her a little almond powder for her nice white hands; which, I dare say, will please

her.

her. I've thought of a hundred things at leaſt. I dare ſay I ſhall quite win her heart. And I'm ſure of my money again, if I lay out never ſo much. And I don't know what I would not do for ſuch a good lady."

During this harangue, Camilla, aſhamed of her want of reſolution, ſecretly vowed, that, if again left alone with Edgar, ſhe would not loſe a moment in reſtoring him his liberty, that with dignity ſhe might once more receive, or with fortitude for ever reſign it. She thought herſelf, at this moment, capable of either; but ſhe had only thought it, ſince his ſoftened look and air had made her believe ſhe had nothing to fear from the alternative.

Mrs. Mittin ſoon went, though her continued and unmeaning chattery made the ſhort term of her ſtay appear long.

Each eager upon their own plan, both then involuntarily aroſe.

Camilla ſpoke firſt. "I have ſomething," ſhe cried, "to ſay—," but her voice became ſo huſky, the inarticulate ſounds died away unheard, and blushing at ſo feeble an opening, ſhe ſtrove, under the auſpices of a cough, to diſguiſe that ſhe had ſpoken at all, for the purpoſe of beginning, in a more ſtriking manner, again.

This ſucceeded with Edgar at this moment,

ment, for he had heard her voice, not her words: he began, therefore, himſelf. "This good lady," he ſaid, "ſeems bit with the rage of obliging, though not, I think, ſo heroically, as much to injure her intereſt. But ſurely ſhe flatters herſelf with ſomewhat too high a recompence? The heart of Mrs. Berlinton is not, I fancy, framed for ſuch a conqueror. But how, at the ſame time, is it poſſible converſation ſuch as this ſhould be heard under her roof? And how can it have come to paſs that ſuch a perſon—"

"Talk of her," interrupted Camilla, recovering her breath, "ſome other time. Let me now inquire—have you burnt—I hope ſo!—thoſe fooliſh—letters—I put into your hands?—"

The countenance of Edgar was inſtantly overclouded. The mention of thoſe letters brought freſh to his heart the bittereſt, the moſt excruciating and intolerable pang it had ever experienced; it brought Camilla to his view no longer artleſs, pure, and ſingle-minded, but engaged to, or trifling with, one man, while ſeriouſly accepting another. "No, madam," he ſolemnly ſaid, "I have not preſumed ſo far. Their anſwers are not likely to meet with ſo violent a death, and it ſeemed to me that one part of the correſpondence ſhould be preſerved for the elucidation of the other.

Camilla

Camilla felt ſtung by this reply, and tremulouſly anſwered, "Give me them back, then, if you pleaſe, and I will take care to ſee them all demoliſhed together, in the ſame flames. Meanwhile—"

"Are you ſure," interrupted Edgar, "ſuch a conflagration will be permitted? Does the man live who would have the philoſophy—the inſenſibility I muſt rather ſtyle it—ever to reſign, after once poſſeſſing, marks ſo diſtinguiſhing of eſteem? O, Camilla! I, at leaſt, could not be that man!"

Cut to the ſoul by this queſtion, which, though ſoftened by the laſt phraſe, ſhe deemed ſeverely cruel, ſhe haſtily exclaimed; "Philoſophy I have no right to ſpeak of—but as to inſenſibility—who is the man that ever more can ſurpriſe me by its diſplay? Let me take, however, this opportunity—"

A footman, opening the door, ſaid, his lady had ſent to beg an anſwer to her letter.

Camilla, in whom anger was momentary, but the love of juſtice permanent, rejoiced at an interruption which prevented her from ſpeaking, with pique and diſpleaſure, a ſentence that muſt loſe all its purpoſe if not uttered with mildneſs. She would write, ſhe ſaid, immediately; and, bidding the man get her pen and ink, went to the win-

window to read her letter; with a formal bow of apology to Edgar as she passed him.

"I have made you angry?" cried he, when the man was gone; "and I hate myself to have caused you a moment's pain. But you must feel for me, Camilla, in the wound you have inflicted! you know not the disorder of mind produced by a sudden, unlooked-for transition from felicity to perplexity,—from serenity to misery!—"

Camilla felt touched, yet continued reading, or rather rapidly repeating to herself the words of her letter, without comprehending, or even seeking to comprehend, the meaning of one sentence.

He found himself quite unequal to enduring her displeasure; his own, all his cautions, all Dr. Marchmont's advice, were forgotten; and tenderly following her, "Have I offended," he cried, "past forgiveness? Is Camilla immoveable? and is the journey from which I fondly hoped to date the renewal of every hope, the termination of every doubt, the period of all suffering and sorrow—"

He stopt abruptly, from the entrance of the servant with pen and ink, and the interruption was critical: it called him to his self command: he stammered out that he would not impede her writing; and,

in palpable confuſion, haſtily took his leave.

But his recollection came too late to anſwer its intended purpoſe. The tender avowal which had eſcaped him to Camilla, of the view of his journey, had firſt with aſtoniſhment ſtruck her ear, and next with quick enchantment vibrated to her heart, which again it ſpeedily taught to beat with its priſtine vivacity; and joy, ſpirit, and confidence expelled in a breath all gueſts but themſelves.

CHAP. X.

A Pleaſant Adventure.

CAMILLA was again called upon for her note, before ſhe had read the letter it was to anſwer, which contained four ſides of paper, cloſely yet elegantly written in the language of romantic ſentiment. Mrs. Berlinton ſaid ſhe had ſpent, as yet, only a few minutes with her aunt; but they had been awfully important; and ſince ſhe had exacted from her a promiſe to ſtay the whole day, ſhe could not deny her diſappointed friendſhip the tranſient ſolace of a paper converſation.

"Tis in thee only, O my beauteous friend! I would truſt the ſad murmurs of my irreverſible and miſerable deſtiny, of which I have learnt but this moment the cruel and deſperate ſecret cauſe." She reſerved, however, the diſcovery for their meeting: and then proceeded to ſpeak of the cheriſhed correſpondent whom ſo often ſhe had deſcribed. "Ah! believe me not faithleſs to that partner of my choſen eſteem, that noble, that reſiſtleſs poſſeſſor of my pureſt friendſhip! No, charming Camilla, think not ſo degradingly of her whom fate, in

its ſole pitying interval, has caſt upon thy kindneſs." Two pages then enſued with his excluſive encomium, painting him chief in every virtue, and maſter of every grace. She next expreſſed her earneſtneſs to ſee Indiana, who Camilla had told her would be at Southampton. "Preſent me, I conjure thee, to the fair and amiable enſlaver of my unhappy brother! I die to ſee, to converſe with her, to catch from her lovely lips the modeſt wiſdom with which he tells me they teem; to read in her ſpeaking eyes the intelligence which he aſſures me illumines them." She concluded with deſiring her to give what orders ſhe pleaſed for the coach, and the ſervants, and to paſs the day with her friends.

Camilla, whoſe own ſenſations were now revived to happineſs, felt her eyes fill with generous tears at the contraſt of their ſituations; yet ſhe highly blamed the tenderneſs expreſſed for the unknown correſpondent, though its innocence ſhe was ſure muſt vanquiſh even Edgar, ſince its ſo conſtant avowal proved it might be publiſhed to all mankind.

Impatient to meet Eugenia, ſhe accepted the offer of the carriage, and deſirous to eſcape Mrs. Mittin, begged to have it immediately; but that notable perſon, without the ſmalleſt ceremony, ſaid ſhe would accom-

accompany her to the hotel, in order to take the opportunity of making acquaintance with her friends.

Courage frequently, at leaſt in females, becomes potent as an agent, where it has been feeble as a principal. Camilla, though ſhe had wiſhed, upon her own account, to repreſs Mrs. Mittin in the morning, had been too timid for ſuch an undertaking; but now, in her anxiety to oblige Edgar, ſhe gathered reſolution for declining her company. She then found, as is generally the caſe with the fearful, the taſk leſs difficult than ſhe had expected; for Mrs. Mittin, contented with a promiſe ſelf-made, that the introduction ſhould take place the next day, ſaid ſhe would go and help Mrs. Berlinton's woman to unpack her lady's things, which would make a uſeful friend for her in the houſe, for a thouſand odd matters.

* * * *

The carriage of Sir Hugh was juſt driving off as Camilla arrived at the hotel.

She hurried from Mrs. Berlinton's coach, demanding which way the company was gone; and being anſwered, by a paſſing waiter, up ſtairs, ran on at once, without patience or thought for aſking if ſhe ſhould turn to the right or left; till ſeeing a gentle-

man ſtanding ſtill upon the landing-place, and leaning upon the banniſters, ſhe was retreating, to deſire a conductor, when ſhe perceived it was Dr. Orkborne; who, while the ladies were looking at accommodations, and inquiring about lodgings, in profound cogitation, and with his tablets in his hands, undiſturbed by the various noiſes around him, and unmoved by the various ſpectators continually paſſing and repaſſing, was finiſhing a period which he had begun in the coach for his great work.

Camilla, cheerfully greeting him, begged to know which way ſhe ſhould find Eugenia; he gave her a little nod, but making her a ſign not to ſpeak to him, wrote on. Accuſtomed to his manner, and brought up to reſpect whatever belonged to ſtudy, from the ſtudious life and turn of her father, ſhe obeyed the mute injunction, and glided ſoftly about the paſſage, watching and examining if ſhe could ſee any of the party, yet fearing to offend or mortify him if ſhe called for a waiter.

While ſtraying about thus, as far off as ſhe could go without loſing ſight of Dr. Orkborne, a door ſhe had juſt paſſed was flung open, and ſhe ſaw young Halder, whoſe licentious inſolence had ſo much alarmed her in the bathing-houſe, ſtalk out, yawning, ſtretching, and ſwearing unmean-

unmeaningly, but moſt diſguſtingly, at every ſtep.

Terrified at his ſight, ſhe went on, as ſhe could not get to the Doctor without paſſing him; but the youth, recollecting her immediately, called out: "Ah, ha! are you there again, you little vixen?" and purſued her.

"Dr. Orkborne! Dr. Orkborne!" ſhe rather ſcreamed than ſaid, "pray come this way! I conjure—I beſeech—Dr. Orkborne!—"

The Doctor, catching nothing of this but his name, querulouſly exclaimed: "You moleſt me much!" but without raiſing his eyes from his tablets; while Halder, at the appeal, cried: "Ay, ay, Doctor! keep your diſtance, Doctor! you are beſt where you are, Doctor, I can tell you, Doctor!"

Camilla, then, too much ſcared to be aware ſhe ran a far greater riſk than ſhe eſcaped, deſperately ſought refuge by opening the neareſt door; though by the ſudden noiſes upon the ſtairs, and in all the adjoining paſſages, it ſeemed as if Dr. Orkborne were the only one not alarmed by her cries.

No one, however, could approach ſo ſoon as the perſon of whoſe chamber ſhe had burſt the door; who was an old gentle-

man, of a marked and lively countenance, who promptly preſenting himſelf, looked at her with ſome ſurpriſe, but good-humouredly aſked her what ſhe was pleaſed to want in his room.

"That gentleman," ſhe cried, panting and meaning to point to Dr. Orkborne; "that gentleman I want, ſir!" but ſuch a medley of waiters, company, and ſervants, had in a moment aſſembled in the ſpace between them, that the Doctor was no longer to be diſcerned.

"Do you only open my door, then," ſaid he, drily, "to tell me you want ſomebody elſe?"

But when Halder, vowing he owed her an ill turn, would have ſeized her by the hand, he protected her with his own arm, ſaying: "Fie, boy, fie! let the girl alone! I don't like violence."

A gentleman now, forcing himſelf through the crowd, exclaimed: "Miſs Camilla Tyrold! Is it poſſible! what can you do here, madam?"

It was Dr. Marchmont, whom the affrighted Camilla, ſpringing forward, could only anſwer in catching by the arm.

"Tyrold!" repeated the old gentleman; "Is her name Tyrold? why if her name is Tyrold, I'll take care of her myſelf;" and invited her into his apartment.

Dr.

Dr. Marchmont, thanking him, said: "This young lady has friends, who in all probability are now uneasily seeking her; we muſt loſe no time in joining them."

"Well, but, well," cried the old ſtranger, "let her come into my room till the coaſt is clear, and then take her away in peace. Come, there's a good girl, come in, do! you're heartily welcome; for there's a perſon of your name that's the beſt friend I ever had in the world. He's gone from our parts, now; but he's left nothing ſo good behind. Pray, my dear, did you ever hear of a gentleman, an old Yorkſhire Baronet, of your name?"

"What! my uncle?"

"Your uncle! why are you niece to Sir Hugh Tyrold?"

Upon her anſwering yes, he clapped his hands with delight, and ſaying: "Why then I'll take care of you myſelf, if it's at the riſk of my life!" carried, rather than drew her into his room, the Doctor following. Then, loudly ſhutting his door in the face of Halder, he called out: "Enter my caſtle who dare! I ſhall turn a young man myſelf, at the age of ſeventy, to drub the firſt varlet that would attack the niece of my dear old friend!"

They ſoon heard the paſſage clear, and, without deigning to liſten to the petulant

revilings with which young Halder ſolaced his fooliſh rage, "Why, my dear," he continued, "why did not you tell me your name was Tyrold at once? I promiſe you, you need carry nothing elſe with you into our parts, to ſee all the doors fly open to you. You make much of him, I hope, where he is? for he left not a dry eye for twenty miles round when he quitted us. I don't know how many ſuch men you may have in Hampſhire; but Yorkſhire's a large county, yet the beſt man in it would find it hard to get a ſeat in Parliament, where Sir Hugh Tyrold would offer himſelf to be a candidate. We all ſay, in Yorkſhire, he's ſo ſtuffed full of goodneſs and kindneſs, that there's no room left in him for any thing elſe. That's our way of talking of him in Yorkſhire; if you have a better way in Hampſhire, I ſhall be glad to learn it; never too late for that; I hate pride."

No poſſible diſturbance could make Camilla inſenſible to pleaſure in the praiſe of her uncle, or depreſs her ſpirits from joining in his eulogy; and her attention, and brightening looks, drew a narrative from the old gentleman of the baronet's good actions and former kindneſſes, ſo pleaſant both to the ſpeaker and the hearer, that the one forgot he had never ſeen her before, and the other, the terrifying

adven-

adventure which occaſioned their meeting now.

Dr. Marchmont at length, looking at his watch, inquired what ſhe meant to do? to ſeek her ſiſter and party, ſhe anſwered; and, returning her hoſt the warmeſt acknowledgments for his aſſiſtance and goodneſs, ſhe was going; but, ſtopping her: "How now?" he cried, "don't you want to know who I am? Now I have told you I am a friend of your uncle, don't you ſuppoſe he'll aſk you my name?"

Camilla, ſmiling, aſſured him ſhe wiſhed much to be informed, but knew not how to trouble him with the queſtion.

"Why my name, my dear, is Weſtwyn, and when you ſay that to your uncle, he won't give you a ſour look for your pains; take my word for that beforehand. I carried over his nephew and heir, a couſin, I ſuppoſe, of yours, to Leipſic with me, about eight years ago, along with a boy of my own, Hal Weſtwyn; a very good lad, I aſſure you, though I never tell him ſo to his face, for fear of puffing him up; I hate a boy puffed up; he commonly comes to no good. That's the only fault of my honoured friend; he ſpoils all young people—witneſs that ſame couſin of yours, that I can't ſay I much like; no more does he

me. But tell your good uncle you have met me; and tell him I love and honour him as I ought to do; I don't know how to do more, or else I would; tell him this, my dear. And I have not forgot what he did for me once, when I was hard run; and I don't intend it; I'm no friend to short memories."

Camilla said, his name, and her uncle's regard for him, had long been familiar to her; and told him Clermont Lynmere was of the party to Southampton, though she knew not how to enter abruptly into an explanation of his mistake concerning the inheritance. Mr. Westwyn answered he was in no hurry to see Clermont, who was not at all to his taste; but would not quit Hampshire without visiting Cleves; and when he gathered that two more nieces of Sir Hugh were in the house, he desired to be presented to them.

Upon re-entering the passage, to the great amusement of Dr. Marchmont, and serious provocation of Camilla, they perceived Dr. Orkborne standing precisely where he had first stationed himself; attending no more to the general hubbub than to her particular entreaty; and as regardless of the various jolts he had received during the tumult, as of the obstruction he caused, by his inconvenient position, to the

haſte of the paſſers by. Still ſteadily reposing againſt the banniſters, he worked hard at refining his paragraph, perſuaded, ſince not ſummoned by Miſs Margland, he had beſtowed upon it but a few minutes, though he had been fixed to that ſpot near an hour.

Miſs Margland received Camilla with a civility which, ſince her poſitive and public affiance to Edgar, ſhe thought neceſſary to the miſtreſs of Beech Park; but ſhe looked upon Dr. Marchmont, whom ſhe concluded to have been her advocate, with a cold ill-will, which, for Mr. Weſtwyn, ſhe ſeaſoned ſtill more ſtrongly by a portion of contemptuous haughtineſs; from a ready diſpoſition to believe every ſtranger, not formally announced, beneath her notice.

The Doctor ſoon retired, and found Edgar in his apartment. He recounted to him the late tranſaction, with reiterated exhortations to circumſpection, from added doubts of the ſolidity, though with new praiſe of the attractions of Camilla. "She ſeems a character," he ſaid, "difficult to reſiſt, and yet more difficult to attach. Nothing ſerious appears to impreſs her for two minutes together. Let us ſee if the thoughtleſſneſs and inadvertence thus perpetually fertile of danger, reſult from youth-

youthful inexperience, or have their source in innate levity. Time and reason will rectify the first; but time, and even reason, will but harden and embolden the latter. Prudence, therefore, must now interfere; or passion may fly you, when the union it has formed most requires its continuance."

CHAP. XI.

An Author's Time-keeper.

MR. WESTWYN, charmed to meet ſo many near relations of a long-valued friend, ſtruck by the extraordinary beauty of Indiana, and by the ſenſible anſwers of the child, as he called Eugenia; as well as caught by the united lovelineſs of perſon and of mind which he obſerved in Camilla, could not bring himſelf to retire till the dinner was upon the table. Miſs Margland, ſeeing in him nothing that marked faſhion, ſtrove to diſtance him by a high demeanour: but though not wanting in ſhrewdneſs, Mr. Weſtwyn was a perfectly natural man, and only thinking her manners diſagreeable, without ſuſpecting her intention, took but little notice of her, from the time he ſaw that ſhe could give him no pleaſure.

When the dinner was ſerved, Eugenia grew uneaſy that Dr. Orkborne ſhould be ſummoned, whoſe long non-appearance ſhe had not ventured to mention, from the profeſſed hatred of his very ſight avowed by Miſs Margland. But Camilla, brought up to exert conſtantly her courage for the abſent,

ſent, told the waiter to call the gentleman from the head of the ſtairs.

"My maſter himſelf, ma'am," he anſwered, "as well as I, both told the gentleman the company he came with were ſerved; but he only as good as bid us both hold our tongues."

"But, if you tell him we wait dinner—" cried Eugenia; when Miſs Margland, interrupting her, ſaid, "I'm ſure, then, you won't tell him true: for I beg we may all begin. I think it would be rather more decorous he ſhould wait for us!"

The man, nevertheleſs, went; but preſently returned, ſomewhat ruffled; ſaying, "The gentleman does not chooſe to hear me, ma'am. He ſays, if he mayn't be let alone one ſingle minute, it will be throwing away all his morning. I can't ſay I know what he means; but he ſpeaks rather ſnappiſh."

Miſs Margland declared, ſhe wiſhed him no better dinner than his pot-hooks; but did not doubt he would come juſt before they had done, as uſual; and he was no more mentioned: though ſhe never in her life eat ſo faſt; and the table was ordered to be cleared of its covers, with a ſpeed exactly the reverſe of the patience with

which

which the Doctor was indulged; on ſimilar occaſions, by the baronet.

Miſs Margland, when the cloth was removed, propoſed a ſally in ſearch of lodgings. Camilla and Eugenia, deſirous of a private conference, begged to remain within; though the latter ſought to take care of her abſent preceptor, before ſhe could enjoy the converſation of her ſiſter; and when Miſs Margland and Indiana, in ſecret exultation at his dinnerleſs ſtate, had glided, with ſilent ſimpering, paſt him, flew to beſeech his conſent to take ſome nouriſhment.

Such, however, was his preſent abſorption in what he was writing, that the voluntary kindneſs of his pupil was as unwelcome as the forced intruſion of the waiter; and he conjured her to grant him a little reſpite from ſuch eternal tormenting, with the plaintive impatience of deprecating ſome injury.

The ſiſters, now, equally eager to relate and to liſten to their mutual affairs, ſhut themſelves up in the apartment of Eugenia; who, with the greateſt ſimplicity, began the diſcourſe, by ſaying, "Have you heard, my dear ſiſter, that Clermont has refuſed me?"

Camilla was ſeverely ſhocked. Accuſtomed herſelf to the face and form of Eugenia,

genia, which, to her innocent affection, preſented always the image of her virtuous mind and cultivated underſtanding, ſhe had not preſaged even the poſſibility of ſuch an event; and, though ſhe had ſeen with concern the inequality of their outward appearance, Clermont had ſeemed to her, in all elſe, ſo inferior to her ſiſter, that ſhe had repined at his unworthineſs, but never doubted the alliance.

She was diſtreſſed how to offer any conſolation; but ſoon found none was required. Eugenia was compoſed and contented, though penſive, and not without ſome feeling of mortification. Yet anger and reſentment had found no place in the tranſaction. Her equity acknowledged that Clermont had every right of choice: but while her candour induced her to even applaud his diſintereſtedneſs in relinquiſhing the Cleves eſtate, the view it forced upon her of her own unfortunate appearance caſt her, at firſt, into a train of melancholy ideas, that would faſt have led her to unhappineſs, though wholly unmixed with any regret of Clermont, had not the natural philoſophy of her mind come to her aid; or had her education been of a more worldly ſort.

When Camilla related her own hiſtory, her plan of making Edgar again completely

maſter of his own proceedings met the entire approbation of Eugenia, who, with a ſerious ſmile, ſaid, "Take warning by me, my dear ſiſter! and, little as you have reaſon to be brought into any compariſon with ſuch a one as me, anticipate the diſgrace of defection!"

Camilla, much touched, embraced her, ſincerely wiſhing ſhe were half as faultleſs as her excellent ſelf.

The return of Miſs Margland and Indiana obliged them to quit their retreat, and they now found Dr. Orkborne in the dining-room. Having finiſhed his paragraph, he had ſought his party of his own accord; but, meeting with no one, had taken a book from his pocket, with which he meant to beguile the appetite he felt riſing, till the hour of dinner, which he had not the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion was over: for of the progreſs of time he had no knowledge but by its palpable paſſage from the ſun to the moon; his watch was never wound up, and the morning and the evening were but announced to him by a ſummons to breakfaſt and to ſupper.

The ladies ſeated themſelves at the window. Indiana was enchanted by the concourſe of gay and well-dreſſed people paſſing by, and far from inſenſible to the viſible pleaſure ſhe excited in thoſe who caſt

caſt up their eyes at the hotel. Eugenia, to whom a great and populous town was entirely new, found alſo, in the diverſity as well as novelty of its objects, much matter for remark and contemplation; Miſs Marg-land experienced the utmoſt ſatisfaction in ſeeing, at laſt, ſome faces and ſome things leſs ruſtic than had been preſented to her in Yorkſhire or at Cleves; and Camilla had every hope that this place, in Edgar's own expreſſion, would terminate every perplexity, and give local date to her life's permanent felicity.

In a few minutes, a youth appeared on the oppoſite pavement, whoſe air was new to none of the party, yet not immediately recollected by any. It was ſtriking, however, in elegance and in melancholy. Eugenia recollected him firſt, and ſtarting back, gaſped for breath; Indiana the next moment called out, "Ah!—it's Mr. Melmond!" and bluſhing high, her whole face was bright and dimpled with unexpected delight.

He walked on, without looking up, and Indiana, ſimply piqued as well as chagrined, ſaid ſhe was glad he was gone.

But Eugenia looked after him with a gentle ſigh, which now firſt ſhe thought blameleſs, and a pleaſure, which, though half mournful, ſhe now ſuffered herſelf to encou-

encourage. Free from all ties that made her ſhun this partiality as culpable, ſhe ſecretly told herſelf ſhe might now, without injury to any one, indulge it for an object whom, little as he was known to her, ſhe internally painted with all the faultleſs qualities of ideal excellence.

From theſe meditations ſhe was rouſed by Dr. Orkborne's looking rather wiſhfully round him, and exclaiming, "Pray—don't we dine rather late?"

The miſtake being cleared up, by Miſs Margland's aſſuring him it was impoſſible to keep dinner waiting all day, for people who choſe to ſtand whole hours upon a ſtaircaſe, he felt rather diſcomforted: but when Eugenia privately ordered him a repaſt in his own chamber, he was amply conſoled, by the unconſtrained freedom with which he was empowered to have more books upon the table than plates; and to make more ink ſpots than he eat mouthfuls.

* * * *

Mrs. Berlinton, upon the return of Camilla, communicated to her the ſecret to which, while yet in ignorance of its exiſtence, ſhe now found ſhe had been ſacrificed. Mrs. Ecton, two years ago, had given

given her hand, in the moſt ſolemn privacy, to her butler. To avoid diſobliging a ſick old relation, from whom ſhe expected a conſiderable legacy, ſhe had prevailed with her huſband to conſent that the marriage ſhould not be divulged: but the terror of leaving utterly deſtitute a beautiful young creature, who believed herſelf well provided for, had induced her to nearly force her acceptance of an almoſt ſuperannuated old man of family; who, merely coveting her beauty, inquired not into her inclination. This ſick old relation was now juſt dead, and had left to her ſole diſpoſal a conſiderable eſtate. The huſband naturally refuſed to be kept any longer from his juſt rights; but the ſhame ſhe felt of making the diſcovery of a marriage contracted clandeſtinely, after ſhe was ſixty years of age, with a man under thirty, threw her into a nervous fever. And, in this ſtate, ſhe prevailed with Mr. Ulſt, who was willing to reviſit his original home, Southampton, to accompany her thither in his uſual capacity, till ſhe had ſummoned her nephew and niece, and acquainted them with the affair.

To herſelf, Mrs. Berlinton ſaid, the evil of this tranſaction had been over, while yet it was unknown; ſhe had heard it, therefore, in ſilence, and forborne unavailing com-

complaint. But her brother, to whom the blow was new, and the conſequences were ſtill impending, had received the ſevere ſhock of finding he muſt ſuddenly apply himſelf to ſome buſineſs, or be reduced to the moſt obſcure poverty.

Camilla heard the account with ſincere concern for them both, much heightened for young Melmond, upon finding that, by his expreſs deſire, his ſiſter now relinquiſhed her deſign of cultivating an acquaintance with Indiana, whom, though he now knew to be free, he had the virtue to determine to avoid, ſince his fortune, and even his hopes, were thus irretrievably ruined.

They converſed together to a late hour; and Camilla, before they parted, made the moſt earneſt apologies for the liberty taken with her houſe by Mrs. Mittin: but Mrs. Berlinton, with the utmoſt ſweetneſs, begged ſhe might ſtay till all her buſineſs with her was ſettled; ſmilingly adding, buſineſs alone, ſhe was ſure, could bring them together.

Much relieved, ſhe then determined to preſs Mrs. Mittin to collect and pay her accounts immediately; and to avoid with her, in the meanwhile, any further tranſactions.

CHAP. XII.

An agreeable Hearing.

EARLY the next morning, Camilla went to the hotel. She found the party all in good ſpirits; and Miſs Margland importantly occupied upon affairs beſt ſuited to her taſte and ancient habits, in deliberating how firſt to bring forth her fair charge with the moſt brilliant effect.

Camilla was much embarraſſed how to parry an introduction to Mrs. Berlinton, upon which all the females built as the foundation of their Southampton proſperity; the young ones, already informed ſhe was the ſiſter of Melmond, languiſhing to know her for his ſake; and Miſs Margland, formerly acquainted with the noble family of her huſband, being impatient to reſume her claims in ſimilar circles; but an awkward beginning apology was ſet aſide by the entrance of Edgar and Dr. Marchmont.

Indiana now poured forth innumerable queſtions upon what ſhe might look forward to with reſpect to balls and public places; Eugenia aſked nearly as many concerning the buildings, antiquities, and proſpects; and

and Miſs Margland more than either, relative to the company, their genealogies, and connexions. The two Doctors ſoon ſat aloof, conferring upon leſs familiar matters; but Edgar only ſpoke in reply, and Camilla uttered not a word.

Soon after, a voice on the ſtairs called out, "O never mind ſhewing me the way; if I come to a wrong room, I'll go on till I come to a right;" and the next minute young Lynmere ſallied into the apartment.

"I could not get to you laſt night," cried he; "and I can only ſtay a moment now. I have a pretty ſerious buſineſs upon my hands; ſo if you can give me any breakfaſt, don't loſe time."

Miſs Margland, willing to pleaſe the brother of Indiana, readily ordered for him whatever the inn could afford, of which he failed not heartily to partake, ſaying, "I have met with a good comic ſort of adventure here already. Gueſs what it is?"

Indiana complied; but his own wiſh to communicate was ſo much ſtronger than that of any one to hear, that, before ſhe could pronounce three words, he cried: "Well, if you're ſo exceſſively curious, I'll tell it you: I'm engaged in a duel."

Indiana ſcreamed; Miſs Margland echoed her cry; Eugenia, who had looked down from his entrance, raiſed her eyes with an

air of intereſt; Camilla was ſurpriſed out of her own concerns; and Edgar ſurveyed him with an aſtoniſhment not wholly unmixt with contempt; but the two Doctors went on with their own diſcourſe.

"Nay, nay, Dye, don't be frightened; 'tis not a duel in which I am to fight myſelf; I am only to be ſecond. But ſuppoſe I were firſt? what ſignifies? theſe are things we have in hand ſo often, we don't think of them."

"La! brother!" you don't ſay ſo?" cried Indiana: "La! how droll!"

He then pretended that he would communicate nothing more.

Camilla inquired if he had ſeen Mr. Weſtwyn, whom ſhe had met with the preceding day.

"Not I, faith! but that's a-propos enough; for it's his ſon that has aſked me to be his ſecond."

"O, poor good old Mr. Weſtwyn!" cried Camilla, now much intereſted in this hiſtory; and can you not ſave him ſuch a ſhock? can you not be mediator inſtead of ſecond? he ſeems ſo fond of his ſon—"

"O, as to him, it's no matter; he's ſuch an harſh old huncks, I ſhall be glad to have him worked a little. I've often wanted to pull him by the noſe, myſelf, he takes ſuch liberties. But did you ever hear

of

of ſuch a fool as his ſon? he deſerves to be badgered as much as his father: he's going to fight with as fine an honeſt fellow as ever I met with, for nothing at all! abſolutely nothing!"

"Dear! how droll!" again ſaid Indiana.

"But why can you not interfere?" cried Camilla: "poor Mr. Weſtwyn will be made ſo unhappy if any evil befals his ſon!"

"O, faith, as to him, he may take it as he will: I ſhan't trouble my head about him; he has made free enough with me, I can aſſure you; it's only to have him out of the way, that the buſineſs is put off; it was to have been in the morning, but the old tyrant took it into his pate to make poor Henry, who is one of your good ones, and does nothing to vex him on purpoſe, ride out with him: he has promiſed, however, to get off by twelve o'clock, when four of us are to be at a certain ſpot that I ſha'n't name."

"I dare ſay, brother," cried Indiana, "they fight about being in love with ſomebody? don't they, brother? now do tell me?"

"Not a whit! it's for a girl he don't care a ſtraw for, and never ſaw but once in his life, and don't care a farthing if he never ſees again."

"Dear, how droll! I thought people always fought about being in love with ſomebody they wanted to marry; and never but when ſhe was exceſſive pretty."

"O, faith, marriage ſeldom deſerves a fighting match; but as to being pretty, that's all Harry has in his excuſe, ſo he pretends ſhe's as divine as an angel."

"Dear! well, and don't you know any thing more than that about it?"

"No, nor he neither; he only ſaw her at a bathing-houſe, where a fine jolly young buck was paying her a few compliments, that ſhe affected not to like; and preſently, in a ſilly diſpute, whether ſhe was a girl of character, they had a violent quarrel, and Harry was ſuch a fool as to end it with a challenge."

At the words *a bathing-houſe*, the blood forſook the cheeks of Camilla with ſudden perſonal alarm; but it mounted high into them again, upon hearing the nature of the diſpute; though yet again it ſunk, and left them wholly pallid, at the brief and final conviction ſhe was the cauſe of this duel, and upon ſo diſgraceful a diſpute.

The emotions of Edgar, though leſs fearful, were not leſs violent nor painful. That Camilla ſhould be the ſubject of any challenge was ſhocking, but of ſuch a one he thought a diſhonour; yet to prevent, and with

with the leaſt publicity, its effect, was the immediate occupation of his mind.

A ſhort pauſe enſued, broken preſently by Clermont, who, looking at his watch, ſuddenly jumped up, and calling out, "Faith, I ſhall be too late!" was capering out of the room; but the ſhame of Camilla in the diſgrace, was overpowered by her terror of its conſequences, and riſing, and claſping her hands, "O couſin! O Clermont!" ſhe cried, "for Heaven's ſake ſtop this affair!"

Clermont, ſatisfied that a ſufficient alarm was raiſed to impede the tranſaction, without any conceſſion on his part, declared himſelf bound in honour to attend the appointment, and, in extreme ſeeming haſte and earneſtneſs, walked off: ſtopping, however, when he came to the door; not to liſten to the ſupplications of his couſin, but to toſs off a freſh cup of chocolate, which a waiter was juſt carrying to the next room.

Camilla now, her face varying in colour twenty times in a minute, and her whole frame ſhaking, while her eyes conſcious and timid, were caſt on the floor, approached Edgar, and ſaying, "This young man's father is my dear uncle's friend!—" burſt into tears.

Edgar, wholly diſſolved, took her hand, preſſed it to his lips, beſought her, in a low

voice, to diſmiſs her apprehenſions, in the confidence of his moſt ardent exertions, and again kiſſing her hand, with the words, "Too—O, far too dear Camilla!" haſtened after Lynmere.

Affected in a thouſand ways, ſhe dropt, weeping, upon a chair. Should the duel take place, and any fatal conſequences follow, ſhe felt ſhe ſhould never be happy again; and even, ſhould it be prevented, its very ſuggeſtion, from ſo horrible a doubt of her character, ſeemed a ſtain from which it could never recover. The inconſiderate facility with which ſhe had wandered about with a perſon ſo little known to her, ſo underbred, and ſo forward, appeared now to herſelf inexcuſable; and ſhe determined, if but ſpared this dreadful puniſhment, to paſs the whole of her future life in unremitting caution.

Eugenia, with the kindeſt ſympathy, and Indiana and Miſs Margland, with extreme curioſity, ſought to diſcover the reaſon of her emotion; but while begging them to diſpenſe with an explanation, old Mr. Weſtwyn was announced, and appeared.

The horrors of a culprit, the moſt cruel as well as criminal, ſeemed inſtantly the portion of the ſelf-condemned Camilla; and, as he advanced with chearful kindneſs, to inquire after her health, his ignorance

rance that all his happineſs, through her means, was that moment at ſtake, pierced her with a ſuffering ſo exquiſite, that ſhe uttered a deep groan, and ſunk back upon her chair.

An inſtant's recollection brought her more of fortitude, though not of comfort; and ſpringing up and addreſſing, though not looking at Mr. Weſtwyn, who was ſtaring at her with aſtoniſhment and concern: "Where, ſir," ſhe cried, "is your ſon? If you have the leaſt knowledge which way he is gone—which way he may be traced—purſue and force him back this moment!—Immediately!—"

"My ſon!" repeated the good old gentleman, wanting no other word to participate in any alarm; "what, Hal Weſtwyn?—"

"Follow him—ſeek him—ſend for him—and do not, a ſingle inſtant, loſe ſight of him all day!—"

"My dear young lady, what do you mean? I'll ſend for him, to be ſure, if you deſire it; but what makes you ſo good as to think about my ſon? Did you ever ſee my ſon? do you know my ſon? do you know Hal Weſtwyn?"

"Don't aſk now, dear ſir! ſecure him firſt, and make what inquiries you pleaſe afterwards."

Mr. Weſtwyn, in evident conſternation, walked out, Camilla herſelf opening the door; but turning back in the paſſage, ſtrongly ſaid: "If the boy has been guilty of any miſbehaviour, I won't ſupport him; I don't like miſbehaviour; it's a bad thing; I can't take to it."

"O no! no! quite the contrary!" exclaimed the agitated Camilla, he is good, kind, generous! I owe him the greateſt obligation! and I deſire nothing upon earth ſo much, at this moment, as to ſee him, and to thank him!"

The old gentleman's eyes now filled with tears, and coming back, and moſt affectionately ſhaking hands with her; "I was afraid he had miſbehaved," he cried; "but he was always a good lad; and if he has done any thing for the niece of my dear Sir Hugh Tyrold, I ſhall hug him to my heart!" and then, in great, but pleaſed perturbation, he hurried away, ſaying to himſelf, as he went: "I'll take him to her, to be ſure; I deſire nothing better! God bleſs her! If ſhe can ſpeak ſo well of my poor Hal, ſhe muſt be the beſt girl living! and ſhe ſhall have him—yes, ſhe ſhall have him, if ſhe's a mind to him; and I don't care if ſhe i'n't worth a groat; ſhe's niece to my old friend; that's better."

Camilla ſpeeding, but not hearing him, returned

returned to her ſeat; yet could not anſwer one queſtion, from the horrors of her fears, and her ſhame of the detail of the buſineſs.

When the breakfaſt was over, Miſs Margland deſired every one would get ready to go to the lodgings; and, with Indiana, repaired herſelf to viſit them, and give general orders. Dr. Marchmont had glided out of the room, in anxiety for Edgar; to the great diſſatisfaction, and almoſt contempt of Dr. Orkborne, with whom he was juſt diſcuſſing ſome controverted points upon the ſhield of Achilles; which, that he could quit for the light concerns of a young man, added again to his ſurmiſes that, though he had run creditably the uſual ſcholaſtic race, his reputation was more the effect of general ability and addreſs, than of ſuch ſound and conſummate learning as he himſelf poſſeſſed. Ruminating upon the ignorant injuſtice of mankind, in ſuffering ſuch quacks in literature and philology to carry the palm of fame, he went to his chamber, to collect, from his bolſter and bedſide, the hoard of books and papers, from which, the preceding night, he had diſencumbered his coat, waiſtcoat, and great coat pockets, inſide and out, to review before he could ſleep; and which

now were again to encircle him, to facilitate their change of abode.

But Eugenia would not quit her afflicted ſiſter, who ſoon, in her gentle breaſt, depoſited the whole of her grief, her apprehenſions, and her plans; charging her inſtantly to retire, if Edgar ſhould return, that whatever might be the event he ſhould unfold, ſhe might releaſe him immediately from an engagement that his laſt words ſeemed to avow did not make him happy, and that probably he now repented. The deſign was ſo conſonant to the native heroiſm of Eugenia, that ſhe conſented, with applauſe, to aid its execution.

About half an hour, which ſeemed to be prolonged to twenty times the duration of the whole day, paſſed in terrible expectation; Edgar then appeared, and Eugenia retreated.

Camilla could ſcarcely breathe; ſhe ſtood erect, her eyes and mouth open, her face pale, her hands uplifted, waiting, but not daring to demand intelligence.

Edgar, entering into her diſtreſs with a tenderneſs that drove from him his own, eagerly ſatisfied her: "All," he cried, "is ſafe; the affair has been compromiſed; no duel has taken place; and the parties have mutually pledged themſelves to forget the diſpute."

Tears

Tears again, but no longer bitter, flowed copiouſly down her cheeks, while her raiſed eyes and claſped hands expreſſed the fervency of her thankfulneſs.

Edgar, extremely touched, took her hand; he wiſhed to ſeize a moment ſo nearly awful, to enforce upon her mind every ſerious ſubject with which he moſt deſired it to be impreſſed; but ſorrow was ever ſacred to him; and deſiring only, at this period, to conſole her: "This adventure," he cried, "has now terminated ſo well, you muſt not ſuffer it to wound you. Diſmiſs it, ſweet Camilla, from your memory!—at leaſt till you are more compoſed."

"No, ſir!" cried Camilla, to whom his ſoftneſs, by reſtoring her hope of an ultimately happy concluſion, reſtored ſtrength; "it ought never to be diſmiſſed from my memory; and what I am now going to ſay will fix it there indelibly."

Edgar was ſurpriſed, but pleaſed; his moſt anxious wiſhes ſeemed on the point of being fulfilled; he expected a voluntary explanation of every perplexity, a clearance of all myſtery.

"I am ſenſible that I have appeared to you," ſhe reſumed, "in many points reprehenſible; in ſome, perhaps, inexcuſable —"

"Inexcuſable? O no! never! never!"

"The letters of Sir Sedley Clarendel I know you think I ought not to have received—"

Edgar, biting his nails, looked down.

And, indeed, I acknowledge myſelf, in that affair, a moſt egregious dupe!—"

She bluſhed; but her bluſh was colourleſs to that of Edgar. Reſentment againſt Sir Sedley beat high in every vein; while diſappointment to his delicacy, in the idea of Camilla duped by any man, ſeemed, in one blow, to detach him from her perſon, by a ſudden diſſolution of all charm to his mind in the connection.

Camilla ſaw, too late, ſhe had been too haſty in a confeſſion which ſome explanatory account ſhould have preceded; but what her courage had begun, pride now aided her to ſupport, and ſhe continued.

"For what belongs to that correſpondence, and even for its being unknown to my friends, I may offer, perhaps, hereafter, ſomething in exculpation;—hereafter, I ſay, building upon your long family regard; for though we part—it will be, I truſt, in amity."

"Part!" repeated Edgar, recovering from his diſpleaſure by amazement.

"Yes, part," ſaid ſhe, with aſſumed firmneſs; "it would be vain to palliate what

what I cannot diſguiſe from myſelf—I am leſſened in your eſteem." She could not go on; imperious ſhame took poſſeſſion of her voice, crimſoned her very forehead, bluſhed even in her eyes, demoliſhed her ſtrained energy, and enfeebled her genuine ſpirit.

But the conſcious taciturnity of Edgar recalled her exertions; ſtruck and afflicted by the truth ſhe had pronounced, he could not controvert it; he was mute; but his look ſpoke keen diſturbance and bitter regret.

"Not ſo low, however, am I yet, I truſt, fallen in your opinion, that you can wonder at the ſtep I now take. I am aware of many errours; I know, too, that appearances have often cruelly miſrepreſented me; my errours you might have the candour to forget, and falſe appearances I could eaſily clear in my own favour—but where, and what is the taliſman which can eraſe from my own remembrance that you have thought me unworthy?"

Edgar ſtarted; but ſhe would not give him time to ſpeak; what ſhe had laſt uttered was too painful to her to dwell upon, or hear anſwered, and rapidly, and in an elevated manner, ſhe went on.

"I here, therefore, ſolemnly releaſe you from all tie, all engagement whatever with

Camilla

Camilla Tyrold! I ſhall immediately acquaint my friends that henceforth—we Both are Free!"

She was then retiring. Edgar, confounded by a ſtroke ſo utterly and every way unexpected, neither anſwering nor interpoſing, till he ſaw her hand upon the lock of the door. In a voice then, that ſpoke him cut to the ſoul, though without attempting to ſtop her, "This then," he cried, "Camilla, is your final adieu?"

She turned round, and with a face glowing, and eyes gliſtening, held out to him her hand: "I knew not if you would accept," ſhe ſaid, "a kinder word, or I ſhould have aſſured you of my unaltered regard—and have claimed the continuance of your friendſhip, and even—if your patience is not utterly exhauſted, of your watchful counſel—Farewel! remember me without ſeverity! my own eſteem muſt be as permanent as my exiſtence!"

The door, here, was opened by Miſs Margland and Indiana, and Camilla haſtily ſnatched away the hand which Edgar, graſping with the fondneſs of renovated paſſion, ſecretly meant to part with no more, till a final reconciliation once again made it his own; but compelled to yield to circumſtance, he ſuffered it to be withdrawn; and while ſhe darted into the

chamber of Eugenia, to hide her deep emotion from Indiana, who was tittering, and Miſs Margland, who was ſneering, at the ſituation in which ſhe was ſurpriſed, he abruptly took leave; too much impreſſed by this critical ſcene, for the labour of unintereſting diſcourſe.

BOOK VIII.

CHAP. I.

Ideas upon Marriage.

WHILE, in the boſom of her faithful ſiſter, Camilla repoſed her feelings and her fears, alternately rejoicing and trembling in the temerity of the reſolution ſhe had exerted; Edgar ſought his not leſs faithful, nor honourable, but far more worldly friend, Dr. Marchmont.

He narrated, with extreme emotion, the ſcene he had juſt had with Camilla; aſſerting her poſſeſſion of every ſpecies of excellence from the nobleneſs of her rejection, and abhorring himſelf for having given her a moment's doubt of his fulleſt eſteem. Not a ſolicitude, he declared, now remained with him, but how to appeaſe her diſpleaſure, ſatisfy her dignity, and recover her favour.

"Softly, ſoftly!" ſaid the Doctor; "meaſure your ſteps more temperately, ere you run with ſuch velocity. If this refuſal is the reſult of an offended ſenſibility, you cannot exert yourſelf too warmly in its con-

conſolation; even if it is from pride, it has a juſt claim to your conceſſions, ſince ſhe thinks you have injured it: yet pauſe before you act! may it not be merely from a confidence of power that loves to tyrannize over its ſlaves, by playing with their chains? or a lurking ſpirit of coquetry, that deſires to regain the liberty of trifling with ſome new Sir Sedley Clarendel? or, perhaps, with Sir Sedley himſelf?"

"Dr. Marchmont! how wretchedly ill you think of women!"

"I think of them as they are! I think of them as I have found them. They are artful, though feeble; they are ſhallow, yet ſubtle."

"You have been unfortunate in your connexions?"

"Yet who had better proſpects? with energies as warm, with hopes as alive as your own, twice have I conducted to the altar two beings I thought framed for my peculiar felicity; but my peace, my happineſs, and my honour, have been torn up by the root, exactly where I thought I had planted them for my whole temporal exiſtence. This heart, which to you appears hard and ſuſpicious, has been the dupe of its ſuſceptibilities; firſt, in a creature of its own choice, next, where it believed itſelf choſen. That firſt, Mandlebert,

bert, had you ſeen her, you would have thought, as I thought her myſelf—an angel! She was another Camilla."

"Another Camilla!"

"Grace, ſweetneſs, and beauty vied in her for pre-eminence. Yes, another Camilla! though I ſee your incredulity; I ſee you hold my compariſon to be almoſt profane, and think that grace, ſweetneſs, and beauty waited the birth of Camilla to be made known to the world. Such, however, ſhe was, and I ſaw and loved at once. I knew her character fair, I precipitately made my addreſſes, and concluded myſelf beloved in return—becauſe I was accepted!"

Edgar ſhrunk back, and caſt down his eyes.

"Nor was it till the moment—heart-breaking yet to my recollection!—of her ſudden death, that I knew the lifeleſs, ſoulleſs, inanimate frame was all ſhe had beſtowed upon me. In the private drawer of her bureau, I then found a pocket-book. In the firſt leaf, I ſaw a gentleman's name;—I turned over, and ſaw it again; I looked further, and ſtill it met my view; I opened by chance,—but nothing elſe appeared:—there it was ſtill, traced in every hand, characſtered in every form, ſhape, and manner the wayward, wiſt-

wiſtful eye could delight to faſhion for varying yet beholding it without end: while, over the intermediate ſpaces, verſes, quotations, ſhort but affecting ſentences, were every where ſcattered, bewailing the miſery of diſappointed hope, and unrequited love; of a heartleſs hand devoted at the altar; of vows enchaining liberty, not ſanctifying affection! I then—alas, too late! dived deeper, with, then, uſeleſs inveſtigation,—and diſcovered an early paſſion, never eraſed from her mind;—diſcovered—that I had never made her happy! that ſhe was merely enduring, ſuffering me—while my whole confiding ſoul was undividedly hers!"—

Edgar ſhuddered at this picture: "But why, then," he cried, "ſince ſhe ſeemed amiable as well as fair, why did ſhe accept you?"

"Aſk half the married women in the nation how they became wives: they will tell you their friends urged them;—that they had no other eſtabliſhment in view;—that nothing is ſo uncertain as the repetition of matrimonial powers in women;—and that thoſe who cannot ſolicit what they wiſh, muſt accommodate themſelves to what offers. This firſt adventure, however, is now no longer uſeful to you, though upon its hard remembrance was founded

my

my former caution: but I am even myſelf ſatisfied, at preſent, that the earlieſt partiality of Camilla has been yours. What now you have to weigh, is the ſtrength or inadequacy of her character for guiding that partiality to your mutual happineſs. My ſecond melancholy hiſtory will beſt illuſtrate this difficulty. You may eaſily believe, the laſt of my intentions was any further eſſay in a lottery I had found ſo inauſpicious; but, while cold even to apathy, it was my inevitable chance to fall in the way of a pleaſing and innocent young creature, who gave me, unſought and unwiſhed-for, her heart. The boon, nevertheleſs, ſoon caught my own: for what is ſo alluring as the voluntary affection of a virtuous woman?"

"Well," cried Edgar, "and what now could diſturb your tranquillity?"

"The inſufficiency of that heart to its own deciſion. I ſoon found her apparent predilection was ſimply the reſult of the caſualty which brought me almoſt excluſively into her ſociety, but unmarked by any conſonance of taſte, feeling, or underſtanding. Her inexperience had made her believe, ſince ſhe preferred me to the few who ſurrounded her, I was the man of her choice: with equal facility I concurred in the ſame miſtake;—for what is ſo credulous

dulous as ſelf-love? But ſuch a regard, the child of accident, not ſelection, was unequal, upon the diſcovery of the diſſimilarity of our diſpoſitions, to the ſmalleſt ſacrifice. My melancholy returned with the view of our mutual deluſion; laſſitude of pleaſing was the precurſor of diſcontent. Diſſipation then, in the form of amuſement, preſented itſelf to her aid: retirement and books came to mine. My reſource was ſafe, though ſolitary; her's was gay, but perilous. Diſſipation, with its uſual Proteus powers, from amuſement changed its form to temptation, allured her into dangers, impeached her honour, and blighted her with diſgrace. I juſt diſcerned the precipice whence ſhe was falling, in time to avert the dreadful neceſſity of caſting her off for ever:—but what was our life thenceforward? Cares unparticipated, griefs uncommunicated, ſtifled reſentments, and unremitting wearineſs! She is now no more; and I am a lonely individual for the reſt of my pilgrimage.

"Take warning, my dear young friend, by my experience. The entire poſſeſſion of the heart of the woman you marry is not more eſſential to your firſt happineſs, than the complete knowledge of her diſpoſition is to your ultimate peace."

Edgar thanked him, in deep concern to

have awakened emotions which the abſorption of ſtudy, and influence of literature, held generally dormant.

"You muſt not imagine I mean a cenſure upon the excellent Mr. Tyrold," added the Doctor, "when I ſay that your Camilla has been left too much to herſelf: the purity of his principles, and the virtue of his character, muſt exempt him from blame; but his life has been both too private and too tranquil, to be aware of the dangers run by Female Youth, when ſtraying from the mother's careful wing. All that belongs to religion and to principle, he feels, and he has taught; but the impediments they have to encounter in a commerce with mankind, he could not point out, for he does not know. Yet there is nothing more certain, than that ſeventeen weeks is not leſs able to go alone in a nurſery, than ſeventeen years in the world."

This ſuggeſtion but added to the bias of Edgar to take her, if poſſible, under his own immediate guidance.

"Know, firſt," cried the Doctor, "if to your guidance ſhe will give way; know if the affair with Sir Sedley has exculpations which render it ſingle and adventitious, or if there hang upon it a lightneſs of character that may inveſt caprice, chance, or ficklenes, with powers of involving ſuch another entanglement."

CHAP. II.

How to treat a Defamer.

As the lodgings taken by Miſs Margland could not be ready till the afternoon, Camilla remained with her ſiſter; a ſojourn which, while it conſoled her by the approbation of Eugenia, had yet another allurement; it detained her under the ſame roof with Edgar; and his manner of liſtening to her rejection, and his undiſguiſed ſuffering before they were parted, led her to expect he might yet demand a conference before ſhe quitted the hotel.

In about an hour, as unpleaſantly as unceremonioufly, they were broken in upon by Mrs. Mittin.

"How monſtrous lucky, my dear," cried ſhe, to Camilla, "that I ſhould find you, and your little ſiſter, for I ſuppoſe this is ſhe, together! I went into your dining-room to aſk for you, and there I met thoſe other two ladies; and I've made acquaintance with 'em, I aſſure you, already; for I told them I was on a viſit at the Honourable Mrs. Berlinton's. So I've had the opportunity to recommend ſome ſhops to 'em, and I've been to tell ſome of the good folks

folks to ſend them ſome of their niceſt goods for 'em to look at: for a little civility of that ſort makes one friends ſurpriſingly. Often and often have I got things under prime coſt myſelf, only by helping a perſon on in his trade. So one can't ſay good nature's always thrown away. However, I come now to put a note into your own hands, from Mrs. Berlinton; for all the ſervants were out of the way, except one, and he wanted to be about ſomething elſe. I dare ſay he'll go of any odd errand for me, now, without vails. That's the beſt of good nature, it always comes home to one."

The note from Mrs. Berlinton contained a tender ſupplication for the return of Camilla, and a preſſing and flattering invitation that her ſiſter would join their little party, as the motives of honour and diſcretion which made her ſacrifice her eagerneſs to be preſented to Miſs Lynmere, operated not to impede her aquaintancee with Miſs Eugenia.

This propoſition had exquiſite charms for Eugenia. To become acquainted with the ſiſter of him to whom, henceforward, ſhe meant to devote her ſecret thoughts, enchanted her imagination. Camilla, therefore, negotiated the viſit with Miſs Margland, who, though little pleaſed by this

ſeparate

ſeparate invitation, knew not how to refuſe her concurrence; but Indiana, indignant that the ſiſter of Melmond ſhould not, firſt, have waited upon her, and ſolicited her friendſhip, privately reſolved, in pique of this diſreſpect, to puniſh the brother with every rigour ſhe could invent.

Camilla, upon her return, found Mrs. Mittin deeply engaged in propoſing an alteration in the dreſs of Eugenia, which ſhe was aiding Molly Mill to accompliſh: but before the improvement was completed, Camilla was ſummoned back to the dining-room to receive Mr. Weſtwyn.

She did not hear this call with ſerenity. The danger which, however unwittingly, ſhe had cauſed his ſon, and the ſhocking circumſtances which were its foundation, tingled her cheeks, and confounded her wiſh of making acknowledgments, with an horror that ſuch an obligation could be poſſible.

The door of the dining room was open, and as ſoon as her ſteps were heard, Mr. Weſtwyn came ſmiling forth to receive her. She hung back involuntarily; but, pacing up to her, and taking her hand, "Well, my good young lady," he cried, "I have brought you my ſon; but he's no boaſter, that I can aſſure you, for though I told him how you wanted him to come to you,

and was ſo good as to ſay you were ſo much obliged to him, I can't make him own he has ever ſeen you in his life; which I tell him is carrying his modeſty over far. I don't like affectation—I have no taſte for it."

Camilla, diſcovering by this ſpeech that he had eſcaped hearing of the intended duel, and that his ſon was ſtill ignorant whoſe cauſe he had eſpouſed, ardently wiſhed, by concealing herſelf, to avert farther ſhame, and, ſtep by ſtep, kept retreating back towards the room of Eugenia; though ſhe could not diſengage her hand from the old gentleman, who, trying to draw her on, ſaid: "Come, my dear! don't go away. Though my ſon won't confeſs what he has done for you, he can't make me forget that you were ſuch a dear ſoul as to tell me yourſelf of his good behaviour. And I have been telling him, and I can aſſure you I'll keep my word, that if he has done a ſervice to the niece of my dear old friend, Sir Hugh Tyrold, it ſhall value him fifty pound a-year more to his income, if I ſtraighten myſelf never ſo much. For a lad, that knows how to behave in that manner, will never ſpend his money ſo as to make his old father aſhamed of him. And that's a good thing for a man to know."

"Indeed, ſir, this is ſome miſtake," ſaid the

the young man himſelf, now advancing into the paſſage, while Camilla was ſtammering out an excuſe from entering; "it is ſome great miſtake; I have not the honour to know—"

He was going to add Miſs Tyrold, but he ſaw her at the ſame moment, and inſtantly recollecting her face, ſtopt, bluſhed, and looked amazed.

The retreating effort of Camilla, her ſhame and her pride, all ſubſided by his view, and gave place to the more generous feelings of gratitude for his intuitive good opinion, and emotion for the riſk he had run in her defence: and with a captivating ſweetneſs in her eyes and manner, "That you did not know me," ſhe cried, "makes the peculiarity of your goodneſs, which, indeed, I am more ſenſible to than I can expreſs."

"Why, there! there, now! there!" cried Mr. Weſtwyn, while his ſon, enchanted to find whoſe character he had ſuſtained, bowed almoſt to the ground with reſpectful gratitude for ſuch thanks; "only but liſten! ſhe ſays the very ſame things to your face, that ſhe ſaid behind your back! though I am afraid it's only to pleaſe an old father; for if not, I can't for my life find out any reaſon why you ſhould deny it. Come, Hal, ſpeak out, Hal!"

Equally at a loſs how either to avow or evade what had paſſed in the preſence of Camilla, young Weſtwyn began a ſtammering and awkward apology; but Camilla, feeling doubly his forbearance, ſaid: "Silence may in you be delicate—but in me it would be graceleſs." Then, turning from him to old Mr. Weſtwyn, "you may be proud, ſir," ſhe cried, "of your ſon! It was the honour of an utter ſtranger he was protecting, as helpleſs as ſhe was unknown at the time ſhe excited his intereſt; nor had he even in view this poor meed he now receives of her thanks!"

"My deareſt Hal!" cried Mr. Weſtwyn, wringing him by the hand; "You've really done her a kindneſs then? why then, my dear Hal, you've done one to me! and I can't help giving you a hug for it, let who will think me an old fool."

He then fervently embraced his ſon, who confuſed, though gratified, ſtrove vainly to make diſclaiming ſpeeches. "No, no, my dear Hal," he cried, "you ſha'n't let yourſelf down with me again, I promiſe you, though you've two or three times tried to make me think nothing of you; but this young lady here, dear ſoul, ſpeaks another language; ſhe ſays I may be proud of my ſon! and I dare ſay ſhe knows why, for ſhe's a charming girl, as ever I ſaw;

ſo

ſo I will be proud of my ſon! Poor dear Hal! thou haſt got a good friend, I can tell thee, in that young lady! and ſhe's niece to the beſt man I ever knew; and I value her good opinion more than any body's."

"You are much too good," cried Camilla, in an accent of tender pleaſure, the reſult of grateful joy, that ſhe had not been the means of deſtroying the paternal happineſs of ſo fond a father, joined to the dreadful certainty how narrowly ſhe had eſcaped that miſery; "you are much too good, and I bluſh even to thank you, when I think—"

What ſhe meant to add was in a moment forgotten, and that ſhe bluſhed ceaſed to be metaphorical, when now, as they all three entered the dining-room together, the firſt object that met her eyes was Edgar.

Their eyes met not again; delighted and conſcious, ſhe turned her's haſtily away. He comes, thought ſhe, to claim me! he will not ſubmit to the ſeparation; he comes to re-aſſure me of his eſteem, and to receive once more my faithful heart!

Edgar had ſeen, by chance, the Weſtwyns paſs to the room of the Cleves party, and felt the moſt ardent deſire to know if they would meet with Camilla, and what

would be her reception of her young champion, whoſe ſword, with extreme trouble, he had himſelf that morning ſheathed, and whoſe gallantry he attributed to a vehement, however ſudden paſſion. Dr. Marchmont acknowledged the epoch to be highly intereſting for obſervation, and, preſuming upon their old right of intimacy, with all the party, they abruptly made a ſecond viſit.

Miſs Margland and Indiana, who were examining ſome goods ſent by Mrs. Mittin, had received them all four without much mark of civility; and Mr. Weſtwyn, immediately deſiring Camilla to be ſent for, kept upon the watch, till her ſtep made him haſten out to meet her.

Edgar could not hear unmoved the dialogue which enſued; he imagined an amiable rival was ſuddenly ſpringing up in young Weſtwyn, at the very moment of his own diſmiſſion, which he now even thought poſſible this incipient conqueſt had urged; and when Camilla, walking between the father and the ſon, with looks of ſofteſt ſenſibility, came into the room, he thought he had never ſeen her ſo lovely, and that her moſt bewitching ſmiles were purpoſely laviſhed for their captivation.

With this idea, he found it impoſſible to ſpeak to her; their ſituation, indeed, was

too critical for any common addreſs, and when he ſaw that ſhe turned from him, he attempted to converſe with the other ladies upon their purchaſes; and Camilla, left to her two new beaux, had the unavoidable appearance of being engroſſed by them, though the ſight of Edgar inſtantly robbed them of all her real attention.

Soon after, the door was again opened, and Mr. Girt, the young perfumer, came, ſmirking and ſcraping, into the room, with a box of various toys, eſſences, and coſmetics, recommended by Mrs. Mittin.

Ignorant of the miſchief he had done her, and not even recollecting to have ſeen him, Camilla made one to look at his goods; but Edgar, to whom the purpoſed duel had diſcovered his audacious aſſertions, would have made him feel the effects of his reſentment, had not his paſſion for Camilla been of ſo ſolid, as well as warm a texture, as to induce him to prefer guarding her delicacy, to any poſſible diſplay he could make of his feelings to others, or even to herſelf.

Mr. Girt, in the midſt of his exhibition of memorandum books, ſmelling bottles, tooth-pick caſes, and pocket mirrours; with waſhes to immortalize the ſkin, powders becoming to all countenances, and poma-

tums to give natural treſſes to old age, ſuddenly recollected Camilla. The groſs miſtake he had made he had already detected, by having dodged her to the houſe of Mrs. Berlinton; but all alarm at it had ceaſed, by finding, through a viſit made to his ſhop by Mrs. Mittin, that ſhe was uninformed he had propagated it. Not gifted with the diſcernment to ſee in the air and manner of Camilla her entire, though unaſſuming ſuperiority to her accidental aſſociate, he concluded them both to be relations of ſome of the upper domeſtics; and with a look and tone deſcending from the moſt profound adulation, with which he was preſenting his various articles to Miſs Margland and Indiana, into a familiarity the moſt facetious, "O dear, ma'am," he cried, "I did not ſee you at firſt; I hope t'other lady's well that's been ſo kind as to recommend me? Indeed I ſaw her juſt now."

Young Weſtwyn, to whom, as to Edgar, the bold defamation of Girt occurred with his preſence, but whom none of the nameleſs delicacies of the peculiar ſituation, and peculiar character of Edgar, reſtrained into ſilence, felt ſuch a diſguſt at this preſumption of effrontery, that, unable to repreſs his indignation, he abruptly whiſpered in his ear, "Walk out of the room, ſir!"

The amazed perfumer, at this haughty and

and unexpected order, ſtared, and cried aloud, "No offence, I hope, ſir?"

Mr. Weſtwyn aſked what was the matter? while Camilla, crimſoned by the familiar aſſurance with which ſhe had been addreſſed, retired to a window.

"Nothing of any moment, ſir," anſwered Henry; and again, in a low but ſtill more poſitive voice, he repeated his command to Girt.

"Sir, I'm not uſed to be uſed in this manner!" anſwered he, hardily, and hoping, by raiſing his tone, for the favourable intervention of the company.

Indiana, now, was preparing to ſcream, and Miſs Margland was looking round to ſee whom ſhe ſhould reprehend; but young Weſtwyn, coolly opening the door, with a ſtrong arm, and an able jerk, twiſted the perfumer into the paſſage, ſaying, "You may ſend ſomebody for your goods."

Girt, who was equally ſtrong, but not equally adroit, ſtrove in vain to reſiſt, but vowed vengeance for this aſſault. Henry, without ſeeming to hear him, occupied himſelf with looking at what he had left. Camilla felt her eyes ſuffuſe with tears; and Edgar, for the firſt time in his life, found himſelf viſited by the baleful paſſion of envy.

Miſs Margland could not comprehend

what this meant; Indiana comprehended but too much in finding there was ſome diſturbance, of which ſhe was not the object; but Mr. Weſtwyn, loſing his look of delight, ſaid, with ſomething of ſeverity, "Hal! what did you turn that man out of the room for?"

"He is perfectly aware of my reaſon, ſir," ſaid Henry; and then added it was a long ſtory, which he begged to relate another time.

The blank face of Mr. Weſtwyn ſhewed diſpleaſure and mortification. He lifted the head of his cane to his mouth, and after biting it for ſome time, with a frowning countenance, muttered, "I don't like to ſee a man turned out of a room. If he's done any harm, tell him ſo; and if it's worſe than harm, ſouſe him in a horſe-pond; I've no objection: But I don't like to ſee a man turned out of a room; it's very unmannerly; and I did not think Hal would do ſuch a thing." Then ſuddenly, and with a ſuccinct bow, bidding them all good bye, he took a haſty leave; ſtill, however, muttering, all the way along the paſſage, and down the ſtairs, loud enough to be heard: "Kicking and jerking a man about does not prove him to be in the wrong. I thought Hal had been more of a gentleman. If I don't find the man turns out

out to be a raſcal, Hal ſhall beg his pardon; for I don't like to ſee a man turned out of a room."

Henry, whoſe ſpirit was as irritable as it was generous, felt acutely this public cenſure, which, though ſatisfied he did not deſerve, every ſpecies of propriety prohibited his explaining away. With a forced ſmile, therefore, and a ſilent bow, he followed his father.

Miſs Margland and Indiana now burſt forth with a torrent of wonders, conjectures, and queſtions; but the full heart of Camilla denied her ſpeech, and the carriage of Mrs. Berlinton being already at the door, ſhe called upon Eugenia, and followed, perforce, by Mrs. Mittin, left the hotel.

Edgar and Dr. Marchmont gave neither ſurpriſe nor concern by retiring inſtantly to their own apartment.

"Dr. Marchmont," ſaid the former, in a tone of aſſumed moderation, "I have loſt Camilla! I ſee it plainly. This young man ſteps forward ſo gallantly, ſo ingenuouſly, nay ſo amiably, that the contraſt—chill, ſevere, and repulſive—muſt render me—in this deteſtable ſtate—inſupportable to all her feelings. Dr. Marchmont! I have not a doubt of the event!"

"The juncture is, indeed, perilous, and

the trial of extremeſt hazard; but it is ſuch as draws all uncertainty to a criſis; and, therefore, is not to be lamented. You may ſafely, I think, reſt upon it your deſtiny. To a general female heart a duel is the moſt dangerous of all aſſaults, and the moſt faſcinating of all charms; and a duellift, though preciſely what a woman moſt ſhould dread, as moſt expoſing her to public notice, is the perſon of all others ſhe can, commonly, leaſt reſiſt. By this teſt, then, prove your Camilla. Her champion ſeems evidently her admirer, and his father her adorer. Her late engagement with you may poſſibly not reach them; or reaching but with its diſſolution, ſerve only to render them more eager."

"Do you ſuppoſe him," cried Edgar, after a pauſe of ſtrong diſturbance; "do you ſuppoſe him rich?"

"Certainly not. That the addition of fifty pounds a-year to his income ſhould be any object, proves his fortune to be very moderate."

"Clear her, then, at leaſt," ſaid he, with a ſolemnity almoſt reproachful; "clear her, at leaſt, of every mercenary charge! If I loſe her—" he gaſped for breath—"ſhe will not, you find, be bought from me! and pique, anger, injuſtice, nay inconſtancy, all are leſs debaſing than the ſordid

ſordid corruption of which you ſuſpected her."

"This does not, neceſſarily, prove her diſintereſted; ſhe is too young, yet, to know herſelf the value ſhe may hereafter ſet upon wealth. And, independent of that inexperience, there is commonly ſo little ſtability, ſo little internal hold, in the female character, that any ſudden glare of adventitious lure, will draw them, for the moment, from any and every regular plan of ſubſtantial benefit. It remains, therefore, now to be tried, if Beech Park, and its maſter united, can vie with the bright and intoxicating incenſe of a life voluntarily riſked, in ſupport—not of her fair fame, that was unknown to its defender—but ſimply of the fair countenance which ſeemed its pledge."

Edgar, heartleſs and ſad, attempted no further argument; he thought the Doctor prejudiced againſt the merits of Camilla; yet it appeared, even to himſelf, that her whole conduct, from the ſhort period of his open avowal, had ſeemed a wilful ſeries of oppoſition to his requeſts and opinions. And while terror for ſurrounding dangers gave weight to his diſapprobation of her viſiting Southampton, with a lady ſhe knew him to think more attractive than ſafe or reſpectable, her ſufferance of the

the vulgar and forward Mrs. Mittin, with whom again he ſaw her quit the hotel, was yet more offenſive, ſince he could conceive for it no other inducement than a careleſs, if not determined humour, to indulge every impulſe, in equal contempt of his counſel, and her own reflection.

All blame, however, of Camilla, was ſhort of his ſelf diſſatisfaction, in the diſtance impoſed upon him by uncertainty, and the coldneſs dictated by diſcretion. At a period ſo ſenſitive, when her ſpirit was alarmed, and her delicacy was wounded, that a ſtranger ſhould ſtart forward to vindicate her innocence, and chaſtiſe its detractors, was ſingular, was unfortunate, was nearly intolerable; and he thought he could with thankfulneſs, have renounced half his fortune, to have been himſelf the ſole protector of Camilla.

CHAP. III.

The Power of Prepoſſeſſion.

THE two ſiſters were ſilent from the hotel to the houſe of Mrs. Berlinton.—From the height of happieſt expectation, raiſed by the quick return of Edgar, Camilla was ſunk into the loweſt deſpondence, by the abortive concluſion of the meeting: while Eugenia was abſorbed in mute joy, and wrapt expectation. But Mrs. Mittin, undiſturbed by the pangs of uncertainty, and unoccupied by any romantic perſuaſion of bliſs, ſpoke amply, with reſpect to quantity, for all three.

Mrs. Berlinton, though forcibly ſtruck at firſt ſight of Eugenia with her ſtrange contraſt to Camilla, received her with all the diſtinguiſhing kindneſs due to the ſiſter of her friend.

She had the poems of Collins in her hand; and, at their joint deſire, read aloud, and with tendereſt accent, one of his moſt plaintive odes.

Eugenia was enraptured. Ah! thought ſhe, this is indeed the true ſiſter of the accompliſhed Melmond!—She ſhall ſhare with him my adoration. My heart ſhall be

be devoted—after my own dear family—to the homage of their perfections!

The ode, to her great delight, lasted till the dinner was announced, when Melmond appeared: but her prepossession could alone give any charm to his sight: he could barely recollect that he had seen her, or even Camilla before; he had conversed with neither; his eyes had been devoted to Indiana, and the despondence which had become his portion since the news of the marriage of his aunt, seemed but rendered the more peculiarly bitter, by this intimate connection with the family of an object so adored.

Yet, though nothing could be more spiritless than the hour of dinner, Eugenia discovered in it no deficiency; she had previously settled, that the presence of Melmond could only breathe sweets and perfection, and the magic of prejudice works every event into its own circle of expectation.

Melmond did not even accompany them back to the drawing-room. Eugenia sighed; but nobody heard her. Mrs. Mittin said, she had something of great consequence to do in her own room, and Mrs. Berlinton, to divert the languor she found creeping upon them all, had recourse to Hammond's elegies.

These

Theſe were ſtill reading, when a ſervant brought in the name of Lord Valhurſt. "O, deny me to him! deny me!" cried Mrs. Berlinton; "'tis a relation of Mr. Berlinton's, and I hate him."

The order was given, however, too late; he entered the room.

The name, as Camilla knew it not, ſhe had heard unmoved; but the ſight of a perſon who had ſo largely contributed to ſhock and terrify her in the bathing-houſe, ſtruck her with horror. Brought up with the attention of other times, ſhe had riſen at his entrance; but ſhe turned ſuddenly round upon recollecting him, and involuntarily moved away her chair from the part of the room to which he was advancing.

This was unnoticed by Mrs. Berlinton, whoſe chagrin at his intruſion made her wiſh to walk away alſo; while with Lord Valhurſt it only paſſed, joined to her riſing, for a mark of her being but little accuſtomed to company. That Eugenia roſe too was not perceived, as ſhe rather loſt than gained in height by ſtanding.

Moſt obſequiouſly, but moſt unſucceſſfully, the peer made his court to Mrs. Berlinton; inquiring after her health with fulſome tenderneſs, and extolling her good looks with nearly groſs admiration. Mrs. Berlinton

Berlinton liſtened, for ſhe was incapable of incivility; though, weary and diſguſted, ſhe ſeldom made the ſmalleſt anſwer.

The two ſiſters might, with eaſe, equally have eſcaped notice, ſince, though Mrs. Berlinton occaſionally addreſſed them, the peer never turned from herſelf, had not Mrs. Mittin, abruptly entering in ſearch of a pair of ſciſſars, perceived him, and haſtily called out, "O lauk, ſir, if it is not you! I know you again well enough! But I hope, now you ſee us in ſuch good company as this good lady's, you'll reſpect me another time. Miſs Tyrold, I hope you've ſpoke to the gentleman about it!"

Lord Valhurſt with difficulty recollected Mrs. Mittin, from the very curſory view his otherwiſe occupied eyes had taken of her; but when the concluding words made him look at Camilla, whoſe youth and beauty were not ſo liable to be forgotten, he knew at once her aſſociate, and was aware of the meaning of her harangue.

Sorry to appear before his fair kinſwoman to any diſadvantage, though by no means diſpleaſed at an opportunity of again ſeeing a young creature he had thought ſo charming, he began an apology to Mrs. Mittin, while his eyes were fixed upon Camilla, vindicating himſelf from every intention that was not reſpectful, and hoping ſhe did

did not ſo much injure as to miſtake him.

Mrs. Mittin was juſt beginning to anſwer that ſhe knew better, when the words, "Why, my Lord, how have you offended Mrs. Mittin?" dropping from Mrs. Berlinton, inſtantly new ſtrung all her notions. To find him a nobleman was to find him innocent; for, though ſhe did not quite ſuppoſe that a peer was not a mortal, ſhe had never ſpoken to one before; and the power of title upon the ear, like that of beauty upon the eye, is, in its firſt novelty, all-commanding; manifold as are the drawbacks to the influence of either, when awe is loſt by familiarity, and habitual reflection takes place of caſual and momentary admiration. Title then, as well as beauty, demands mental auxiliaries; and thoſe who poſſeſs either, more watched than the common race, ſeem of higher reſponſibility; but proportioned to the cenſure they draw where they err, is the veneration they inſpire where their eminence is complete. Nor is this the tribute of prejudice, as thoſe who look up to all ſuperiority with envy love to aver; the impartial and candid reflectors upon human frailty, who, in viewing it, ſee with its elevation its ſurrounding temptations, will call it but the tribute of juſtice.

To

To Mrs. Mittin, however, the mere ſound of a title was enough; ſhe felt its aſcendance without examining its claims, and, dropping the loweſt courtſie her knees could ſupport, confuſedly ſaid, ſhe hoped his lordſhip would excuſe her ſpeaking ſo quick and improperly, which ſhe only did from not knowing who he was; for, if ſhe had known him better, ſhe ſhould have been ſure he was too much the gentleman to do any thing with an ill deſign.

His lordſhip courteouſly accepted the apology; and advanced to Camilla, to expreſs his hopes ſhe had not participated in ſuch injurious ſuſpicions.

She made no anſwer, and Mrs. Berlinton inquired what all this meant.

"I proteſt, my dear madam," ſaid the peer, "I do not well comprehend myſelf. I only ſee there has been ſome miſunderſtanding; but I hope this young lady will believe me, when I declare, upon my honour, that I had no view but to offer my protection, at the time I ſaw her under alarm."

This was a declaration Camilla could not diſpute, and even felt inclined to credit, from the ſolemnity with which it was uttered; but to diſcuſs it was every way impoſſible, and therefore, coldly bowing her head, ſhe ſeemed acquieſcent.

Lord

Lord Valhurſt now pretty equally divided his attention between theſe two beautiful young women; looking at and complimenting them alternately, till a ſervant came in and ſaid, "The two Mr. Weſtwyns deſire to ſee Miſs Tyrold."

Camilla did not wiſh to avoid perſons to whom ſhe was ſo much obliged, but begged ſhe might receive them in the next apartment, that Mrs. Berlinton might not be diſturbed.

The eager old gentleman ſtood with the door in one hand, and his ſon in the other, awaiting her. "My dear young lady," he cried, "I have been hunting you out for hours. Your good governeſs had not a mind to give me your direction, thinking me, I ſuppoſe, but a troubleſome old fellow; and I did not know which way to turn, till Hal found it out. Hal's pretty quick. So now, my dear young lady, let me tell you my errand; which I won't be tedious in, for fear, another time, you may rather not ſee me. And the more I ſee you, the leſs I like to think ſuch a thing. However, with all my good will to make haſte, I muſt premiſe one thing, as it is but fair. Hal was quite againſt my coming upon this buſineſs. But I don't think it the leſs right for that; and ſo I come. I never yet ſaw any good of a man's being ruled

ruled by his children. It only ſerves to make them think their old fathers ſuperannuated. And if once I find Hal taking ſuch a thing as that into his head, I'll cut him off with a ſhilling, well as I love him."

"Your menace, ſir," ſaid Henry, colouring, though ſmiling, "gives me no alarm, for I ſee no danger. But—ſhall we not detain Miſs Tyrold too long from her friends?"

"Ay now, there comes in what I take notice to be the taſte of the preſent day! a lad can hardly enter his teens, before he thinks himſelf wiſer than his father, and gives him his counſel, and tells him what he thinks beſt. And, if a man i'n't upon his guard, he may be run down for an old dotard, before he knows where he is, and ſee his ſon ſetting up for a member of parliament, making laws for him. Now this is what I don't like; ſo I keep a tight hand upon Hal, that he may'nt do it. For Hal's but a boy, ma'am, though he's ſo clever. Not that I pretend I'd change him neither, for e'er an old fellow in the three kingdoms. Well, but, now I'll tell you what I come for. You know how angry I was about Hal's turning that man out of the room? well, I took all the pains I could to come at the bottom of the fray, intending,

intending, all the time, to make Hal aſk the man's pardon; and now what do you think is the end? Why, I've found out Hal to be in the right! The man proves to be a worthleſs fellow, that has defamed the niece of my dear Sir Hugh Tyrold; and if Hal had lathed him with a cat-o'nine-tails, I ſhould have been glad of it. I can't ſay I ſhould have found fault. So you ſee, my dear young lady, I was but a croſs old fellow, to be ſo out of ſorts with poor Hal."

Camilla, with mingled gratitude and ſhame, offered her acknowledgments; though what ſhe heard aſtoniſhed even more than it mortified her. How, thought ſhe, is it poſſible I can have provoked this ſlander?

She knew not how little provocation is neceſſary for calumny; nor how regularly the common herd, where appearances admit two interpretations, decide for the worſt. Girt deſigned her neither evil nor good; but not knowing who nor what ſhe was, ſimply filled up the doubts in his own mind, by the bias of his own character.

Confuſed as much as herſelf, Henry propoſed immediately to retire; and, as Camilla did not invite them to ſtay, Mr. Weſtwyn could not refuſe his conſent: though, ſending his ſon out firſt, he ſtopt

to

to ſay, in a low voice, "What do you think of Hal, my dear young lady? I'n't he a brave rogue? And did not you tell me I might be proud of my ſon? And ſo I am, I promiſe you! How do you think my old friend will like Hal? I ſhall take him to Cleves. He's another ſort of lad to Maſter Clermont! I hope, my dear young lady, you don't like your couſin? He's but a ſad ſpark, I give you my word. Not a bit like Hal."

* * * *

When the carriage came for Eugenia, who was ſelf-perſuaded this day was the moſt felicitous of her life, ſhe went ſo reluctantly, that Mrs. Berlinton, caught by her delight in the viſit, though unſuſpicious of its motive, invited her to renew it the next morning.

At night, Mrs. Mittin, following Camilla to her chamber, ſaid, "See here, my dear! what do you ſay to this? Did you ever ſee a prettier cloak? look at the cut of it, look at the capes! look at the mode! look at the lace! what do you ſay to it, my dear miſs?"

"What every body muſt ſay to it, Mrs. Mittin; that it's remarkably pretty."

"Well, now try it on. There's a ſet! there's

there's a fall off the ſhoulders! do but look at it in the glaſs. I'd really give ſomething you could but ſee how it becomes you. Now, do pray, only tell me what you think of it?"

"Always the ſame, Mrs. Mittin; that it's extremely pretty."

"Well, my dear, then, now comes out the ſecret! It's your own! you may well ſtare; but it's true; it's your own, my dear!"

She demanded an explanation; and Mrs. Mittin ſaid, that, having taken notice that her cloak looked very mean by the ſide of Mrs. Berlinton's, when ſhe compared them together, ſhe reſolved upon ſurpriſing her with a new one as quick as poſſible. She had, therefore, got the pattern of Mrs. Berlinton's and cut it out, and then got the mode at an haberdaſher's, and then the lace at a milliner's, and then ſet to work ſo hard, that ſhe had got it done already.

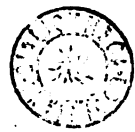
Camilla, ſeeing the materials were all infinitely richer than any ſhe had been accuſtomed to wear, was extremely chagrined by ſuch officiouſneſs, and gravely inquired how much this would add to her debts.

"I don't know yet, my dear; but I had all the things as cheap as poſſible; but as it was not all at one ſhop, I can't be clear as to the exact ſum."

Camilla, who had determined to avoid even the ſhadow of a debt, was now not merely vexed, but angry. Mrs. Mittin, however, upon whoſe feelings that moſt troubleſome of all qualities to its poſſeſſors, delicacy, never obtruded, went on, extolling her own performance, and praiſing her own good nature, without diſcovering that either were impertinent; and finiſhed her double panegyric upon the cloak and its maker, with confeſſing ſhe had ſet up the whole night, in order to get it done. Camilla, then, conſidered herſelf as too much obliged to her intention to reproach any further its want of judgment; and concluded by merely intreating ſhe would change her note, pay for it immediately, diſcharge her other accounts with all ſpeed, and make no future purchaſe for her whatſoever.

CHAP. IV.

A Scuffle.



EUGENIA failed not to obſerve her appointment the next morning, which was devoted to elegiac poetry. A taſte ſo ſimilar operated imperceptibly upon Mrs. Berlinton, who detained her till ſhe was compelled to return to prepare for a great ball at the public rooms; the profound deliberations of Miſs Margland, how to exhibit her fair pupil, having finiſhed, like moſt deliberations upon ſuch ſubjects, by doing that which is done by every body elſe upon the ſame occaſion.

Sir Hugh had given directions to Miſs Margland to clear his three nieces equally of all expences relative to public places. Camilla, therefore, being entitled to a ticket, and having brought with her whatever was unſpoilt of her Tunbridge apparel, thought this the moſt ſeaſonable opportunity ſhe could take for again ſeeing Edgar, who, in their preſent delicate ſituation, would no longer, probably, think it right to inquire for her at a ſtranger's.

Mrs. Berlinton had not purpoſed appearing

pearing in public, till she had formed her own party; but an irrepressible curiosity to see Indiana induced her to accompany Camilla, with no other attendant than Lord Valhurst, who alone, of the fashionable sojourners, had yet discovered the arrival of Mrs. Berlinton, and who was highly gratified by this opportunity of attending two such fair creatures.

Mrs. Berlinton, as usual, was the last to enter the room; for she never began the duties of the toilette till after tea-time. Two such youthful beauties were not likely to pass without observation. Mrs. Berlinton, already no longer new to it, had alternately the air of receiving it with the most winning modesty, or of not noticing she received it at all: for though, but a few months since, she had scarcely been even seen by twenty persons, and even of those had never met a fixed eye without a blush, the feelings are so often the mere concomitants of our habits, that she could now already know herself the principal object of a whole assembly, without any sensation of timidity, or appearance of confusion. To be bold was not in her nature, which was soft and amiable; but admiration is a dangerous assaulter of diffidence, and familiarity makes almost any distinction met unmoved.

Camilla

Camilla was too completely engroſſed by her heart, to think of her appearance.

Lord Valhurſt, from his time of life, ſeemed to be their father, though his adulating air as little ſuited that character as his inclination. He ſcarcely knew upon which moſt to laviſh his compliments, or to regale his eyes, and turned, half expiring with extaſy, from the ſoft charms of his kinſwoman, with ſomething, he thought, reſembling animation, to the more quickening influence of her bright-eyed companion.

But the effect produced upon the company at large by the radiant beauty of Indiana, who had entered ſome time, was ſtill more ſtriking than any immediate powers from the bewitching graces of Mrs. Berlinton, or the intelligent lovelineſs of Camilla. Her faultleſs face, her perfect form, raiſed wonder in one ſex, and overpowered envy in the other. The men looked at her, as at ſomething almoſt too celeſtial for their devoirs; the women ſaw themſelves diſtanced from all pretenſions to rivalry. She was followed, but not approached; gazed at, as if a ſtatue, and inquired after, rather as a prodigy than a mortal.

This awful homage ſpread not, however, to her party; the watchful but diſdainful

eyes of Miſs Margland obtained for herſelf, even with uſury, all the haughty contempt they beſtowed upon others: Eugenia was pronounced to be a foil, brought merely in ridicule: and Dr. Orkborne, whom Miſs Margland, though deteſting, forced into the ſet, in preference to being without a man to hand them from the carriage, and to call it for them at night, had a look ſo forlorn and diſtreſſed, while obliged to parade with them up and down the room, that he ſeemed rather a priſoner than an eſquire, and more to require a guardian to prevent his eſcaping himſelf, than to ſerve for one in ſecuring his young charges from any attack.

Miſs Margland augured nothing ſhort of half a ſcore propoſals of marriage the next day, from the evident brilliancy of this firſt opening into life of her beautiful pupil; whoſe own eyes, while they dazzled all others, ſought eagerly thoſe of Melmond, whom ſhe meant to vanquiſh, if not annihilate.

The firſt care of Miſs Margland was to make herſelf and her young ladies known to the maſter of the ceremonies. Indiana needed not that precaution to be immediately the choice of the moſt elegant man in the room; yet ſhe was piqued, not delighted, and Miſs Margland felt ſtill more irritated,

irritated, that he proved to be only a baronet, though a nobleman, at the ſame time, had preſented himſelf to Eugenia. It is true the peer was ruined; but his title was unimpaired; and though the fortune of the baronet, like his perſon, was in its prime, Indiana thought herſelf degraded by his hand, ſince the partner of her couſin was of ſuperior rank.

Eugenia, inſenſible to this honour, looked only for Melmond; not like Indiana, ſplendidly to ſee and kill, but ſilently to view and venerate. Melmond, however, was not there; he knew his little command over his paſſion, in preſence of its object, and virtuouſly devoted his evening to his ſick aunt.

Edgar had waited impatiently the entrance of Camilla. His momentary ſight of Lord Valhurſt, at the bathing-room, did not bring him to his remembrance in his preſent more ſhewy apparel, and he was gratified to ſee only an old beau in her immediate ſuite. He did not deem it proper, as they were now circumſtanced, to aſk her to dance; but he quietly approached and bowed to her, and addreſſed ſome civil inquiries to Mrs. Berlinton. The Weſtwyns had waited for her at the door; and the father had immediately made her give her hand to Henry to join the dancers.

"That's a charming girl," cried old Mr. Weſtwyn, when ſhe was gone; "a very charming girl, I promiſe you. I have taken a prodigious liking to her; and ſo has Hal."

Revived by this open ſpeech, which made him hope there was no ſerious deſign, Edgar ſmiled upon the old gentleman, who had addreſſed it to the whole remaining party; and ſaid, "You have not known that young lady long, I believe, ſir?"

"No, ſir; but a little while; but that I don't mind. A long while and a ſhort while is all one, when I like a perſon: for I don't think how many years they've got over their heads ſince firſt I ſaw them, but how many good things they've got on the inſide their hearts to make me want to ſee them again. Her uncle's the deareſt friend I have in the world; and when I go from this place, I ſhall make him a viſit; for I'm ſure of a welcome. But he has never ſeen my Hal. However, that good girl will be ſure to ſpeak a kind word for him. I know; for ſhe thinks very well of him; ſhe told me herſelf, I might be proud of my ſon. I can't ſay but I've loved the girl ever ſince for it."

Edgar was ſo much pleaſed with the perfectly natural character of this old gentleman, that, though alarmed at his intended

call

call upon the favour of Sir Hugh, through the influence of Camilla, for Henry, he would yet have remained in his ſociety, had he not been driven from it by the junction of young Lynmere, whoſe ſhallow inſolence he thought inſupportable.

Mrs. Berlinton, who declined dancing, had arrived ſo late, that when Henry led back Camilla, the company was ſummoned to the tea-table. She was languiſhing for an introduction to Indiana, the abſence of Melmond obviating all preſent objection to their meeting; ſhe therefore gave Camilla the welcome taſk to propoſe that the two parties ſhould unite.

Many years had elapſed ſince Miſs Margland had received ſo ſenſible a gratification; and, in the coalition which took place, ſhe diſplayed more of civility in a few minutes, than ſhe had exerted during the whole period of her Yorkſhire and Cleves reſidence.

Notwithſtanding all ſhe had heard of her charms, Mrs. Berlinton ſtill ſaw with ſurpriſe and admiration the exquiſite face and form of the choſen of her brother.

In a few minutes, Lynmere, coming up to them, with "Well, have you got any thing here one can touch?" leant his hand on the edge, and his whole body over the table, to take a view at his eaſe of its contents.

"Suppoſe there were nothing, ſir?" ſaid old Weſtwyn; "look round, and ſee what you could want."

"Really, ſir," ſaid Miſs Margland, between whom and Camilla Lynmere had ſqueezed himſelf a place, "you don't uſe much ceremony!"

Having taken ſome tea, he found it intolerable, and ſaid he muſt have a glaſs of Champaigne.

"La, brother!" cried Indiana, "if you bring any wine, I can't bear to ſtay."

Miſs Margland ſaid the ſame; but he whiſtled, and looked round him without anſwering.

Mrs. Berlinton, who, though ſhe had thought his uncommonly fine perſon an excuſe for his intruſion, thought nothing could excuſe this ill-breeding, propoſed they ſhould leave the tea-table, and walk.

"Sit ſtill, ladies," ſaid Mr. Weſtwyn, "and drink your tea in peace." Then, turning to Lynmere, "I wonder," he cried, "you a'n't aſhamed of yourſelf! If you were a ſon of mine, I'll tell you what; I'd lock you up! I'd ſerve you as I did when I carried you over to Leipſic, eight years ago. I always hated pert boys. I can't fancy 'em."

Lynmere, affecting not to hear him, though

though inwardly firing, called violently after a waiter; and, in mere futile vengeance, not only gave an order for Champaigne, but demanded ſome Stilton cheeſe.

"Cheeſe!" exclaimed Miſs Margland, "if you order any cheeſe, I can't ſo much as ſtay in the room. Think what a nauſeous ſmell it will make!"

The man anſwered, they had no Stilton cheeſe in the houſe, but the very beſt of every other ſort.

Lynmere, who had only given this command to ſhew his defiance of control, ſeized, with equal avidity, the opportunity to abuſe the waiter; affirming he belonged to the worſt ſerved hotel in Chriſtendom.

The man walked off in dudgeon, and Mr. Weſtwyn, loſing his anger in his aſtoniſhment at this effrontery, ſaid, "And pray, Mr. Lynmere, what do you pretend to know of Stilton cheeſe? do they make it at Leipſic? did you ever ſo much as taſte it in your life?"

"O, yes! excellent! excellentiſſimo! I can eat no other."

"Eat no other! it's well my Hal don't ſay the ſame! I'd churn him to a cheeſe himſelf if he did! And pray, Mr. Lynmere, be ſo good as to let me know how you got it there?"

"Ways and means, sir; ways and means!"

"Why you did not send across the sea for it?"

"A travelled man, sir, thinks no more of what you call across the sea, than you, that live always over your own fire-side, think of stepping across a kennel."

"Well, sir, well," said the old gentleman, now very much piqued, "I can't but say I feel some concern for my old friend, to have his money disused about at such a rantipole rate. A boy to be sending over out of Germany into England for Stilton cheese! I wish it had been Hal with all my heart! I promise you I'd have given him enough of it. If the least little thought of the kind was but once to have got in his head, I'd have taken my best oaken stick, and have done him the good office to have helped it out, for him: and have made him thank me after too! I have daintiness, especially in boys. I have no great patience with it."

Only more incensed, Lynmere called aloud for his Champaigne! The waiter civilly told him, it was not usual to bring wine during tea; but he persisted; and Mr. Westwyn, who saw the ladies all rising, authoritatively, told the waiter to

mind

mind no such directions. Lynmere, who had entered the ball-room in his riding dress, raised a switch at the man, which he durst not raise at Mr. Westwyn, and protested, in a threatening attitude, he would lay it across his shoulders, if he obeyed not. The man, justly provoked thought himself authorised to snatch it from him: Clermont resisted; a fierce scuffle ensued; and though Henry, by immediate intervention, could have parted them, Mr. Westwyn insisted there should be no interference, saying, "If any body's helped, let it be the waiter; for he's here to do his duty: he don't come only to behave unmannerly, for his own pleasure. And if I see him hard run, it's odds but I lend him my own fist to right him.—I like fair play."

The female party, in very serious alarm at this unpleasant scene, rose to hurry away. Lord Valhurst was ambitious to suffice as guardian to both his fair charges; but Henry, when prohibited from stopping the affray, offered his services to Camilla, who could not refuse them; and Mrs. Berlinton, active and impatient, flew on foremost, with more speed than his lordship could follow, or even keep in sight. Indiana was handed out by her new adorer, the young baronet; and Eugenia was

assisted

assisted by her new assailer, the young nobleman.

Edgar, who had hurried to Camilla at the first tumult, was stung to the heart to see who handed her away; and, forcing a passage, followed, till Henry, the envied Henry, deposited her in the carriage of Mrs. Berlinton.

The confusion in the room, meanwhile, was not likely soon to decrease, for old Mr. Westwyn, delighted by this mortifying chastisement to Clermont, would permit neither mediation nor assistance on his side; saying, with much glee, "It will do him a great deal of good! My poor old friend will bless me for it. This is a better lesson than he got in all Leipsic. Let him feel that a Man's a Man; and not take it into his head a person's to stand still to be switched, when he's doing his duty, according to his calling. Switching a man is a bad thing. I can't say I like it. A gentleman should always use good words; and then a poor man's proud to serve him; or, if he's insolent for nothing, he may trounce him and welcome. I've no objection."

Miss Margland, meanwhile, had not been remiss in what she esteemed a most capital feminine accomplishment, screaming; though, in its exercise, she had failed of any success; since, while her voice called re-

remark, her countenance repelled its effect. Yet as ſhe ſaw that not one lady of the group retreated unattended, ſhe thought it a diſgrace to ſeem the only female, who, from internal courage, or external neglect, ſhould retire alone; ſhe therefore called upon Dr. Orkborne, conjuring, in a ſhrill and pathetic voice, meant more for all who ſurrounded than for himſelf, that he would protect her.

The Doctor, who had kept his place in defiance of all ſort of inconvenience, either to himſelf or to others; and who, with ſome curioſity, was viewing the combat, which he was mentally comparing with certain pugiliſtic games of old, was now, for the firſt time in the evening, receiving ſome little entertainment, and therefore compoſedly anſwered, "I have a very good place here, ma'am; and I would rather not quit it till this ſcene is over."

"So you won't come, then, Doctor?" cried ſhe, modulating into a ſoft whine the voice which rage, not terror, rendered tremulous.

Dr. Orkborne, who was any thing rather than loquacious, having given one anſwer, ſaid no more.

Miſs Margland appealed to all preſent upon the indecorum of a lady's being kept to witneſs ſuch unbecoming violence, and

upon

upon the unheard of inattention of the Doctor: but a ſhort, "Certainly!—" "To be ſure, ma'am!—" or, "It's very ſhocking indeed!" with a haſty decampment from her neighbourhood, was all of ſympathy ſhe procured.

The entrance, at length, of the maſter of the houſe, ſtopt the affray, by calling off the waiter. Clermont, then, though wiſhing to extirpate old Weſtwyn from the earth, and ready to eat his own fleſh with fury at the double diſgrace he had endured, affected a loud halloo, as if he had been contending for his amuſement; and proteſting Bob, the waiter, was a fine fellow, went off with great apparent ſatisfaction.

"Now, then, at leaſt, ſir," cried Miſs Margland imperiouſly to the Doctor, who, ſtill ruminating upon the late conteſt, kept his ſeat, "I ſuppoſe you'll condeſcend to take care of me to the coach?"

"Theſe modern clothes are very much in the way," ſaid the Doctor, gravely; "and give a bad effect to attitudes." He roſe, however, but not knowing what *to take care of a lady to a coach* meant, ſtood reſolutely ſtill, till ſhe was forced, in deſperation, to walk on alone. He then ſlowly followed, keeping many paces behind, notwithſtanding her continually looking back; and when, with a heavy,

ſigh

ſigh at her hard fate, ſhe got, unaſſiſted, into the carriage, where her young ladies were waiting, he tranquilly mounted after her, tolerably reconciled to the loſs of his evening, by ſome new annotations it had ſuggeſted for his work, relative to the games of antiquity.

CHAP. V.

A Youthful Effuſion.

CAMILLA now thought herſelf ſafe in harbour; the ſtorms all over, the dangers all paſt, and but a light gale or two wanting to make good her landing on the boſom of permanent repoſe. This gale, this propitious gale, ſhe thought ready to blow at her call; for ſhe deemed it no other than the breath of jealouſy. She had ſeen Edgar, though he knew her to be protected, follow her to the coach; and ſhe had ſeen, by the light afforded from the lamps of the carriage, that her ſafety from the crowd and tumult was not the ſole object of his watchfulneſs, ſince though that, at the inſtant ſhe turned round, was obviouſly ſecure, his countenance exhibited the ſtrongeſt marks of diſturbance. The ſecret ſpring, therefore, ſhe now thought, that was to re-unite them, was in her own poſſeſſion.

All the counſels of Mrs. Arlbery upon this ſubject occurred to her; and imagining ſhe had hitherto erred from a ſimple facility, ſhe rejoiced in the accident which had pointed her to a ſafer path, and ſhewn her

her that, in the preſent diſordered ſtate of the opinions of Edgar, the only way to a laſting accommodation was to alarm his ſecurity, by aſſerting her own independence.

Her difficulty, however, was ſtill conſiderable as to the means. The ſevere puniſhment ſhe had received, and the ſelf blame and penitence ſhe had incurred, from her experiment with Sir Sedley Clarendel, all rendered, too, abortive, by Edgar's contempt of the object, determined her to ſuffer no hopes, no feelings of her own, to engroſs her ever more from weighing thoſe of another. The end, therefore, of her deliberation was to ſhew general gaiety, without appropriate favour, and to renew ſolicitude on his part by a diſplayed eaſe of mind on her own.

Elated with this idea, ſhe determined upon every poſſible public exhibition by which ſhe could execute it to the beſt advantage. And young Weſtwyn now, though wholly unſought, and even unthought of by herſelf, was inſtinctively and incautiouſly the moſt alert to ſecond her plan; he was her firſt partner when ſhe danced, her conſtant attendant when ſhe walked, and always in wait to converſe with her, when ſhe was ſeated; while, not purpoſing to engage him, ſhe perceived not

not his faſt growing regard, and intending to be open to all alike, obſerved not the thwarting effect to her deſign of this peculiar aſſiduity.

By old Mr. Weſtwyn this intercourſe was yet more urgently forwarded. Bewitched with Camilla, he carried his ſon to her wherever ſhe appeared, and ſaid aloud to every body but herſelf: "If the boy and girl like one another, they ſhall have one another; and I won't inquire what ſhe's worth; for ſhe thinks ſo well of my ſon, that I'd rather he'd have her than an empreſs. Money goes but a little way to make people happy; and true love's not a thing to be got every day; ſo if ſhe has a mind to my Hal, and Hal has a mind to her, why, if they have not enough, he muſt work hard and get more. I don't like to croſs young people. Better let a man labour with his hands, than fret away his ſpirit. Neither a boy nor a girl are good for much when they've got their hearts broke."

This new experiment of Camilla, like every other deduced from falſe reaſoning, and formed upon falſe principles, was flattering in its promiſe, pernicious in its progreſs, and abortive in its performance. Edgar ſaw with agony what he conceived the aſcendance of a new attachment built upon

upon the declenſion of all regard for himſelf; and in the firſt horror of his apprehenſions, would have reſiſted the ſupplanter by enforcing his own final claim; but Dr. Marchmont repreſented that, ſince he had heard in ſilence his right to that claim ſolemnly withdrawn, he had better firſt aſcertain if this apparent connection with young Weſtwyn were the motive, or only the conſequence of that reſumption: "If the firſt be the caſe," he added, "you muſt truſt her no more; a heart ſo inflammable as to be kindled into paſſion by a mere accidental blaze of gallantry and valour, can have nothing in conſonance with the chaſte purity and fidelity your character requires and merits: If the laſt, inveſtigate whether the net in which ſhe is entangling herſelf is that of levity, delighting in change, or of pique, diſguiſing its own agitation in efforts to agitate others."

"Alas!" cried the melancholy Edgar; "in either caſe, ſhe is no more the artleſs Camilla I firſt adored! that fatal connection at the Grove, formed while her character, pure, white, and ſpotleſs, was in its enchanting, but dangerous ſtate of firſt ductility, has already broken into that clear tranſparent ſingleneſs of mind, ſo beautiful in its total ignorance of every ſpecies of

ſcheme,

ſcheme, every ſort of double meaſure, every idea of ſecret view and latent expedient!"

"Repine not, however, at the connection till you know whether ſhe owe to it her defects, or only their manifeſtation. A man ſhould ſee the woman he would marry in many ſituations, ere he can judge what chance he may have of happineſs with her in any. Though now and then 'tis a bleſſed, 'tis always a perilous ſtate; but the man who has to weather its ſtorms, ſhould not be remiſs in ſtudying the clouds which precede them."

"Ah, Doctor! by this delay—by theſe experiments—ſhould I loſe her!—"

"If by finding her unworthy, where is the loſs?"

Edgar ſighed, but acknowledged this queſtion to be unanſwerable.

"Think, my dear young friend, what would be your ſufferings to diſcover any radical, inherent failing, when irremediably her's! run not into the very common error of depending upon the gratitude of your wife after marriage, for the inequality of her fortune before your union. She who has no fortune at all, owes you no more for your alliance, than ſhe who has thouſands; for you do not marry her becauſe ſhe has no fortune! you marry her becauſe you think

think she has some endowment, mental or personal, which you conclude will conduce to your happiness; and she, on her part, accepts you, because she supposes you or your situation will contribute to her's. The object may be different, but neither side is indebted to the other, since each has self, only, in contemplation; and thus, in fact, rich or poor, high or low, whatever be the previous distinction between the parties, on the hour of marriage they begin as equals. The obligation and the debt of gratitude can only commence when the knot is tied: self, then, may give way to sympathy; and whichever, from that moment, most considers the other, becomes immediately the creditor in the great account of life and happiness."

* * * *

While Camilla, in gay ignorance of danger, and awake only to hope, pursued her new course, Eugenia had the infinite delight of improving daily and even hourly in the good graces of Mrs. Berlinton; who soon discovered how wide from justice to that excellent young creature was all judgment that could be formed from her appearance. She found that she was as elegant in her taste for letters as herself, and

far

far more deeply cultivated in their knowledge; that her manners were gentle, her ſentiments were elevated, yet that her mind was humble; the ſame authors delighted and the ſame paſſages ſtruck them; they met every morning; they thought every morning too ſhort, and their friendſhip, in a very few days, knit by ſo many bands of ſympathy, was as fully eſtabliſhed as that which already Mrs. Berlinton had formed with Camilla.

To Eugenia this treaty of amity was a delicious poiſon, which, while it enchanted her faculties by day, preyed upon her vitals by night. She frequently ſaw Melmond, and though a melancholy bow was almoſt all the notice ſhe ever obtained from him, the countenance with which he made it, his air, his figure, his face, nay his very dreſs, for the half inſtant he beſtowed upon her, occupied all her thoughts till ſhe ſaw him again, and had another meeting to think over and dwell upon.

Melmond, inexpreſſibly wretched at the deprivation of all hope of Indiana, dreamt not of this partiality. His time was devoted to deliberating upon ſome lucrative ſcheme of future life, which his literary turn of mind rendered difficult of ſelection, and which his refined love of ſtudy and retirement made hateful to him to undertake.

He

He was kind, however, and even conſoling to his aunt, who ſaw his nearly deſolate ſtate with a compunction bitterly increaſed by finding ſhe had thrown their joint properties, with her own perſon, into the hands of a rapacious tyrant. To ſoften her repentance, and allow her the ſoothing of all ſhe could ſpare of her time, Mrs. Berlinton invited her to her own houſe. Mr. Ulſt, of courſe, was included in the invitation; and Mrs. Mittin voluntarily reſigned to them her apartment by way of a little peace-offering for her undeſired length of ſtay; for ſtill, though inceſſantly Camilla inquired for her account, ſhe had received no anſwer from the creditors, and was obliged to wait for another and another poſt.

Mrs. Ulſt, though not well enough, at preſent, to ſee company, and at all times, fanatically averſe to every ſpecies of recreation, could not entirely avoid Eugenia, whoſe viſits were conſtant every morning, and whoſe expected inheritance made a ſimilar wiſh occur for her nephew, with that which had diſpoſed of her niece.

She communicated this idea to Mr. Ulſt, who imparted it, with ſtrong exhortation for its promotion, to the young man; but he heard with diſdain the mercenary project, and proteſted he would daily labour for his

bread, in preference to proſtituting his probity, by ſoliciting a regard he could never return, for the acquirement of a fortune which he never could merit.

Mr. Ulſt, much too hard to feel this as any reflection upon himſelf, applied for the intereſt of Mrs. Berlinton; but ſhe ſo completely thought with her brother, that ſhe would not interfere, till Mr. Ulſt made ſome obſervations upon Eugenia herſelf, that inclined her to waver.

He ſoon remarked, in that young and artleſs character, the ſymptoms of the partiality ſhe had conceived in favour of Melmond, which, when once pointed out, could not be miſtaken by Mrs. Berlinton.

Touched now, herſelf, by the double happineſs that might enſue, from a gratified choice to Eugenia, and a noble fortune to her brother, ſhe took up the cauſe, with delicacy, yet with pity; repreſenting the mental and intellectual accompliſhments of Eugenia, and beſeeching him not to ſacrifice both his intereſt and his peace, in ſubmitting to a hopeleſs paſſion for one object, while he inflicted all its horrors upon another.

Melmond, amazed and ſoftened, liſtened and ſighed; but proteſted ſuch a change, from perfect beauty to complete deformity, was impracticable; and that though he revered

revered the character ſhe painted, and was ſenſible to the honour of ſuch a preference, he muſt be baſe, double, and perjured, to take advantage of her great, yet unaccountable goodneſs, by heartleſs profeſſions of feigned participation.

Mrs. Berlinton, to whom ſentiment was irreſiſtible, urged the matter no longer, but wept over her brother with compaſſionate admiration.

Another day only paſſed, when Mrs. Mittin picked up a paper upon the ſtairs, which ſhe ſaw fall from the pocket of Eugenia, in drawing out her handkerchief, but which, determining to read ere ſhe returned, ſhe found contained theſe lines:

"O Reaſon! friend of the troubled "breaſt, guide of the wayward fancy, "moderator of the flights of hope, and "ſinkings of deſpair, Eugenia calls thee!

"O! to a feeble, ſuppliant Maid,
"Light of Reaſon, lend thy aid!
"And with thy mild, thy lucid ray,
"Point her the way
"To genial calm and mental joy!
"From Paſſion far! whoſe flaſhes bright
"Startle—affright—
"Yet ah! invite!
"With varying powers attract,—repel,—
"Now fiercely beam,
"Now ſoftly gleam,
"With magic ſpell
"Charm to conſume, win to deſtroy!

" Next, Eugenia, point thy prayer
" That He whom all thy wiſhes bleſs,
" Whom all thy tendereſt thoughts confeſs,
" Thy calm may prove, thy peace may ſhare.
" O, if the griefs to him aſſign'd,
" To thee might paſs—thy ſtrengthened mind
" Would meet all woe, ſupport all pain,
" Suffering deſpiſe, complaint diſdain,
" Brac'd with new nerves each ill would brave,
" Melmond a ſingle pang to ſave!"

Overjoyed by the poſſeſſion of the important ſecret this little juvenile effuſion of tenderneſs betrayed, Mrs. Mittin ran with it to Mrs. Berlinton, and without mentioning ſhe had ſeen whence the paper came, ſaid ſhe had found it upon the ſtairs: for even thoſe who have too little delicacy to attribute to treachery a clandeſtine indulgence of curioſity, have a certain inſtinctive ſenſe of its unfairneſs, which they evince without avowing, by the care with which they ſoften their motives, or their manner, of according themſelves this ſpecies of gratification.

Mrs. Berlinton, who ſcrupulouſly would have withheld from looking into a letter, could not ſee a copy of verſes, and recogniſe the hand of Eugenia, already known to her by frequent notes, and refrain reading. That ſhe ſhould find any thing perſonal, did not occur to her; to peruſe, therefore, a manuſcript ode or ſonnet, which

which the humility of Eugenia might never voluntarily reveal, cauſed her no heſitation; and ſhe ran through the lines with the warmeſt delight, till, coming ſuddenly upon the end, ſhe burſt into tears, and flew to the apartment of her brother.

She put the paper into his hand without a word. He read it haſtily. Surpriſed, confounded, diſordered, he looked at his ſiſter for ſome explanation or comment; ſhe was ſtill ſilently in tears; he read it again, and with yet greater emotion; when, holding it back to her, "Why, my ſiſter," he cried, "why would ſhe give you this? why would you deliver it? Ah! leave me, in pity, firm in integrity, though fallen in fortune!"

"My brother, my dear brother, this matchleſs creature merits not ſo degrading an idea; ſhe gave me not the precious paper—ſhe knows not I poſſeſs it; it was found upon the ſtairs. Ah! far from thus openly confeſſing her unhappy prepoſſeſſion, ſhe conceals it from every human being; even her beloved ſiſter, I am convinced, is untruſted; upon paper only ſhe has breathed it, and breathed it as you ſee—with a generoſity of ſoul that is equal to the delicacy of her conduct."

Melmond now felt ſubdued. To have excited ſuch a regard in a mind that

ſeemed ſo highly cultivated, and ſo naturally elegant, could not fail to touch him; and the concluding line deeply penetrated him with tender though melancholy gratitude. He took the hand of his ſiſter, returned her the paper, and was going to ſay: "Do whatever you think proper;" but the idea of loſing all right to adore Indiana checked and ſilenced him; and mournfully telling her he required a little time for reflection, he entreated to be left to himſelf.

He was not ſuffered to ruminate in quiet; Mrs. Mittin, proud of having any thing to communicate to a relation of Mrs. Berlinton's, made an opportunity to ſit with Mrs. Ulſt, purpoſely to communicate to her the diſcovery that Miſs Eugenia Tyrold was in love with, and wrote verſes upon, her nephew. Melmond was inſtantly ſent for; the important ſecret was enlarged upon with remonſtrances ſo pathetic, not to throw away ſuch an invitation to the moſt brilliant good fortune, in order to caſt himſelf, with his vainly nouriſhed paſſion, upon immediate hardſhips, or laſting penury; that reaſon as well as intereſt, compelled him to liſten; and, after a ſevere conflict, he gave his reluctant promiſe to ſee Eugenia upon her next viſit, and endeavour to bias his mind to the connexion that ſeemed likely to enſue.

Camilla, who was in total ignorance of the whole of this buſineſs, received, during the dinner, an incoherent note from her ſiſter, conjuring that ſhe would ſearch immediately, but privately, in her own chamber, in the dreſſing-room of Mrs. Berlinton, in the hall, and upon the ſtairs, for a paper in her hand-writing, which ſhe had ſomewhere loſt, but which ſhe beſought her, by all that ſhe held dear, not to read when ſhe found; proteſting ſhe ſhould ſhut herſelf up for ever from the whole world, if a ſyllable of what ſhe had written on that paper were read by a human being.

Camilla could not endure to keep her ſiſter a moment in this ſuſpenſive ſtate, and made an excuſe for quitting the table that ſhe might inſtantly ſeek the manuſcript. Melmond and Mrs. Berlinton both conjectured the contents of the billet, and felt much for the modeſt and timid Eugenia; but Mrs. Mittin could not confine herſelf to ſilent ſuggeſtion; ſhe roſe alſo, and running after Camilla, ſaid: "My dear Miſs, has your ſiſter ſent to you to look for any thing?"

Camilla aſked the meaning of her inquiry; and ſhe then owned ſhe had picked up, from the ſtairs, a ſort of love letter, in which Miſs Eugenia had written couplets upon Mr. Melmond.

Inexpreſſibly aſtoniſhed, Camilla demanded their reſtoration; this ſoon produced a complete explanation, and while, with equal ſurpriſe and concern, ſhe learnt the ſecret of Eugenia, and its diſcovery to its object, ſhe could not but reſpect and honour all ſhe gathered from Mrs. Berlinton of the behaviour of her brother upon the detection.

She begged to have the paper, and entreated her ſiſter might never know into whoſe hands it had fallen. This was cheerfully agreed to; but Mrs. Mittin, during the conference, had already flown to Eugenia, and amidſt a torrent of offers of ſervice, and profeſſions of power to do any thing ſhe pleaſed for her, ſuffered her to ſee that her attachment was betrayed to the whole houſe.

The agony of Eugenia was exceſſive; and ſhe reſolved to keep her chamber till ſhe returned to Cleves, that ſhe might neither ſee nor be ſeen any more by Melmond nor his family. Scarcely could ſhe bear to be broken in upon even by Camilla, who tenderly haſtened to conſole her. She hid her bluſhing conſcious face, and proteſted ſhe would inhabit only her own apartment for the reſt of her life.

The active Mrs. Mittin failed not to carry back the hiſtory of this reſolution; and

and Melmond, to his unſpeakable regret in being thus precipitated, thought himſelf called upon in all decency and propriety to an immediate declaration. He could not, however, aſſume fortitude to make it in perſon; nor yet was his mind ſufficiently compoſed for writing; he commiſſioned, therefore, his ſiſter to be the bearer of his overtures.

He charged her to make no mention of the verſes, which it was fitting ſhould, on his part, paſs unnoticed, though ſhe could not but be ſenſible his preſent addreſs was their conſequence; he deſired her ſimply to ſtate his high reverence for her virtues and talents, and his conſciouſneſs of the inadequacy of his pretenſions to any claim upon them, except what aroſe from the grateful integrity of eſteem with which her happineſs ſhould become the firſt object of his future life, if ſhe forbade not his application for the conſent of Sir Hugh and Mr. Tyrold to ſolicit her favour.

With reſpect to Indiana, he begged her, unleſs queſtioned, to be wholly ſilent. To ſay his flame for that adorable creature was extinguiſhed would be utterly falſe; but his peace, as much as his honour, would lead him to combat, henceforth, by all the means in his power, his ill-fated and woe-teeming paſſion.

This commiſſion was in perfect conſonance with the feelings of Mrs. Berlinton, who, though with difficulty ſhe gained admiſſion, executed it with the moſt tender delicacy to the terrified Eugenia, who, amazed and trembling, pale and incredulous, ſo little underſtood what ſhe heard, ſo little was able to believe what ſhe wiſhed, that, when Mrs. Berlinton, with an affectionate embrace, begged her anſwer, ſhe aſked if it was not Indiana of whom ſhe was ſpeaking!

Mrs. Berlinton then thought it right to be explicit; ſhe acknowledged the early paſſion of her brother for that young lady, but ſtated that, long before he had ventured to think of herſelf, he had determined its conqueſt; and that what originally was the prudence of compulſion, was now, from his altered proſpects in life, become choice: "And believe me," added ſhe, "from my long and complete knowledge of the honour and the delicacy of his opinions, as well as of the tenderneſs and gratitude of his nature, the woman who ſhall once receive his vows, will find his life devoted to the ſtudy of her happineſs."

Eugenia flew into her arms, hung upon her boſom, wept, bluſhed, ſmiled, and ſighed, alternately; one moment wiſhed Indiana in poſſeſſion of her fortune, the

next

next thought ſhe herſelf, in all but beauty, more formed for his felicity, and ultimately gave her tacit but tranſported conſent to the application.

Melmond, upon receiving it, heaved what he fondly hoped would be his laſt ſigh for Indiana; and ordering his horſe, ſet off immediately for Cleves and Etherington; determined frankly to ſtate his ſmall income and cruſhed expectations; and feeling almoſt equally indifferent to acceptance or rejection.

Camilla devoted the afternoon to her agitated but enraptured ſiſter, who deſired her ſecret might ſpread no further, till the will of her father and uncle ſhould decide its fate; but the loquacious Mrs. Mittin, having ſome cheap ribands and fine edgings to recommend to Miſs Margland and Indiana, could by no means refrain from informing them, at the ſame time, of the diſcovered manuſcript.

"Poor thing!" cried Indiana, "I really pity her. I don't think," imperceptibly gliding towards the glaſs; "I don't think, by what I have ſeen of Mr. Melmond, ſhe has much chance; I've a notion he's rather more difficult."

"Really this is what I always expected!" ſaid Miſs Margland; "It's juſt exactly what one might look for from one of your

learned educations, which I always deſpiſed with all my heart. Writing verſes at fifteen! Dr. Orkborne's made a fine hand of her! I always hated him, from the very firſt. However, I've had nothing to do with the bringing her up, that's my conſolation! I thank Heaven I never made a verſe in my life! and I never intend it."

CHAP. VI.

The Computations of Self-Love.

CAMILLA left her ſiſter to accompany Mrs. Berlinton to the Rooms; no other mode remaining for ſeeing Edgar.

In mutual ſolicitude, mutual watchfulneſs, and mutual trials of each other's hearts and eſteem, a week had already paſſed, without one hope being extirpated, or one doubt allayed. This evening was ſomewhat more, though leſs pleaſantly deciſive.

Accident, want of due conſideration, and ſudden recollection in an agitated moment of the worldly doctrine of Mrs. Arlbery, had led Camilla, once more, into the ſemblance of a character, which, without thinking of, ſhe was acting. Born ſimple and ingenuous, and bred to hold in horror every ſpecies of art, all idea of coquetry was foreign to her meaning, though an untoward contrariety of circumſtances, playing upon feelings too potent for deliberation, had deluded her into a conduct as miſchievous in its effects, and as wide from artleſſneſs in its appearance, as if ſhe had been brought up and nouriſhed

in

in the habitual practice of fashionable levity.

Such, however, was not Camilla: her every propensity was pure, and, when reflection came to her aid, her conduct was as exemplary as her wishes. But the ardour of her imagination, acted upon by every passing idea, shook her Judgment from its yet unsteady seat, and left her at the mercy of wayward Sensibility—that delicate, but irregular power, which now impels to all that is most disinterested for others, now forgets all mankind, to watch the pulsations of its own fancies.

This evening brought her back to recollection.—Young Westwyn, urged by what he deemed encouragement, and prompted by his impatient father, spoke of his intended visit to Cleves, and introduction to Sir Hugh, in terms of such animated pleasure, and with a manner of such open admiration, that she could not mistake the serious purposes which he meant to imply.

Alarmed, she looked at him; but the expression of his eyes was not such as to still her suspicions. Frightened at what now she first observed, she turned from him, gravely, meaning to avoid conversing with him the rest of the evening; but her caution came too late; her first civilities had

had flattered both him and his father into a belief of her favour, and this ſudden drawback he imputed only to virgin modeſty, which but added to the fervour of his devoirs.

Camilla now perceived her own error: the perſeverance of young Weſtwyn not merely ſtartled, but appalled her. His character, unaſſuming, though ſpirited, was marked by a general decency and propriety of demeanour, that would not preſumptuouſly brave diſtancing; and awakened her, therefore, to a review of her own conduct, as it related, or as it might ſeem, to himſelf.

And here, not all the guiltleſſneſs of her intentions could exonerate her from blame with that finely ſcrutinizing monitor to which Heaven, in pity to thoſe evil propenſities that law cannot touch, nor ſociety reclaim, has devolved its earthly juriſdiction in the human breaſt. With her hopes ſhe could play, with her wiſhes ſhe could trifle, her intentions ſhe could defend, her deſigns ſhe could relinquiſh—but with her conſcience ſhe could not combat. It pointed beyond the preſent moment; it took her back to her imprudence with Sir Sedley Clarendel, which ſhould have taught her more circumſpection; and it carried her on to the diſappointment of Henry and his father,

father, whom while heedleſsly ſhe had won, though without the moſt remote view to beguile, ſhe might ſeem artfully to have caught, for the wanton vanity of rejecting.

While thought and retroſpection were thus oppreſſive in accuſation, her penſive air and withdrawn ſmiles proved but more endearing to young Weſtwyn, whoſe internal interpretation was ſo little adapted to render them formidable, that his aſſiduities were but more tender, and allowed her no repoſe.

Edgar, who with the moſt ſuffering ſuſpenſe, obſerved her unuſual ſerioufneſs, and its effect upon Henry, drew from it, with the cuſtomary ingenuity of ſenſitive minds to torment themſelves, the ſame inference for his cauſeleſs torture, as proved to his rival a deluſive bleſſing. But while thus he contemplated Henry as the moſt to be envied of mortals, a new ſcene called forth new ſurpriſe, and gave birth to yet new doubts in his mind. He ſaw Camilla not merely turn wholly away from his rival, but enter into converſation, and give, apparently, her whole attention to Lord Valhurſt, who, it was palpable, only ſpoke to her of her charms, which, alternately with thoſe of Mrs. Berlinton, he devoted his whole time to worſhipping.

Camilla

Camilla by this action, meant ſimply to take the quickeſt road ſhe ſaw in her power to ſhew young Weſtwyn his miſtake. Lord Valhurſt ſhe held nearly in averſion; for, though his vindication of his upright motives at the bathing-houſe, joined to her indifference in conſidering him either guilty or innocent, made her conclude he might be blameleſs in that tranſaction, his perpetual compliments, enforced by ſtaring eyes and tender glances, wearied and diſguſted her. But he was always by her ſide, when not in the ſame poſition with Mrs. Berlinton; and while his readineſs to engage her made this her eaſieſt expedient, his time of life perſuaded her it was the ſafeſt. Little aware of the effect this produced upon Edgar, ſhe imagined he would not more notice her in any converſation with Lord Valhurſt, than if ſhe were diſcourſing with her uncle.

But while ſhe judged from the ſincerity of reality, ſhe thought not of the miſchief of appearance. What in her was deſigned with innocence, was rendered ſuſpicious to the obſervers by the looks and manner of her companion. The pleaſure with which he found, at laſt, that incenſe received, which hitherto had been ſlighted, gave new zeſt to an adulation which, while Camilla endured merely to ſhew her coldneſs to young

young Weſtwyn, ſeemed to Edgar to be offered with a groſs preſumption of welcome, that muſt reſult from an opinion it was addreſſed to a confirmed coquette.

Offended in his inmoſt ſoul by this idea, he ſcarcely deſired to know if ſhe were now ſtimulated moſt by a wiſh to torment Henry, or himſelf, or only by the general pleaſure ſhe found in this new mode of amuſement. "Be it," cried he, to Dr. Marchmont, "as it may, with me all is equally over! I ſeek not to recal an attachment liable to ſuch intermiſſions, ſuch commotions. What would be my peace, my tranquillity, with a companion ſo unſtable? A mind all at large in its purſuits? —a diſſipated wife!—No!—I will remain here but to let her know I acquieſce in her diſmiſſion, and to learn in what form ſhe has communicated our breach to her friends."

Dr. Marchmont was ſilent, and they walked out of the room together; leaving the deceived Camilla perſuaded he was ſo indifferent with regard to the old peer, that all her influence was loſt, and all her late exertions were thrown away, by one evening's remiſſneſs in exciting his fears of a young rival.

* * * *

Melmond returned to Southampton the next

next morning with an air of deep and ſettled melancholy. He had found the two brothers together, and the candour of his appearance, the plainneſs of his declaration, the openneſs with which he ſtated his ſituation, and his near relationſhip to Mrs. Berlinton, procured him a courteous hearing; and he ſoon ſaw that both the father and the uncle were diſpoſed to favour him. Mr. Tyrold, though, to his acknowledged recent diſappointment of fortune, he attributed his addreſs, had ſo little hope that any man at once amiable and rich would preſent himſelf to his unfortunate Eugenia; that, when he ſaw a gentleman well educated, well allied, and with every external promiſe of a good and feeling character, ſeek her of her friends, he thought himſelf not even entitled to refuſe him. He told him, however, that he could conclude upon nothing in a matter of ſuch equal intereſt to himſelf and his wife, without her knowledge and concurrence; and that during the time he demanded before he gave a final anſwer, he required of them both a forbearance of all intercourſe, beyond that of common acquaintance.

Eugenia received the conſent and counſel of her father, written in his own and her uncle's name, with tranſport; and, to teſtify her grateful obedience, reſolved to relinquiſh

linquiſh her viſits to Mrs. Berlinton, and only to ſee Melmond when accident brought him before her in public.

But Mrs. Mittin, through words caſually dropt, or converſations not very delicately overheard, ſoon gathered the particulars of her ſituation, which furniſhed her with a new ſubject for a goſſipping viſit to Miſs Margland and Indiana. The firſt of theſe ladies received the news with unconcern, rather pleaſed than otherwiſe, that the temptation of an heireſs ſhould be removed from any rivalry with the charms of her fair pupil; who, by no means, however, liſtened to the account with equal indifference. The ſight of Melmond at Southampton, with the circumſtance of his being brother to the Honourable Mrs. Berlinton, had awakened all the pleaſure with which ſhe had firſt met his impaſſioned admiration; and while ſhe haughtily expected from every public exhibition, "to bring home hearts by dozens," the ſecret point ſhe had in view, was ſhewing Melmond that her power over others was as mighty as it had been over himſelf. She had not taken the trouble to aſk with what end: what was paſſed never afforded her an obſervation; what was to come never called forth an idea. Occupied only by the preſent moment, things gone remained upon her

her memory but as matters of fact, and all her expectations ſhe looked forward to but as matters of courſe. To loſe, therefore, a conqueſt ſhe had thought the victim of her beauty for life, was a ſurpriſe nearly incredible; to loſe him to Eugenia an affront ſcarcely ſupportable; and ſhe waited but an opportunity to kill him with her diſdain. But Melmond, who dreaded nothing ſo much as an interview, availed himſelf of the commands of Mr. Tyrold, in not going to the lodgings of Eugenia, and lived abſorbed in a mournful retirement, which books alone could a little alleviate.

Mean time while, to ſhun the ſerious aſſiduities of Henry, Camilla attended to Lord Valhurſt, the cloſe ſiege to her notice of that nobleman forced off every aſſailant but himſelf. This the deluded Camilla thought an expedient the moſt innoxious; and gave to him ſo much of her time, that his ſuſceptibility to the charms of youth and beauty was put to a trial beyond his fortitude; and, in a very few days, notwithſtanding their diſproportion in age, his embarraſſed though large eſtates, and the little or no fortune which ſhe had in view, he determined to marry her: for when a man of rank and riches reſolves to propoſe himſelf to a woman who has neither, he conceives

conceives his acceptance not a matter of doubt.

In any other ſociety, his admiration of Camilla might eaſily, like what he had already experienced and forgotten for thouſands of her ſex, have eſcaped ſo grave or decided a tendency; but in Mrs. Berlinton he ſaw ſo much of youth and beauty beſtowed upon a man whom he knew to be his own ſenior in age, that the idea of a handſome young wife was perpetually preſent to him. He weighed, like all people who ſeek to entice themſelves to their own wiſhes, but one ſide of the queſtion; and riſked, like all who ſucceed in ſuch ſelf-ſeduction, the inconvenience of finding out the other ſide too late. He ſaw the attractions of his fair kinſwoman; but neglected to conſider of how little avail they were to her huſband; he thought, with exultation of that huſband's age, and almoſt childiſhneſs; but forgot to take into the ſcales, that they had obtained from his youthful choice only diſguſt and avoidance.

Edgar now only waited for an opportunity and courage to take his laſt farewel. Whenever Camilla was ſo much engaged with others that it was impoſſible to approach her, he thought himſelf capable of uttering an eternal adieu; but when, by any

any opening, he ſaw where and how he might addreſs her, his feet refuſed to move, his tongue became parched, and his pleading heart ſighed out: O, not to-night! yet, yet, another day, ere Camilla is parted with for ever!

But ſuddenly, ſoon after, Camilla ceaſed to appear. At the rooms, at the plays, at the balls, and at the private aſſemblies, Edgar looked for her in vain. Her old adulator, alſo, vaniſhed from public places; while her young admirer and his father hovered about in them as uſual, but ſpiritleſs, comfortleſs, and as if in the ſame ſearch as himſelf.

CHAP. VII.

Juvenile Calculations.

MRS. NORFIELD, a lady whom circumſtances had brought into ſome intimacy with Mrs. Berlinton upon her marriage, had endeavoured, from the firſt of her entrance into high life, to draw her into a love of play; not with an idea of doing her any miſchief, for ſhe was no more her enemy than her friend; but to anſwer her own purpoſes of having a Faro table under her own direction. She was a woman of faſhion, and as ſuch every-where received; but her fortune was ſmall, and her paſſion for gaming inordinate; and as there was not, at this time, one Faro table at Southampton, whither ſhe was ordered for her health, ſhe was almoſt wearied into a lethargy, till her reiterated intreaties prevailed with Mrs. Berlinton to hold one at her own houſe.

The fatigue of life without view, the peril of talents without prudence, and the ſatiety of pleaſure without intermiſſion, were already dangerouſly aſſaulting the early independence and premature power of Mrs. Berlinton; and the moment of vacancy

vacancy and wearineſs was ſeized by Mrs. Norfield, to preſs the eſſay of a new mode of amuſement.

Mrs. Berlinton's houſe opened, failed not to be filled; and opened for a Faro table, to be filled with a peculiar ſet. To game has, unfortunately, always its attractions; to game with a perfect novice is not what will render it leſs alluring; and to ſee that novice young and beautiful is ſtill leſs likely to be repelling.

Mr. Berlinton, when he made this marriage, ſuppoſed he had engaged for life a fair nurſe to his infirmities; but when he ſaw her fixed averſion, he had not ſpirit to cope with it; and when ſhe had always an excuſe for a ſeparation, he had not the ſenſe to acquaint himſelf how ſhe paſſed her time in his abſence. A natural imbecility of mind was now nearly verging upon dotage, and as he rarely quitted his room but at meal times, ſhe made a point never to ſee him in any other part of the day. Her antipathy rendered her obdurate, though her diſpoſition was gentle; and ſhe had now left him at Tunbridge, to meet her aunt at Southampton, with a knowledge he was too much indiſpoſed to follow her. The ill fate of ſuch unequal alliances is almoſt daily exemplified in life; and though few young brides of old bridegrooms

fly their mates thus openly and decidedly, their retainers have ſeldom much cauſe to rejoice in ſuperior happineſs, ſince they are generally regarded but as the gaolers of their young prey.

Moderation was the laſt praiſe to which Mrs. Berlinton had any claim; what ſhe entered upon through perſecution, in an interval of mental ſupineneſs, ſhe was ſoon awake to as a pleaſure, and next purſued as a paſſion. Her beloved correſpondent was neglected; her favourite authors were ſet aſide; her country rambles were given up; balls and the rooms were forgotten; and Faro alone engroſſed her faculties by day, and her dreams during the ſhort epoch ſhe reſerved for ſleep at night. She loſt, as might be expected, as conſtantly as ſhe played: but as money was not what ſhe naturally valued, ſhe diſdained to weigh that circumſtance; and ſo long as ſhe had any to pay, reſigned it with more grace than by others it was won.

That Camilla was not caught by this ruinous faſcination, was not ſimply the effect of neceſſity. Had the ſtate of her finances been as flouriſhing as it was decayed, ſhe would have been equally ſteady in this forbearance. Her reaſon was fair, though her feelings frequently chaced it from the field. She looked on, therefore, with ſafety,

ſafety, though not wholly with indifference; ſhe had too much fancy not to be amuſed by the ſpirit of the buſineſs, and was too animated not to take part in the ſucceſſive hopes and fears of the ſeveral competitors; but though her quick ſenſations prompted a readineſs to enter warmly into all that was preſented to her, what ſhe was once convinced was wrong ſhe was incapable of purſuing.

Upon Gaming, the firſt feeling and the lateſt reflection are commonly one; both point its hazards to be unneceſſary, its purpoſes rapacious, and its end deſperate loſs, or deſtructive gain; ſhe not only, therefore, held back; ſhe took the liberty, upon the privilege of their avowed friendſhip, to remonſtrate againſt this dangerous paſtime with Mrs. Berlinton. But that lady, though eminently deſigned to be amiable, had now contracted the fearful habit of giving way to every propenſity; and finding her native notions of happineſs were blighted in the bud, concluded that all which now remained for her was the indulgence of every luxury. She heard with ſweetneſs the expoſtulation of her young friend; but ſhe purſued her own courſe.

In a very few days, however, while the bluſh of ſhame died her beautiful cheeks, ſhe inquired if Camilla could lend her a little ready money.

A bluſh of no leſs unpleaſant feelings overſpread the face of her fair gueſt, in being compelled to own ſhe had none to lend; but ſhe eagerly promiſed to procure ſome from Mrs. Mittin, who had a note in her hand to exchange for the payment of ſome ſmall debts contracted at Tunbridge: but Mrs. Berlinton, gathering from her confuſion how ill ſhe was ſtored, would not hear of applying to this reſource.

Glaring imprudence in others is a leſſon even to the moſt unthinking. Camilla, when ſhe found that Mrs. Berlinton had loſt every guinea ſhe could command, ventured to renew ſtill more forcibly her exhortations againſt the Faro table; but Mrs. Berlinton, notwithſtanding ſhe poſſeſſed an excellent capacity, was ſo little fortified with any ſteady practical tenets either of religion or morality, that where ſentiment did not take the part of what was right, ſhe had no preſervative againſt what was wrong. The Faro table, therefore, was ſtill kept open.

It was now Mrs. Mittin gained the higheſt point of her ambition; Mrs. Berlinton grew tired of attending even to Mrs. Ulſt, and was much pleaſed by finding a perſon who would ſit with her, comply with her humours, and amuſe her rigid fretfulneſs by goſſiping anecdotes.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mittin had begun life as the apprentice to a ſmall country milliner; but had rendered herſelf ſo uſeful to a ſick elderly gentlewoman, who lodged in the ſame houſe, that ſhe had left her a legacy, which, by ſinking into an annuity, had enabled her to quit her buſineſs, and ſet up, in her own conception, for a gentlewoman herſelf; though with ſo very ſmall an income, that to ſuſtain her new poſt, ſhe was frequently reduced to far greater dependence and hardſhips than ſhe experienced in her old one. She was good-humoured, yet laborious; gay, yet ſubſervient; poor, yet diſſipated. To be uſeful, ſhe would ſubmit to any drudgery; to become agreeable, devote herſelf to any flattery. To pleaſe was her inceſſant deſire, and her rage for popularity included every rank and claſs of ſociety. The more eminent, of courſe, were her firſt objects, but the ſame aim deſcended to the loweſt. She would work, read, go of errands, or cook a dinner; be a paraſite, a ſpy, an attendant, a drudge; keep a ſecret, or ſpread a report; incite a quarrel, or coax contending parties into peace; invent any expedient, and execute any ſcheme—all with the pretext to oblige others, but all, in fact, from ſimple ſelf-love;—as prevalent in her mind as in that of the more highly ambitious, though meaner and leſs dangerous.

Camilla was much relieved when ſhe found this officious perſon was no longer retained ſolely upon her account; but ſtill ſhe could neither obtain her bills, no anſwers ever arriving; nor the money for her twenty pound note, Mrs. Mittin always evading to deliver it, and aſſerting ſhe was ſure ſomebody would come in the ſtage the next day for the payment ſhe had promiſed: and when Camilla wanted caſh for any of the very few articles ſhe now allowed herſelf to think indiſpenſable, inſtead of reſtoring it into her hands, ſhe flew out herſelf to purchaſe the goods that were required, and always brought them home with aſſurances they were cheaper than the ſhopkeepers would let her have them for herſelf.

Camilla reſiſted all incitements to new dreſs and new ornaments, with a fortitude which muſt not be judged by the aged, nor the retired, who, weighing only the frivolity of what ſhe withſtood, are not qualified to appreciate the merit of this ſort of reſignation. The young, the gay, the new in life, who know that, amongſt minor calamities, none are more alarming to the juvenile breaſt than the fear of not appearing initiated in the reigning modes, can alone do juſtice to the preſent philoſophy of Camilla, in ſeeing that all ſhe wore, by the quick

quick changes of fashion, seemed already out of date; in refusing to look at the perpetual diversity of apparel daily brought, by various dress modellers, for the approbation of Mrs. Berlinton; and in seeing that lady always newly, brightly, and in a distinguished manner attired, yet appearing by her side in exactly the same array that she had constantly worn at Tunbridge. Nor was Camilla indifferent to this contrast; but she submitted to it as the duty of her present involved situation, which exacted from her every privation, in preference to bestowing upon any new expence the only sum she could command towards clearing what was past.

At this period, Mrs. Berlinton received an invitation for herself and her fair guest, to a great ball and supper, given upon the occasion of a young nobleman's coming of age, in which all the dancers, by agreement, were to be habited in uniform.

This uniform was to be clear fine lawn, with lilac plumes and ornaments.

Camilla had now, with consuming regret, passed several days without one sight of Edgar. This invitation, therefore, which was general to all the company at Southampton, was, in its first sound, delicious; but became, upon consideration, the reverse. Clear lawn and lilac plumes and

ornaments ſhe had none; how to go ſhe knew not; yet Edgar ſhe was ſure would be there; how to ſtay away ſhe knew leſs.

This was a ſevere moment to her courage; ſhe felt it faultering, and putting down the card of invitation, without the force of deſiring Mrs. Berlinton to make her excuſe, repaired to her own room, terrified by the preponderance of her wiſhes to a conſent which ſhe knew her ſituation rendered unwarrantable.

There, however, though ſhe gained time for reflection, ſhe gathered not the reſolution ſhe ſought. The ſtay at Southampton, by the deſire of Lynmere, had been lengthened; yet only a week now remained, before ſhe muſt return to her father and her uncle—but how return? ſeparated from Edgar? Edgar whom ſhe ſtill believed ſhe had only to ſee again in ſome more auſpicious moment, to re-conquer and fix for life! But when and where might that auſpicious moment be looked for? not at Mrs. Berlinton's; there he no more attempted to viſit: not at the Rooms; thoſe now were decidedly relinquiſhed, and all general invitations were inadequate to draw Mrs. Berlinton from her new purſuit: where, then, was this happy explanation to paſs?

When our wiſhes can only be gratified with

with difficulty, we conclude, in the ardour of combating their obſtacles, that to loſe them, is to loſe every thing, to obtain them is to enſure all good. At this ball, and this ſupper, Camilla painted Edgar completely reſtored to her; ſhe was certain he would dance with her; ſhe was ſure he would ſit by no one elſe during the repaſt; the many days ſince they had met would endear to him every moment they could now ſpend together, and her active imagination ſoon worked up ſcenes ſo important from this evening, that ſhe next perſuaded her belief that all chance of reconciliation hung wholly upon the meeting it offered.

Impelled by this notion, yet wavering, diſſatisfied, and uncomfortable, ſhe ſummoned Mrs. Mittin, and intreated ſhe would make ſuch inquiries concerning the value of the ball-dreſs uniform, as would enable her to eſtimate its entire expence.

Her hours paſſed now in extreme diſquietude; for while all her hopes centred in the approaching feſtival, the eſtimate which was to determine her power of enjoying it was by no means eaſy to procure. Mrs. Mittin, though an adept in ſuch matters, took more pleaſure in the parade than in the performance of her taſk; and always anſwered to her inquiries, that it was impoſſible to ſpeak ſo ſoon; that ſhe muſt go

to ſuch another ſhop firſt; that ſhe muſt conſult with ſuch and ſuch a perſon; and that ſhe muſt conſider over more cloſely the orders given by Mrs. Berlinton, which were to be her direction, though with the ſtipulation of having materials much cheaper and more common.

At length, however, ſhe burſt into her room, one morning, before ſhe was dreſſed, ſaying: "Now, my dear miſs, I hope I ſhall make you happy;" and diſplayed, upon the bed, a beautiful peace of fine lawn.

Camilla examined and admired it, and aſked how much would ſuffice for the dreſs.

"Why, my dear miſs, there's enough for three whole dreſſes; why it's a whole piece; and I dare ſay I can get a handkerchief and an apron out of it into the bargain: yet you may have it for ten ſhillings a yard; for there's 30 yards, and the piece comes to but fifteen pound."

Camilla, ſtartled, haſtily begged her to take it back.

Mrs. Mittin, who had flattered herſelf that the handkerchief and apron, at leaſt, if not one of the gowns, would have fallen to her ſhare, was much diſcompoſed by this unexpected declaration; and conceiving her the moſt avaricious of mortals, was forced

forced away; leaving Camilla in complete deſpondence of any power to effect her wiſh with propriety.

Mrs. Mittin came back late, and with a look of diſmay; the man of whom ſhe had had the muſlin, who was a traveller, whom ſhe had met at a friend's, had not waited her return; and, as ſhe had left the fifteen pounds with him, for a pledge of the ſecurity of his goods, ſhe ſuppoſed he had made off, to get rid of the whole piece at once.

Camilla felt petrified. No poſſible pleaſure or deſire could urge her, deliberately, to what ſhe deemed an extravagance; yet here, in one moment, ſhe was deſpoiled of three parts of all ſhe poſſeſſed, either for her own uſe, or towards the reſtitution of her juſt debts with others.

Obſerving her diſtreſs, Mrs. Mittin propoſed meaſuring the piece in three, and diſpoſing of the two gowns ſhe did not want to Mrs. Berlinton, or her ſiſter and Miſs Lynmere.

Camilla was a little revived; but the reſpite of difficulty was ſhort; upon opening the piece, it was found damaged; and after the firſt few yards, which Mrs. Mittin had ſedulouſly examined, not a breadth had eſcaped ſome rent, fray, or miſchief.

The ill being now irremediable, to make up the dreſs in the cheapeſt manner poſſible was the only conſolation that remained. Mrs. Mittin promiſed to procure every thing elſe that was neceſſary for the mereſt trifle.

Determined, however, to riſk nothing more in ſuch hands, ſhe poſitively demanded that the reſidue of the note ſhould be reſtored to her own keeping. Mrs. Mittin, though much affronted, honeſtly refunded the five ponnds. The little articles ſhe had occaſionally brought were ſtill unpaid for; but her paſſion for detaining the money was merely with a view to give herſelf conſequence, in boaſting how and by whom ſhe was truſted, and now and then drawing out her purſe, before thoſe who had leſs to produce; but wholly without any deſign of impoſition or fraud; all ſhe could obtain by hints and addreſs ſhe conceived to be fair booty; but further ſhe went not even in thought.

Three days now only remained before this event-promiſing ball was to take place, and within three after it, the Southampton expedition was to cloſe. Camilla ſcarcely breathed from impatience for the important moment, which was preceded by an invitation to all the company, to take a ſail on the Southampton water on the morning of the entertainment.

CHAP. VIII.

A Water Party.

THE ball dreſs of Camilla was not yet ready, when ſhe ſet out for the amuſement of the morning. Melmond, upon this occaſion, was forced into the excurſion; his ſiſter repreſented ſo pathetically the ungrateful ill-breeding of ſequeſtering himſelf from a company of which it muſt publicly be expected Eugenia would make one, with the impoſſibility of for ever eſcaping the ſight of Indiana, that he could not, in common decency, any longer poſtpone the double meeting he almoſt equally dreaded.

And this, with all that could aggravate its miſery, from ſeeing the two objects together, immediately occurred. Sir Hugh Tyrold's coach, containing Miſs Margland, Indiana, Eugenia, and Dr. Orkborne, was arrived juſt before that of Mrs. Berlinton; and, the morning being very fine, they had alighted, to join the company aſſembling upon the beech for the expedition. Miſs Margland ſtill continued to exact the attendance of the Doctor, though his wry looks and ſluggiſh pace always

always proclaimed his ill will to the taſk. But Clermont, the only proper beau for her parties, was completely unattainable. He had connected himſelf with young Halder, and his aſſociates, to whom, while he received inſtructions relative to the ſtables and the dog-kennels, he returned, with ſuitable edification, leſſons on the culinary art.

Melmond, deeply diſtreſſed, beſought his ſiſter not to alight till the laſt moment. She pitied him too ſincerely not to comply; and, in a very ſhort time, ſhe had herſelf an aggregate of almoſt all the gentlemen on the beech before the coach.

Among theſe, the firſt to preſs forward were the two Weſtwyns, each enraptured to again ſee Camilla; and the moſt ſucceſsful in obtaining notice was lord Valhurſt, with whom Camilla ſtill thought it prudent, however irkſome, to diſcourſe, rather than receive again the aſſiduities of Henry: but her mind, far from them all, was hovering on the edge of the ſhore, where Edgar was walking.

Edgar, for ſome time paſt, had joined the utmoſt uneaſineſs in determining what conduct to purſue with regard to the friends of Camilla, to the heart-rending deciſion of parting from her for ever. He ſoon learnt the new and dangerous manner in which

Mrs.

Mrs. Berlinton ſpent her evenings, and the idea that moſt naturally occurred to him, was imparting it to Mr. Tyrold. But in what way could he addreſs that gentleman, without firſt knowing if Camilla had acquainted him with the ſtep ſhe had taken? He felt too ſtrongly the ſevere blow it would prove, not to wiſh ſoftening it with every palliation; and while theſe ſtill lingering feelings awed his proceedings, his ſervant learnt, from Molly Mill, that Melmond had been favourably received at Cleves, as a ſuitor to Eugenia. Finding ſo near an alliance likely to take place with the brother, he gave up his plan of remonſtrating againſt the ſiſter, except in private counſel to Camilla; for which, and for uttering his fearful adieu, he was now waiting to ſpeak to her unobſerved.

Still, however, with pain unabating, he ſaw the eager approach to her of Henry, with diſguſt that of lord Valhurſt, and with alarm the general herd.

Lord Pervil, the young nobleman who deemed it worth while to be at the expence of ſeveral hundred pounds, in order to let the world know how old he was, now, with his mother, a widow lady, and ſome other relations, came down in a ſuperb new equipage, to the water-ſide. Mrs. Berlinton could not be ſo ſingular as not to join

join in the general crowd that flocked around them with congratulations; and all parties, in a few minutes, were aſſembled on one ſpot.

Edgar, when he had ſpoken to the group to which the honours of the day belonged, made up to Camilla, gravely enquired after her health; and then placed himſelf as near to her as he was able, in the hope of conferring with her when the company began to move.

Her ſpirits now roſe, and her proſpects re-opened to their wiſhed termination. All her regret was for Henry, who ſaw her preſent avoidance, and bemoaned her long abſence, with a ſadneſs that reproached and afflicted her.

A very fine yacht and three large pleaſure-boats were in readineſs for this company, ſurrounded by various other veſſels of all ſorts and conditions, which were filled with miſcellaneous parties, who meant to partake the ſame gales for their own diverſion or curioſity. The invited ſet was now ſummoned to the water, lord Pervil and his relations leading the way by a ſmall boat to the yacht, to which Mrs. Berlinton and the Cleves party were particularly ſelected gueſts.

Camilla, depending upon the aſſiſtance of Edgar, in paſſing through the boat to

the yacht, ſo obviouſly turned from Henry, that he loſt all courage for perſevering in addreſſing her, and was even, though moſt unwillingly, retiring from a vicinity in which he ſeemed palpably obtruſive, had not his father inſiſted upon detaining him, whiſpering, "Be of good heart, Hal! the girl will come round yet."

Edgar kept equally near her, with a deſign that was the counterpart of her own wiſh, of offering her his hand when it was her turn to enter the boat; but they were both diſappointed; the Peer, not waiting that rotation, preſented her his arm as ſoon as lady Pervil had led the way. There was no redreſs, though Camilla was as much provoked as either of the young rivals.

Lord Valhurſt did not long exult in his victory; the unſteadineſs of the boat made him rather want help for himſelf, than find force to beſtow it upon another, and, upon mounting at the helm to paſs her on to the yacht, he tottered, his foot ſlipt, and he muſt have ſunk between the two veſſels, had not a waterman caught him up, and dragged him into the yacht, with no further misfortune than a bruiſed ſhin, wet legs and feet, and a deplorably rueful countenance, from mingled fright and mortification.

Edgar, not wholly unſuſpicious ſuch an accident

accident might happen, was darting into the boat to ſnatch Camilla from its participation, when he felt himſelf forcibly pulled back, and ſaw, at the ſame moment, Henry, who had alſo ſtarted forward, but whom nothing had retarded, anticipate his purpoſe, and aid her into the yacht.

Looking round to ſee by what, or by whom, he had ſo unaccountably been ſtopt, he perceived old Mr. Weſtwyn, his forefinger upon his noſe in ſign of ſilence and ſecreſy, graſping him by the coat.

"What is the humour of this, Sir?" cried he, indignantly.

Mr. Weſtwyn, ſtill making his token for diſcretion, and bending forward to ſpeak in his ear, ſaid, "Do, there's a good ſoul, let my boy help that young lady. Hal will be much obliged to you, I can tell you: and he's a very good lad."

The nature of Edgar was too candid to ſuffer his wrath to reſiſt a requeſt ſo ſimple in ſincerity; but deeply he ſighed to find, by its implication, that the paſſion of Henry was thus ſtill fed with hopes.

The paſſing of other ladies, with their eſquires, prevented him, who had no lady he wiſhed to conduct, from making his way yet into the yacht; and the honeſt old gentleman, detained by the ſame reaſon, entered promptly into the hiſtory of the

preſent ſituation of his ſon with regard to Camilla; relating, frankly, that he thought her the ſweeteſt girl in the world, except that ſhe did not know her own mind; for ſhe had been ſo pleaſed with his ſon firſt of all, that he really thought he ſhould oblige her by making it a match: "which I could not," added he, "have the heart to refuſe to a girl that gave the boy ſuch a good character. You'd be ſurpriſed to know how ſhe took to him! you may be proud, ſays ſhe to me, you may be proud of your ſon! which is what I ſhall never forget; for though I loved Hal juſt the ſame before, I never could tell but what it was only becauſe he was my own. And I'm ſo afraid of behaving like a blind old gooſe, that I often ſnub Hal, when he's no more to blame than I am myſelf, for fear of his getting out of my hands, and behaving like a certain young man he has been brought up with, and who, I aſſure you, deſerves to have his ears cropt ten times a day, for one piece of impudence or other. I ſhould not have been ſorry if he'd fallen into the water along with that old lord, whom I don't wiſh much good to neither; for, between friends, it ſeems to me that it's he that has put her out of conceit with my poor Hal: for all of a ſudden, nobody can tell why nor wherefore, ſhe takes it into her

her head there's nothing elſe worth liſtening to, but juſt his old compliments. And my poor Hal, after thinking ſhe had ſuch a kindneſs for him, that he had nothing to do but put on his beſt coat—for I told him I'd have none of his new-fangled modes of affronting my worthy old friend, by going to him like a poſtillion, with a cropt head, and half a coat—after thinking he'd only to aſk his conſent, for he'd got mine without ever a word, all at once, without the leaſt quarrel, or either I or Hal giving her the leaſt offence, ſhe won't ſo much as let him ſpeak to her! but turns off to that old fellow that tumbled into the water there, and had near made her ſlip in after, if it had not been for my ſon's ſtopping her, which I ſha'n't forget your kindneſs in letting him do; but what's more, ſhe won't ſpeak to me neither! though all I want is to aſk her the reaſon of her behaviour! which I ſhall certainly do, if I can catch her any five minutes away from that lord; for you'll never believe what good friends we were, before ſhe took ſo to him. We three, that is, ſhe and I, and Hal, uſed to ſpeak to nobody elſe, ſcarce. Poor Hal thought he'd got it all his own way. And I can't but own I thought as much myſelf; for there was no knowing ſhe'd hold herſelf ſo above us, all at once. I aſſure you, if

we

we don't bring her to, it will go pretty hard with us; for I like her juſt as well as Hal does. I'd have made over to them the beſt half of my income immediately."

Edgar had never yet felt ſuch ſerious diſpleaſure againſt Camilla as ſeized him upon this artleſs narrative. To have trifled thus, and, as he believed, moſt wantonly, with the feelings and peace of two amiable perſons, whether from the vanity of making a new conqueſt, or the tyranny of perſecuting an old one, ſhewed a love of power the moſt unjuſtifiable, and a levity the moſt unpardonable. And when he conſidered himſelf as exactly in the ſame ſuſpenſive ſtate as a young man of little more than a fortnight's acquaintance, he felt indignantly aſhamed of ſo humiliating a rivalry, and a ſtrong diminution of regret at his preſent purpoſe.

Melmond, meanwhile, preſſed by his ſiſter, ſeconded by his own ſenſe of propriety, had forced himſelf to the Cleves' party; and, after bowing civilly to Miſs Margland, who courteouſly ſmiled upon one whom ſhe conſidered as the future maſter of Cleves, and moſt profoundly to Indiana, who coloured, but deigned not the ſmalleſt ſalutation in return, offered his hand to Eugenia; but with a mind ſo abſorbed, and ſteps ſo uncertain, that he was

was unable to afford her any aſſiſtance; and her lameneſs and helpleſſneſs made her ſo much require it, that ſhe was in danger of falling every moment; yet ſhe felt in Paradiſe; ſhe thought him but enfeebled, as ſhe was enfeebled herſelf, by a tender ſenſibility; and danger, therefore, was not merely braved, it was dear, it was precious to her.

Indiana now conſoled her mortification, with believing a retaliation at hand, that would overcome the otherwiſe indelible diſgrace of being ſuperſeded by Eugenia in a conqueſt. Full of her own little ſcheme, ſhe imperiouſly refuſed all offers of aid, and walked on alone, till croſſing the boat, ſhe gave a ſhriek at every ſtep, made hazardous by her wilful rejection of aſſiſtance, and acted over again the charm of terror, of which ſhe well recollected the power upon a former occaſion.

Theſe were ſounds to vibrate but too ſurely to the heart of Melmond; he turned involuntarily to look at her; her beauty had all its original enchantment; and he ſnatched away his eyes. He led on her whom ſtill leſs he durſt view; but another glance, thus ſurpriſed from him, ſhewed Indiana unguarded, unprotected; his imagination painted her immediately in a watery grave; and, ſeeing Eugenia ſafe, though not ac-

accommodated, he ruſhed back to the boat, and with trembling reſpect implored her to accept his aid.

Triumphant, now, ſhe conceived herſelf in her turn, and looking at him with haughty diſdain, ſaid, ſhe choſe to go alone; and when again he conjured her not to riſk her precious ſafety, added, "You know you don't care about it; ſo pray go to your Miſs Eugenia Tyrold."

Young Melmond, delicate, refined, and well bred, was preciſely amongſt the firſt to feel, that a reply ſuch as this muſt be claſſed amongſt the reverſe of thoſe three epithets—had it come from any mouth but that of Indiana!—but love is deaf, as well as blind, to every defect of its choſen object, during the ſeaſon of paſſion: from her, therefore, this anſwer, leaving unobſerved the littleneſs and ſpleen which compoſed it, retained but ſo much of meaning as belongs to announcing jealouſy, and in giving him that idea, filled him with ſenſations that almoſt tore him aſunder.

Urged by her pique, ſhe contrived, and with real riſk, to jump into the yacht alone; though, if ſwayed by any leſs potent motive, ſhe would ſooner have remained in the boat the whole day. But what is the ſtrength which may be put upon a par with inclination? and what the general courage

courage that partial enterprize will not exceed?

Melmond, who only to ſome amiable cauſe could attribute whatever flowed from ſo beautiful an object, having once ſtarted the idea of jealouſy, could give its ſource only to love: the impure ſpring of envy entered not into his ſuggeſtions. What, then, was his diſtraction, to think himſelf ſo greatly miſerable! to believe he was ſecretly favoured by Indiana, at the inſtant of his firſt devoirs to another! Duty and deſire were equally urgent to be heard; he ſhrunk in utter deſpondence from the two objects that ſeemed to perſonify both, and retreated, to the utmoſt of his power, from the ſight of either.

Miſs Margland had more than echoed every ſcream of Indiana, though nobody had ſeemed to hear her. Dr. Orkborne, the only beau ſhe could compel into her ſervice, was miſſing; her eye and voice alike every where demanded him in vain; he neither appeared to her view, nor anſwered her indignant calls.—Nor, indeed, though ſhe forced his attendance, had ſhe the moſt remote hope of inſpiriting him to any gallantry: but ſtill he was a man, and ſhe thought it a mark of conſequence to have one in her train; nor was it by any means nothing to her to torment Dr. Orkborne

Orkborne with her reproaches. To diſpoſitions highly iraſcible, it is frequently more gratifying to have a ſubject of complaint than of acknowledgment.

The ladies being now all accommodated upon the deck, ſailing orders were given, when an "holla! holla!" making the company look round, Lynmere deſired to be admitted. All the party intended for the yacht were already on board, and lord Pervil told Mr. Lynmere he would find a very good place in one of the pleaſure boats: but he anſwered he was juſt come from them, and preferred going in the yacht. Lord Pervil then only hoped the ladies would excuſe being a little crowded. Edgar had already glided in, and Mr. Weſtwyn had openly declared, when aſked to go to one of the boats, that he always went where Hal went, be it where it might.

Clermont, now, elbowing his way into a group of gentlemen, and addreſſing himſelf to young Halder, who was amongſt them, ſaid: "Do you know what they've got to eat here?"

"No."

"What the deuce! have not you examined the larder? I have been looking over the three boats,—there's nothing upon earth!—ſo I came to ſee if I could do any better here."

Halder vowed if there were nothing to eat, he would ſooner jump over board, and ſwim to ſhore, than go ſtarving on.

"Starving?" ſaid Mr. Weſtwyn, "why I ſaw, myſelf, ſeveral baſkets of proviſions taken into each of the boats."

"Only ham and fowls," anſwered Clermont, contemptuouſly.

"Only ham and fowls? why what would you have?"

"O the d——l," anſwered he, making faces, "not that antediluvian ſtuff! any thing's better than ham and fowls."

"Stilton cheeſe, for inſtance?" cried Mr. Weſtwyn, with a wrathful ſneer, that made Clermont, who could not endure, yet, for many reaſons, could not reſent it, haſtily decamp from his vicinity.

Mr. Weſtwyn, looking after the young epicure with an expreſſion of angry ſcorn, now took the arm of Edgar, whoſe evident intereſt in his firſt communication encouraged further confidence, and ſaid: "That perſon that you ſee walk that way juſt now, is a fellow that I have a prodigious longing to give a good caning to. I can't ſay I like him; yet he's nephew to the very beſt man in the three kingdoms; but he's a poor fool, as well as a ſorry fellow. I love to ſpeak my mind plainly."

Edgar

Edgar was ill-diſpoſed to converſation, and intent only upon Camilla, who was now ſeated between Mrs. Berlinton and Eugenia, and occupied by the fine proſpects every where open to her; and Mr. Weſtwyn, alſo, now ſtopt his harangue, diſturbed by a new ſight, which diſplaced Clermont from his thoughts.

Camilla, to whom the beauties of nature had mental, as well as viſual charms, from the bleſſings, as well as pleaſure, ſhe had from childhood been inſtructed to conſider as ſurrounding them, was ſo enchanted by the delicious ſcenery every way courting her eyes, the tranſparent brightneſs of the noble piece of water upon which ſhe was ſailing, the richneſs and verdure of its banks, the ſtill and gently gliding motion of the veſſel, the clearneſs of the heavens, and the ſerenity of the air, that all her cares, for a while, would have been loſt in admiring contemplation, had ſhe not painfully ſeen the eternal watching of Henry for her notice, and gathered from the expreſſion of his eyes, his intended expoſtulation. The ſelf-reproach with which ſhe felt how ill ſhe could make her defence, joined to a ſincere and generous wiſh to ſpare him the humiliation of a rejection, made her ſeek ſo to engage herſelf as to prevent the poſſibility of his uttering two ſentences following.

But as this was difficult with Eugenia, who was loſt in ſilent meditation upon her own happineſs, or Mrs. Berlinton, who was occupied in examining the beauty ſo fatal to the repoſe of her brother; ſhe had found ſuch trouble in eluding him, that, when ſhe ſaw lord Valhurſt advance from the cabin, where he had been drying and refreſhing himſelf, ſhe welcomed him as a reſource, and, taking advantage of the civility ſhe owed him for what he had ſuffered in eſquiring her, gave him her ſole attention; always perſuaded his admiration was but a ſort of old faſhioned politeneſs, equally without deſign in itſelf, or ſubject for comment in others.

But what is ſo hard to judge as the human heart? The faireſt obſervers miſconſtrue all motives to action, where any received prepoſſeſſion has framed an hypotheſis. To Edgar this conduct appeared the moſt degrading fondneſs for adulation; and to Mr. Weſtwyn a tyrannical caprice, meant to mortify his ſon. "I hope you ſaw that! I hope you ſaw that!" cried he, "for now I don't care a pin for her any longer! and if Hal is ſuch a mere fool as ever to think of her any more, I'll never ſee his face again as long as I live. After looking aſkew at the poor boy all this time, to turn about and make way for that naſty

old

old fellow; as who should say, I'll speak to nothing but a lord! is what I shall never forgive; and I wish I had never seen the girl, nor Hal neither. I can't say I like such ways. I can't abide 'em."

A sigh that then escaped Edgar, would have told a more discerning person, that he came in for his ample share in the same wish.

"And, after all," continued he, "being a lord is no such great feat that ever I could learn. Hal might be a lord too, if he could get a title. There is nothing required for it but what any man may have; nobody asks what he can do, or what he can say. If he's got a good head, it's well; and if he has not, it's all one. And that's what you can't say of such a likely young fellow as my son. You may see twenty for one that's as well looking. Indeed, to my mind, I don't know that ever I saw a prettier lad in my life. So she might do worse, I promise her, though she has used my son so shabbily. I don't like her the better for it, I assure her; and so you may tell her, if you please. I'm no great friend to not speaking my mind."

The fear of being too late for the evening's arrangements, made lord Pervil, after a two hours sail, give orders for tacking about: the ladies were advised to go into

the cabin during this evolution; but when, with the reſt, Camilla was returning to the deck, lord Valhurſt, who had juſt deſcended, entreated her to ſtop one moment.

Not at all conjecturing his reaſon, ſhe innocently begged him to ſpeak quick, that ſhe might not loſe any of the beautiful landſcapes they were paſſing.

"Ah what," cried the enamoured peer, "what in the world is beautiful in any compariſon with yourſelf? To me no poſſible object can have ſuch charms; and I have now no wiſh remaining but never to loſe ſight of it."

Amazed beyond all meaſure, ſhe ſtared at him a moment in ſilence, and then, confirmed by his looks that he was ſerious, would have left the cabin with precipitance: but, preventing her from paſſing; "Charming Miſs Tyrold!" he cried, "let the confeſſion of my flame meet your favour, and I will inſtantly make my propoſals to your friends."

To Camilla this offer appeared as little delicate, as its maker was attractive; yet ſhe thought herſelf indebted for its general purport, and, as ſoon as her aſtoniſhment allowed her, gracefully thanked him for the honour of his good opinion, but entreated him to make no application to her friends,

as

as it would not be in her power to concur in their conſent.

Concluding this to be modeſt ſhyneſs, he was beginning a paſſionate proteſtation of the warmth of his regard, when the effuſion was ſtopt by the appearance of Edgar.

Little imagining ſo ſerious a ſcene to be paſſing as the few words he now gathered gave him to underſtand, his perplexity at her not returning with the other ladies, made him ſuggeſt this to be a favourable moment to ſeize for following her himſelf, and demanding the ſought, though dreaded conference. But when he found that his lordſhip, inſtead of making, as he had ſuppoſed, his uſual fond, yet unmeaning compliments, was pompouſly offering his hand, he haſtily retired.

No livelineſs of temper had injured in Camilla the real modeſty of her character. A ſenſe, therefore, of obligation for this partiality accompanied its ſurpriſe, and was preparing her for repeating the rejection with acknowledgments, though with firmneſs, when the ſight of Edgar brought an entirely new train of feelings and ideas into her mind. O! happy moment! thought ſhe; he muſt have heard enough of what has paſſed to know me, at leaſt, to be diſintereſted! he muſt be ſure, now, it was

himſelf, not his ſituation in life, I was ſo prompt in accepting—and if again he manifeſts the ſame preference, I may receive it with more frankneſs than ever, for he will ſee my whole heart, ſincerely, ſingly, inviolably his own!

Bewitched with this notion, ſhe eſcaped from the peer, and ran up to the deck, with a renovation of animal ſpirits, ſo high, ſo lively, and ſo buoyant, that ſhe ſcarcely knew what ſhe ſaid or did, from the uncontrolable gaiety, which made every idea dance to a happineſs new even to her happy mind. Every one ſhe looked at, ſhe ſmiled upon; to whatever was propoſed, ſhe aſſented; hardly could ſhe reſtrain her voice from involuntarily ſinging, or her feet from inſtinctively dancing.

Edgar, compared with what he now felt, believed that hitherto he had been a ſtranger to what wonder meant. Is this, thought he, Camilla? Has ſhe wilfully faſcinated this old man ſeriouſly to win him, and has ſhe won him but to triumph in the vanity of her conqueſt? How is her delicacy perverted! what is become of her ſenſibility! Is this the artleſs Camilla? modeſt as ſhe was gay, docile as ſhe was ſpirited, gentle as ſhe was intelligent? O how ſpoilt! how altered! how gone!

Camilla, little ſuſpicious of this conſtruction,

ſtruction, thought it would be now equally wrong to ſpeak any more with either Henry or lord Valhurſt, and talked with all others indiſcriminately, changing her object with almoſt every ſpeech.

A moment's reflection would have told her, that quietneſs alone, in her preſent ſituation, could do juſtice to the purity of her intentions: but reflection is rarely the partner of happineſs in the youthful breaſt; it is commonly brought by ſorrow, and flies at the firſt dawn of returning joy.

Thus, while ſhe diſpenſed to all around, with views the moſt innocent, her gay and almoſt wild felicity, the very delight to which ſhe owed her animation, of believing ſhe was evincing to Edgar with what ſingleneſs ſhe was his own, gave her the appearance, in his judgment, of a finiſhed, a vain, an all-accompliſhed coquette. The exaltation of her ideas brightened her eyes into a vivacity almoſt dazzling, gave an attraction to her ſmiles that was irreſiſtible, the charm of faſcination to the ſound of her voice, to her air a thouſand nameleſs graces, and to her manner and expreſſion an enchantment.

Powers ſo captivating, now for the firſt time united with a facility of intercourſe, ſoon drew around her all the attendant, admiring beaux.

No animal is more gregarious than a fashionable young man, who, whatever may be his abilities to think, rarely decides, and still less frequently acts for himself. He may wish, he may appreciate, internally with justice and wisdom; but he only says, and only does, what some other man of fashion, higher in vogue, or older in courage, has said or has done before him.

The young lord Pervil, the star of the present day, was now drawn into the magic circle of Camilla; this was sufficient to bring into it every minor luminary of his constellation; and even the resplendent and incomparable beauty of Indiana, even the soft and melting influence of the expressively lovely Mrs. Berlinton, gave way to the superior ascendance of that varied grace, and winning vivacity, which seemed instinctively sharing with the beholders its own pleasure and animation.

To Edgar alone this gave her not new charms: he saw in her more of beauty, but less of interest; the sentence dictated by Dr. Marchmont, as the watchword to his feelings, *were she mine*, recurred to him incessantly; alas! he thought, with this dissipated delight in admiration, what individual can make her happy? to the rational serenity of domestic life, she is lost! . . . .

Again, as he viewed the thickening group before her, offering freſh and freſh incenſe, which her occupied mind ſcarcely perceived, though her elevated ſpirits unconſciouſly encouraged, he internally exclaimed: "O, if her truſting father ſaw her thus! her father who, with all his tender lenity, has not the blind indulgence of her uncle, how would he ſtart! how would his ſenſe of fair propriety be offended!—or if her mother—her reſpectable mother, beheld thus changed, thus undignified, thus open to all flattery and all flatterers, her no longer peerleſs daughter—how would ſhe bluſh! how would the tint of ſhame rob her impreſſive countenance of its noble confidence!"

Theſe thoughts were too agitating for obſervation; his eyes moiſtened with ſadneſs in aſſociating to his diſappointment, that of her revered and exemplary parents, and he retreated from her ſight till the moment of landing; when with ſudden deſperation, melancholy yet determined, he told himſelf he would no longer be withheld from fulfilling his purpoſe.

He made way, then, to the group, though with unſteady ſteps; his eye pierced through to Camilla; ſhe caught and fixt it. He felt cold; but ſtill advanced. She ſaw the change, but did not underſtand

it. He offered her his hand before lady Pervil aroſe to lead the way, leſt ſome competitor ſhould ſeize it; ſhe accepted it, rather ſurprized by ſuch ſudden promptneſs, though encouraged by it to a ſtill further dependence upon her revived and ſanguine expectations.

Yet deeper ſunk this flattering illuſion, when ſhe found his whole frame was ſhaking, and ſaw his complexion every moment varying. She continued, though in a leſs diſengaged manner, her ſprightly diſcourſe with the group; for he uttered not a word. Content that he had ſecured her hand, he waited an opportunity leſs public.

Lady Pervil, who poſſeſſed that true politeneſs of a well-bred woman of rank, who knows herſelf never ſo much reſpected as when ſhe lays aſide mere heraldic claims to ſuperiority, would not quit the yacht of which ſhe did the honours, till every other lady was conducted to the ſhore. Edgar had elſe purpoſed to have detained Camilla in the veſſel a moment later than her party, to hear the very few words it was his intention to ſpeak. Fruſtrated of this deſign, he led her away with the reſt, ſtill totally ſilent; till her feet touched the beach: ſhe was then, with ſeeming careleſſneſs, withdrawing her hand, to trip off to Mrs. Berlinton; but Edgar, ſuddenly graſping

it,

it, tremulouſly ſaid: "Will it be too much preſumption—in a rejected man—to beg the honour of three minutes conference with Miſs Tyrold, before ſhe joins her party?"

A voice piercing from the deep could not have cauſed in Camilla a more immediate revulſion of ideas; but ſhe was ſilent, in her turn, and he led her along the beach, while Mrs. Berlinton, attended by a train of beaux, went to her carriage, where, thus engaged, ſhe contentedly waited.

"Do not fear," he reſumed, when they had paſſed the crowd, "do not fear to liſten to me, though, once more, I venture to obtrude upon you ſome advice; let it not diſpleaſe you; it is in the ſpirit of the pureſt good will; it is ſingly, ſolely, and diſintereſtedly as a friend."

Camilla was now all emotion; pale ſhe turned, but Edgar did not look at her; and ſhe ſtrove to thank him in a common manner, and to appear cool and unmoved.

"My opinion, my fears rather, concerning Mrs. Berlinton, as I find ſhe hopes ſoon for a near connexion with your family, will henceforth remain buried in my own breaſt, yet, ſhould you, hereafter, remember them to any uſe, I ſhall rejoice; though

though ſhould nothing ever recur to remind you of them, I ſhall rejoice ſtill more. Nor will I again torment you about that very under-bred woman who inhabits the ſame houſe, and who every where boaſts an intimacy with its two ladies, that is heard with general aſtoniſhment: nor yet upon another, and far more important topic, will I now touch,—the preſent evening recreation at Mrs. Berlinton's. I know you are merely a ſpectatreſs, and I will not alarm your friends, nor dwell myſelf, upon collateral miſchiefs, or eventual dangers, from a buſineſs that in three days will end, by your reſtoration to the moſt reſpectable of all protections. All that, now, I mean to enter upon, all that, now, I wiſh to enforce, a few words will compriſe, and thoſe words will be my—"

He would have ſaid *my laſt*, but his breath failed him; he ſtopt; he wanted her to ſeize his meaning unpronounced; and, though it came to her as a thunder-bolt from heaven, its very horror helped her; ſhe divined what he could not utter, by feeling herſelf recoil from what ſhe could not hear.

"Few, indeed," cried he, in broken accents, "muſt be theſe final words! but how can I ſet out upon my ſo long procraſtinated tour, with an idea that you are

not

not in perfect ſafety; yet without attempting to point out to you your danger? And yet,—that you ſhould be ſurrounded by admirers can create no wonder;—that you ſhould feel your power without diſpleaſure, is equally natural;—I ſcarcely know, therefore, what I would urge—yet perhaps, untold, you may conceive what ſtruggles in my breaſt, and do juſtice to the conflict between friendſhip and reſpect, where one prompts a freedom, which the other trembles to execute. I need not, I think, ſay, that to offend you is nearly the only thing that could aggravate the affliction of this parting."—

Camilla turned aſide from him; but not to weep; her ſpirit was now rewakened by reſentment, that he could thus propoſe a ſeparation, without enquiring if ſhe perſiſted to deſire it.

"I tire you?" reſumed he, mournfully; "yet can you be angry that a little I linger? Farewell, however—the grave, when it cloſes in upon me can alone end my prayers for your felicity? I commit wholly to you my character and my conduct, with regard to your moſt honoured father, whom I beſeech and conjure you to aſſure of my eternal gratitude and affection. But I am uncertain of your wiſhes; I will, therefore, depart without ſeeing him. When

I return

I return to this country, all will be forgotten—or remembered only—" *by me*, he meant to ſay, but he checked himſelf, and, with forced compoſure, went on:

"That I travel not with any view of pleaſure, you, who know what I leave—how I prize what I loſe,—and how lately I thought all I moſt covetted mine for ever, will eaſily believe. But if earthly bliſs is the lot of few, what right had I to expect being ſo ſelected? Severe as is this moment, with bleſſings, not with murmurs, I quit you! bleſſings which my life, could it be uſeful to you, ſhould conſecrate. If you were perſuaded our diſpoſitions would not aſſimilate; if mine appeared to you too rigorous, too ungenial, your timely precaution has ſpared more miſery than it has inflicted. How could I have borne the light, when it had ſhewn me Camilla unhappy—yet Camilla my own—?"

His ſtruggle here grew vain, his voice faultered; the reſentment of Camilla forſook her; ſhe raiſed her head, and was turning to him her ſoftened countenance, and filling eyes, when ſhe ſaw Melmond, and a party of gentlemen, faſt approaching her from Mrs. Berlinton. Edgar ſaw them too, and cutting ſhort all he meant to have added, kiſſed, without knowing what he did, the lace of her cloak, and ejaculating,

"Be

"Be Heaven your guard, and happineſs your portion!" left her hand to that of Melmond, which was held out to her, and ſlightly bowing to the whole party, walked ſlowly, and frequently looking back, away: while Camilla, nearly blinded now by tears that would no longer be reſtrained, kept her eyes fixedly upon the earth, and was drawn, more dead than alive, by Melmond to the coach.

CHAP. IX.

Touches of Wit and Humour.

THE ſuddenneſs of this blow to Camilla, at the moment when her expectations from Edgar were wound up to the ſummit of all ſhe deſired, would have ſtupified her into a conſternation beyond even affliction, had not the mildneſs of his farewell, the kindneſs of his prayers, and the friendſhip of his counſels, joined to the generoſity of leaving wholly to herſelf the account of their ſeparation, ſubdued all the pride, that ſought to ſtifle her tenderneſs, and penetrated her with an admiration which left not one particle of cenſure to diminiſh her regret.

Melmond and his ſiſter, always open to diſtreſs, and ſuſceptible to pity, ſaw with true concern this melancholy change, and concluded that Mandlebert had communicated ſome painful intelligence.

She went ſtraight to her own room, with a ſign of ſupplication that Mrs. Berlinton would not follow; and turning quick from Mrs. Mittin, who met her at the ſtreet door.

Mrs. Berlinton yielded; but Mrs. Mittin was

was not ſo eaſily rebuffed. She was loaded with lilac plumes, ribbands, and gauzes, and Camilla ſaw her bed completely covered with her new ball dreſs.

This ſight was, at firſt, an aggravation of her ſufferings, by appearing to her as ſuperfluous as it was expenſive: but wherever hope could find an aperture to creep in at, it was ſure of a welcome from Camilla. Edgar was undoubtedly invited to the ball; why ſhould he not be there? he had taken leave of her, indeed, and he certainly propoſed going abroad; but could a mere meeting once more be ſo repugnant as not to be endured?

The anſwer to this queſtion was favourable to her wiſhes, for by her wiſhes it was framed: and the next play of her fertile and quick reviving imagination, deſcribed the meeting that would enſue, the accidents that would bring them into the ſame ſet, the circumſtances that would draw them again into converſation, and the ſincerity with which ſhe would do juſtice to her unalterable eſteem, by aſſuring him how injurious to it were his ſurmiſes that ſhe thought him rigorous, auſtere, or in any ſingle inſtance to blame.

Theſe hopes ſomewhat appeaſed, though their uncertainty could not baniſh her terrors, and ſhe was able to appear at dinner tolerably compoſed.

Another

Another affair, immediately after, ſuperſeded them, for the preſent, by more urgent difficulties.

Soon after her arrival at Southampton, a poor woman, who waſhed for her, made a petition in behalf of her brother, a petty ſhop-keeper, who by various common, yet pitiable circumſtances of unmerited ill ſucceſs in buſineſs, was unable to give either money or ſecurity to the wholeſale dealers, for the renewal of his exhauſted ſtock in trade; though the preſent full ſeaſon made it rational to ſuppoſe, that, if he had his uſual commodities, he might retrieve his credit, ſave himſelf from bankruptcy, and his children from beggary. Theſe laſt, which were five in number, were all, upon various pretences, brought to Camilla, whoſe pity they excited by the innocence with which they ſeemed ignorant of requiring it. But the goods which their father wanted to lay in to revive his trade, demanded full thirty pounds, which ſhe declared, were as abſolutely out of her power to give as thirty thouſand, though ſhe promiſed to plead to Sir Hugh for the ſum, upon her return to Cleves, and was prevailed with to grant her name to this promiſe for the wholeſale dealers. Theſe would truſt, however, to no verbal ſecurity; and Mrs. Mittin, who from collateral reaſons was completely a friend to the poor man,

man, offered to be bound for him herself, though thirty pounds were nearly her year's income, provided Camilla would sign a paper, by which she would engage *upon her honour*, to indemnify her of any loss she might eventually sustain by this agreement, as soon as she was of age, or should find it in her power before that time.

The seriousness of this clause, made Camilla refuse the responsibility, protesting she should have no added means in consequence of being of age. But Mrs. Mittin assured Higden, the poor man, as she assured all others, that she was heiress to immense wealth, for she had had it from one that had it from her own brother's own mouth.

The steadiness of Camilla, however, could not withstand her compassion, when this day, as she quitted the dining parlour, the poor woman brought the children to beg for their father. Certain of her uncle's bounty, she would have run a far more palpable risk, rather than have assumed the force to send them weeping away. Her note, therefore, was given for the deliverance of the stores.

She then repaired to her toilette; but attired herself without seeing what she put on, or knowing, but by Mrs. Mittin's descriptions and boastings, that her dress

was

was new, of the Pervil uniform, and made precisely like that of Mrs. Berlinton. Her agitated spirits, suspended, not between hope and fear, but hope and despair, permitted no examination of its elegance: the recollection of its expence, and the knowledge that Edgar thought her degenerating into coquetry, left nothing but regret for its wear.

Mrs. Berlinton, who never till now, since her marriage, had been of any party where her attractions had not been unrivalled, had believed herself superior to pleasure from personal homage, and knew not, till she missed it, that it made any part of her amusement in public. But the Beauty, when first she perceives a competitor for the adulation she has enjoyed exclusively, and the Statesman, at the first turn of popular applause to an antagonist, are the two beings who, perhaps, for the moment, require the most severe display of self-command, to disguise, under the semblance of good-humour, or indifference, the disappointment they experience in themselves, or the contempt with which they are seized for the changing multitude.

Mrs. Berlinton, though she felt no resentment against Camilla for the desertion she had occasioned her, felt much surprize; not to be first was new to her: and whoever,

ever, in any ſtation of life, any claſs of ſociety, has had regular and acknowledged precedency, muſt own a ſudden deſcent to be rather aukward. Where reſignation is voluntary, to give up the higher place may denote more greatneſs of mind than to retain it; but where impoſed by others, few things are leſs exhilarating to the principal, or impreſs leſs reſpect upon the by-ſtander.

Mrs. Berlinton had never been vain; but ſhe could not be ignorant of her beauty; and that the world's admiration ſhould be ſo wondrouſly fickle, or ſo curiouſly ſhort-lived, as to make even the bloom of youth fade before the higher zeſt of novelty, was an earlier leſſon than her mind was prepared to receive. She thought ſhe had dreſſed herſelf that morning with too much careleſſneſs of what was becoming, and devoted to this evening a greater portion of labour and ſtudy.

While Camilla was impatiently waiting to ſet out, Mrs. Higden and the children gained admittance to her again, and implored their benefactreſs to ſave them from immediate deſtruction. The precarious ſtate of Higden's affairs had juſt reached the ears of his landlord, already watchful and ſuſpicious from a year and half arrears of his rent; and he threatened inſtant

ſeizure

ſeizure of all that was upon the premiſes, unleſs he had payment or ſecurity for what was his due; and this, by bringing upon Higden all his other creditors, muſt fruſtrate all her beneficence, by infallibly immuring him in the lingering hopeleſſneſs of a priſon.

Camilla, ſad, and diſpoſed to pity, could not turn from their prayers; the debt was but eighteen pounds; the noble largeſſes of her uncle in charity, till, of late, that he had been ſomewhat drained by Lionel, were nearly unlimited.—She pauſed—looked now at the pleading group, now at her own expenſive dreſs; aſked how, for her hopes, ſhe could riſk ſo much, yet for their deliverance from ruin ſo little; and with a bluſh turning from the mirrour, and to the children with a tear, finally conſented that the landlord ſhould apply to her the next morning.

* * * *

Lord Pervil had ſome time opened the ball before Mrs. Berlinton's arrival; but he looked every where for Camilla, to ſucceeded to a young lady of quality with whom he had danced the firſt two dances. He could not, however, believe he had found, though he now ſoon ſaw and made

made up to her. The brilliancy of her eyes was dimmed by weeping, her vivacity was changed into dejection, ſighs and looks of abſence took place of ſmiles and ſallies of gaiety, and her whole character ſeemed to have loſt its ſpring and elaſticity. She gave him her hand, to preſerve her power of giving it if claimed by Edgar, and though he had thought of her without ceaſing ſince ſhe had charmed him in the yacht till he had obtained it, not a lady appeared in the room, by the time theſe two dances were over, that he would not more chearfully have choſen for two more: her gravity every minute encreaſed, her eye rolled, with reſtleſs anxiety, every where, except to meet his, and ſo little were her thoughts, looks, or converſation beſtowed upon her partner, that inſtead of finding the animated beauty who had nearly captivated him on board the yacht, he ſeemed coupled with a fair lifeleſs machine, whom the muſic, perforce, put in motion; and relinquiſhed her hand with as little reluctance as ſhe withdrew it.

Melmond had again, by his ſiſter, been forced into the party, though with added unwillingneſs, from his new idea of Indiana. Now, however, to avoid that fair bane was impoſſible: Indiana was the firſt object to meet every eye, from the luſtre of her

beauty, and the fineneſs of her figure, each more than ever tranſcendently conſpicuous, from the uniform which had obliged every other female in the room to appear in exactly the ſame attire. Yet great and unrivalled as was the admiration which ſhe met, what came ſimply and naturally was inſufficient for the thirſt with which ſhe now quaffed this intoxicating beverage; and to render its draughts ſtill more delicious, ſhe made Eugenia always hold by her arm. The contraſt here to the ſpectators was diverting as well as ſtriking, and renewed attention to her own charms, when the eye began to grow nearly ſated with gazing. The ingenuous Eugenia, incapable of ſuſpecting ſuch a deſign, was always the dupe to the requeſt, from the opinion it was made in kindneſs, to ſave her from fatigue in the eternal ſauntering of a public place; and, loſt to all fear, in being loſt to all hope, as to her own appearance, chearfully accompanied her beautiful kinſwoman, without conjecturing that, in a company whence the illiterate and vulgar were excluded, perſonal imperfections could excite pleaſantry, or be a ſubject of ſatire.

Camilla, who ſtill ſaw nothing of Edgar, yet ſtill thought it poſſible he might come, joined them as ſoon as ſhe was able. Miſs Margland was full of complaints about Dr.

Orkborne, for his affording them no assistance in the yacht, and not coming home even to attend them to Lord Pervil's; and Eugenia, who was sincerely attached to the Doctor, from the many years he had been her preceptor, was beginning to express her serious uneasiness at his thus strangely vanishing; when Clermont, with the most obstreperous laughter, made up to them, and said: "I'll tell you a monstrous good joke! the best thing you ever heard in your life! the old Doctor's been upon the very point of being drowned!—and he has not had a morsel to eat all day!"

He then related that his man, having seen him composedly seated, and musing, upon a pile of planks which were seasoning upon the beach, with his face turned away from the company to avoid its interruptions, had enquired if he had any commands at home, whither he was going: "Not for meaning to do them;" continued Lynmere; "No, no! catch Bob at that! but only to break in upon him; for Bob's a rare hand at a joke. He says he's ready to die with laughing, when he speaks to the old Doctor while he's studying, because he looks so much as if he wished we were all hanged. However, he answered tolerably civilly, and only desired that nobody might go into his room till he came home

from the ſail, for he'd forgot to lock it. So Bob, who ſmoked how the matter was, ſays: "The ſail, Sir, what are you going alone, then? for all the company's been gone theſe two hours." So this put him in ſuch a taking, Bob ſays he never laughed ſo much in his life. He jumped up as if he'd been bit: "Gone?" ſays he, "why where's Miſs Eugenia, I promiſed Sir Hugh not to loſe ſight of her." So he ſaid he'd go after her that very moment. "Call me a boat," ſaid he: juſt as if he'd ordered a hackney coach; for he knows about as much of winds and tides as my little bay Filly, that I bought of Halder yeſterday for fifty pounds, but that I ſhall make worth ſeventy in leſs than a month. Well, there was nothing to be had but a ſmall fiſhing boat, ſo Bob winks at the man to take in a friend; for he has all thoſe fellows in a ſtring. So in went his Latinſhip, and off they put. Bob fell into ſuch a fit of laughter, he ſays I might have heard him a mile off. I don't think Bob has his fellow upon earth for fun."

Eugenia now interrupted the narration, with a ſerious enquiry where Dr. Orkborne was at preſent.

Lynmere, ſhouting at what he thought the ridicule of this concern, anſwered, that Bob had told the fiſherman to go about his

his own buſineſs, unleſs the Doctor offered to pay him handſomely for taking him on board the yacht; but thinking it would be a good joke to know what was become of him, he had gone himſelf, with Halder, and ſome more choice blades, to the beach, about half an hour ago, to make Bob ſee if the fiſhing boat was come in; and, by good luck, they arrived at the very nick of time, and ſaw the Doctor, the fiſh, and the fiſhing-tackle, all hauled out together. "And a better ſight was never ſeen before, I promiſe you!" continued Lynmere; "I thought I ſhould quite have burſt my ſides with looking at him, he was ſo wet and ſo cold, and ſo miſerable; and when I thought of his having had no dinner, I ſhouted till I was ready to roll on the beach—and he ſmelt ſo of the fiſh, that I could have hugged Bob, 'twas ſuch monſtrous good ſport. He got three half-crowns in a minute for his ingenuity: Halder began;—and two others of us gave two more."

"Poor Dr. Orkborne! and where is he now?" ſaid Eugenia.

"Why we got about the fiſherman, and then we had all the ſame fun over again: He ſays, that, at firſt, the poor gentleman was in a great taking, fretting and fuming, and looking out for the yacht, and ſeeming almoſt beſide himſelf for hurry to get to it;

but after that, he takes out a little red book and a pencil, and falls to writing, juſt as hard as if he'd come into the boat for nothing elſe; inſomuch, that when they were juſt coming along-ſide the yacht, he never lifted up his head, nor liſtened to one word, but kept making a motion with his hand to be let alone: and when the man ſaid the yacht would be paſſed, he bid him hold his peace, and not interrupt him ſo, in ſuch a pettiſh manner, that the man reſolved to take honeſt Bob's advice, and go on about his own buſineſs. And ſo he did, and the Doctor was as content as a lord, till he had ſcribbled all he could ſcratch out of his noddle; but then came the beſt ſport of all; for when he had nothing more to write, and looked up, and ſaw the boat ſtock ſtill, and the man fiſhing at his leiſure, and heard the yacht had been bound homeward of a good hour, he was in ſuch a perilous paſſion, the man ſays, that he actually thought he'd have jumped overboard. I'll bet what you will he won't aſk Bob to call him a boat again in a hurry."

"As to his behaviour," ſaid Miſs Margland, "it's the laſt thing in the world to ſurprize me, after what I have ſeen myſelf. Who is Dr. Orkborne? I doubt much if any one ever heard his name before. I ſhould

ſhould like to know if any body can tell who was his grandfather!"

She then declared, if ſhe could get any ſoul to fetch him, he ſhould ſtill come, if it were only that he might not paſs the evening all in his own way, which would be juſt the thing to encourage him to hide himſelf, on purpoſe not to help them another time.

Eugenia was going to beg he might not be diſturbed, when Melmond, all alacrity to ſeize any means of abſenting himſelf from the two coufins, who produced in him ſo ſevere a conflict, offered his ſervices to carry a meſſage to the Doctor; which being readily accepted, he ſet off.

Indiana and Eugenia, not wholly without ſimilarity of ſenſation, looked after him. Indiana had now caught his eye; and though quickneſs was no part of her character, the tale it told had convinced her that her power, though no longer acknowledged was not extinguiſhed; it required neither elemental precepts, nor ſagacious perceptions, to make this diſcovery, and ſhe exultingly determined to appeaſe her late mortification, by reducing him to her feet. She ſtopt not to enquire what ſuch a ſtep might be to Eugenia, nor what was likely, or even deſirable to be its event. Where narrow minds imagine they have

received injury, they ſeek revenge rather than redreſs, from an opinion that ſuch a conduct aſſerts their own importance.

Still vainly, and wretchedly, the eyes of Camilla ſought Edgar: the evening advanced, but he came not; and every poſſible chance for hope was ſoon torn from her boſom.

Dr. Orkborne accompanied Melmond back. Miſs Margland was preparing him a reproachful reception, but was ſo much offended by the fiſhy ſmell which he brought into the room, that ſhe had immediate recourſe to her ſalts, and beſought him to ſtand out of her way. He complied without reluctance, though with high diſdain.

The young ladies were all dancing. Indiana had no ſooner perceived Melmond, than ſhe determined to engage his attention: the arts of coquetry require but ſlender parts, where the love of admiration is potent; ſhe pretended, therefore, to feel extremely ill, put her hand to her forehead, and telling her partner, Mr. Halder, ſhe could not ſtand another minute, haſtened to Miſs Margland, and caſt herſelf, as if fainting, upon her neck.

This had all the ſucceſs with Melmond that his own lively imagination could give it. He flew to a ſide-table to get her a glaſs of water, which his ſhaking hand could

could ſcarcely hold, but which ſhe received from him with a languiſhing ſweetneſs, that diſſolved every tie but of love, and he "*hung over her enamoured**;" while Miſs Margland related that ſhe could hardly keep from fainting herſelf, ſo much ſhe had been ſhocked and diſordered by the horrid ſmell of Dr. Orkborne.

Indiana now caught the infection, and proteſted ſhe was ſo much worſe, that if ſhe had not a little air ſhe ſhould die. Melmond was flying to open a window, but a lady who ſat cloſe to it objected; and he had then recourſe to two folding doors, leading to a portico, which opened to a large garden.

Hither Indiana permitted herſelf to be led, and led by the thrice happy, yet thrice miſerable Melmond. Miſs Margland was accompanying them, but lady Pervil, advancing to enquire what went wrong, gave her an opportunity irreſiſtible to inveigh againſt Dr. Orkborne; and as her well-bred hearer, though little intereſted in ſuch a detail, would not interrupt it; Indiana arrived alone in the portico with Melmond. Halder, who had danced with her, followed, but ſuppoſing Melmond the favoured man, walked ſinging off, and made the tour of the garden.

* Milton.

This ſituation was to Melmond as dangerous, as to Indiana it was exulting. She now ſuddenly withdrew her hand, with an air of poignant diſdain, which the illuminated portico and houſe made amply viſible; and when ſurprized and much moved, he tremblingly enquired if ſhe were worſe, ſhe anſwered, "Why do you aſk? I am ſure you do not care."

Eaſily deprived of all forbearance, "Heavens!" he exclaimed, "do I live, yet ſuffer this imputation! O divine Indiana! load me with every other reproach, rather than this dreadful charge of inſenſibility to all that is moſt lovely, moſt perfect upon earth!"

"I thought," ſaid Indiana, again ſoftening her fine eyes, "you had quite forgot me, and all the vows you made to me."

"Wretch that I am," cried Melmond, nearly diſtracted by this charge, and by the regret at loſing him, which ſeemed its purport, "condemned to every ſpecies of woe! O fair, angelic Indiana! in a cottage with you would I have dwelt, more delightedly, and more proudly, than any potentate in the moſt gorgeous palace: but, alas! from you—formed to enchant all mankind, and add grace to every dignity—from you could I dare aſk ſuch a ſacrifice?"

Indiana now liſtened with an attentive ſoftneſs

ſoftneſs no longer factitious; though all her views wafted her to ſplendour and high life, her ear could not withſtand the romantic ſound of love and a cottage; and though no character was ever leſs formed to know and taſte the bleſſings ſuch a ſpot may beſtow and reciprocate, ſhe imagined ſhe might there be happy, for ſhe conſidered ſuch an habitation but as a bower of eglantine and roſes, in which ſhe might repoſe and be adored all day long.

Melmond ſaw but too quickly the relenting caſt of her countenance; and extacy and deſpair combated which ſhould bear ſway in his breaſt. "Ah! madam," he cried, "moſt adorable and moſt adored of women! you know my terrible ſituation, but you know not the ſufferings, nor the conſtancy of my heart!—the perſecution of friends, the preſſure of diſtreſs, the hopeleſſneſs of my idolized Indiana—"

A deep ſigh interrupted him—it came not from Indiana—ſtartled, he looked round—and beheld Eugenia, leaning againſt the door by which ſhe ſeemed to have intended entering, pale, petrified, aghaſt.

Shame now tied his tongue, and tingled, with quick reproach, through his whole frame. He looked at Indiana with deſpair, at Eugenia with remorſe; injured rectitude and bluſhing honour urged him to the

ſwifteſt termination of ſo every way terrible ſcene, and bowing low to Eugenia, "I durſt not, madam," he cried, ever hope for your pardon! yet I rather deluded myſelf than deceived you when I ventured to ſolicit your acceptance. Alas! I am a bankrupt both in fortune and in heart, and can only pray you will haſten to forget—that you may forbear to execrate me!"

He then diſappeared, finding a way out by the garden, to avoid re-entering the ball-room.

Eugenia, who, in this ſpeech, comprehended an eternal adieu, ſunk upon the ſeat of the portico, cold, ſhivering, almoſt lifeleſs. Little prepared for ſuch an event, ſhe had followed Indiana the moment ſhe was diſengaged from the dance, not ſuſpicious of any *tête-à-tête*, from believing Halder of the party. The energy of Melmond made her approach unheard; and the words ſhe unavoidably caught, nearly turned her to marble.

Indiana was ſorry for her diſtreſs, yet felt a triumph in its cauſe; and wondered how ſo plain a little creature could take it into her head to think of marrying.

Camilla now joined them, affrighted at the evident anguiſh of Eugenia, who, leaning upon her affectionate boſom, had the relief, excited by pity, of burſting into tears, while

while despondingly she uttered: "All is over, my sister, and over for life with Eugenia! Melmond flies and detests me! I am odious in his sight! I am horror to his thoughts!"

Camilla wept over her in silent, but heart-breaking sympathy. Indiana returned to the dance: but the two suffering sisters remained in the portico till summoned to depart. They were insensible to the night air, from the fever of their minds. They spoke no more; they felt the insufficiency of words to express their griefs, and their mutual compassion was all that softened their sorrows.

CHAP. X.

An Adieu.

Lost to all happineſs, and for the firſt time in her life diveſted of hope, Camilla, at a late hour returned to Mrs. Berlinton's. And here, her heart-breaking diſappointment received the cruel aggravation of the moſt ſevere ſelf-reproach, when in facing the mirror to depoſit her ornaments upon the toilette table, ſhe conſidered the expenſive elegance of her whole dreſs, now, even in her own eſtimation, by its abortive purpoſe, rendered glaringly extravagant. Since her project had failed, ſhe ſaw the impropriety of having riſked ſo much in its attempt; and a train of juſt reflections enſued, to which her underſtanding was always equal, though her gaiety was ſeldom diſpoſed. "Would Edgar," thought ſhe, "wait the event of a meeting at a ball to decide his conduct? Had he not every title to claim a conference with me, if he had the ſmalleſt inclination? Rejected as he calls himſelf, I had not pretended to demand our ſeparation from any doubts, any diſpleaſure of my own. From the moment he ſuffered me to quit, without reclamation,

reclamation, the roof under which I had propoſed our parting, I ought to have ſeen it was but his own deſire, perhaps deſign, I was executing. And all the reluctance he ſeemed to feel, which ſo weakly I attributed to regard, was but the expiring ſenſibility of the laſt moment of intercourſe. Not with murmurs, he ſays, he will quit me—nor with murmurs will I now reſign him!—with bleſſings, he ſays, he leaves me—O Edgar! mayſt thou too be bleſt! The erring and unequal Camilla deſerved thee not!"

A more minute examination of her attire was not calculated to improve her ſerenity, when ſhe found that Mrs. Mitten had taken not only the pattern, but the value of Mrs. Berlinton's for her guide. Of its coſt ſhe was no judge, but certain its amount muſt be high, ſhe felt the utmoſt diſſatisfaction with herſelf for having truſted the ſmalleſt commiſſion to ſo vain and ungovernable an agent.

The new, but all powerful gueſt which now aſſailed her, unhappineſs, had ſtill kept her eyes from cloſing, when ſhe was called up to Mr. Tennet, the landlord of Higden. Her fuller knowledge of her own hopeleſs debts, could not make her faithleſs to her engagements; for her acquaintance with miſery awakened but more pity for the miſery

misery of others. She admitted him; therefore, without demur; and found he was a land surveyor, who had often been employed by Sir Hugh at Cleves. He accepted her verbal promise to be answerable for the rent now due, declining her note of hand, which her minority made illegal, and engaging not to hurry her for the money; well satisfied, by the Tyrold character in the whole county, he might abide by her word of honour, founded upon the known munificence of her uncle.

This delay was some relief, and she hastened to Eugenia, to console whose sufferings was all that could mitigate her own.

One of the maids then came to say she had forgotten to inform her, that, some time after she had set out for lord Pervil's, a stranger, muffled up, and with a hat flapped over his face so as wholly to hide it, had enquired for her, and seemed much disturbed when he heard she was at the ball, but said he would call again the next day at noon.

No conjecture occurred to Camilla but that this must be Edgar; it was contrary to all probability; but no other image could find way to her mind. She hastened, inexpressibly perturbed, to her sister, determining to be at home before twelve o'clock,

and

and fashioning to herself all the varieties such a meeting could afford; every one of which, however they began, ended regularly with a reconciliation.

She found Eugenia weeping in bed. She embraced her with the extremest tenderness: "Ah, my sister!" said the unhappy mourner, "I weep not for my disappointment, great as it may be—and I do not attempt describing it!—it is but my secondary sorrow. I weep, Camilla, for my own infatuation! for the folly, the blindness of which I find myself culpable. O Camilla! is it possible I could ever—for a moment, a single moment, suppose Melmond could willingly be mine! could see his exquisite susceptibility of every thing that is most perfect, yet persuade myself he could take, by choice, the poor Eugenia for his wife! the mangled, deformed,—unfortunate Eugenia!"

Camilla, touched to the heart, wept now more than her sister. "That Eugenia," she cried, "has but to be known, to leave all beauty, all figure, every exterior advantage aloof, by the nobler, the more just superiority of intrinsic worth. Let our estimates but be mental, and who will not be proud to be placed in parallel with Eugenia?"

She was then beginning her own sad relation, when an unopened letter upon the toilette

toilette table caught her eye. It had been placed there by Molly Mill, who thought her miſtreſs aſleep. Struck by the ſhape of the ſeal, Camilla roſe to examine it: what was her palpitation, then, to ſee the cypher E. M, and, turning to the other ſide, to perceive the hand writing of Edgar!

She put it into her ſiſter's hand, with expectation too big for ſpeech. Eugenia opened it, and they read it ſilently together.

To Miſs EUGENIA TYROLD.

Southampton.

'Tis yet but a ſhort time—in every account but my own—ſince I thought myſelf forming a legal claim to addreſs Miſs Eugenia Tyrold as my ſiſter. Every other claim to that affectionate and endearing title has been her's beyond her own memory; her's by the filial love I bare her venerated parents; her's, by the tender eſteem due to the union of almoſt every virtue. Theſe firſt and early ties muſt remain for ever. Diſappointment here cannot pierce her barbarous ſhafts, fortune cannot wanton in reverſing, nor can time diſſolve them.——

"O Edgar!" exclaimed Camilla, ſtopping the reading, and putting her hand, as in

in benediction, upon the paper, "do you deign to talk of diſappointment? do you condeſcend to intimate you are unhappy? Ah, my Eugenia, you ſhall clear this dreadful error!—'tis to you he applies—you ſhall be peace-maker; reſtorer!"

Eugenia dried her tears at the thought of ſo ſweet an office, and they read on.

"Of the other—yet nearer claim, I will not ſpeak. You have probably known longer than myſelf, its annihilation, and I will not pain your generous heart with any view of my ſufferings in ſuch a deprivation. I write but to take with my pen the leave I dare not truſt myſelf to take by word of mouth; to wiſh to your opening proſpects all the happineſs that has flown mine, and to entreat you to anſwer for me to the whole of your loved family, that its name is what, through life, my ear with moſt reverence will hear, my heart with moſt devotion will love.

EDGAR MANDLEBERT.

At the kind wiſh upon her own opening proſpects, Eugenia wept afreſh; but when Camilla took the letter to preſs to her lips and her heart what he ſaid of his ſufferings, ſhe perceived at the doubling down, two lines more:—

"I am

"I am this moment leaving Southampton for the Isle of Wight, whence I shall sail to the first port, that the first vessel with which I may meet shall be bound."

"No, my dear Eugenia," cried she, then colouring, and putting down the letter, "your mediation will be spared! He acquaints us he is quitting England. He can only mention it to avoid the persecution of an answer. Certainly none shall be obtruded upon him."

Eugenia pleaded that still a letter might overtake him at the Isle of Wight, and all misunderstanding might be rectified. "And then, my sister, all may be well, and your happiness renewed.—It has not flown you—like that of Eugenia—from any radical cause. Her's is not only gone, past all resource, but has left behind it disgrace with sorrow, derision with disappointment!"

Camilla strove to soothe her, but would no longer listen to any mediation; she resolved, at once, to write of the separation to her father, and beseech him to send for her to Etherington, and never again suffer her to quit that roof, where alone her peace was without disturbance, her conduct without reproach. Even her debts, now, she felt equal to avowing, for as, far from contracting new ones, she meant in future to reside in complete obscurity, she hoped the

feelings

feelings of this moment would procure pardon for her indiscretions, which her own sedulous future œconomy should be indefatigable to repair.

Eugenia would not strive longer against a procedure which she deemed dignified, and the departure of Camilla was hurried by a messenger, who brought word that the strange man, with the flapped hat, was returned, and entreated her, for Heaven's sake, to let him speak with her one moment.

Dead, now, to the hope she had entertained of this enquirer, she merely from his own urgency complied with his call: for her curiosity was extinct, since she now knew it could not be Edgar.

* * * *

Edgar, indeed, was actually departed. His heart was loaded with sorrow, his prospect seemed black with despondence; but Camilla was lost to that perfect confidence, and unbounded esteem, he required to feel for his wife; and no tenderness without them, no partial good opinion, nor general admiration, could make him wish to lead her to the altar. "No!" cried he, "Dr. Marchmont; you judged me better than my first passion, and her untried steadiness enabled

enabled me to judge myself. Misery only could have followed my view of her in the mixt society in which the thousand accidents of life might occasionally have placed us. I can only be happy with a character as simple in the world as in retirement; as artless at an assembly, as in a cottage. Without that heavenly simplicity, the union of all else that renders life desirable, were vain! without that—all her enchanting qualities, with which nothing can vie, and which are entwined around my heart-strings, were ineffectual to my peace."

"You are right," said the Doctor, "and your timely caution, and early wisdom, will protect you from the bitterness of a personal experience like mine. With all the charms she assembles, her character seems too unstable for private domestic life. When a few years more have blunted the wild vivacity, the floating ambition, the changing propensities which now render her inconsistent to others, and fluctuating even to herself, she may yet become as respectable, as she must always be amiable. But now, whoever takes her from the circle in which she is playing, will see her lost to all gaiety, though without daring to complain, from the restraint of bidden duties, which make the bidder seem a tyrant."

Edgar shrunk from such a part, and immediately

immediately prepared for his long projected tour.

He had, originally, purposed visiting Mr. Tyrold before he set out, and conversing with him upon the state of danger in which he thought his daughter; but his tenderness for her feelings, during his last adieu, had beguiled him of this plan, lest it should prove painful, injurious, or inauspicious to her own views or designs in breaking to her friends their breach. He now addressed a few lines to his revered guardian, to be delivered by Dr. Marchmont; to whom he gave discretionary powers, if any explanation should be demanded; though clogged with an earnest clause, that he would neither advance nor confess any thing that could hurt Camilla, even a moment; unless to avert from her some danger, or substantiate some good.

Dr. Marchmont determined to accompany him to the Isle of Wight, whither he resolved to go, and wait for his baggage; and undertook the superintendance of his estate and affairs in his absence.

When they were summoned to the little vessel, Edgar changed colour, his heart beat quick, and he sighed rather than breathed. He held his hand upon his eyes and forehead for a few minutes, in agony inexpressible,

ſible, then ſilently gave his ſervant the letter he had written for Eugenia, took the Doctor by the arm, walked to the beach, and got aboard; his head ſtill turned wholly towards the town, his eyes looking above it, as if ſeeking to fix the habitation of Camilla.

"I feel truly your unhappineſs, my dear Mandlebert," ſaid Dr. Marchmont, "that this young creature, with defects of ſo cruel a tendency, mingles qualities of ſo endearing a nature. Judge, however, the predominance of what is faulty, ſince parents ſo exemplary have not been able to make the ſcales weigh down on the ſide of right. Alas! Mr. Tyrold has himſelf erred, in committing, at ſo early a period, the reins of her conduct into her own hands. The very virtues, in the firſt youth, are ſo little regulated by reflection, that, where not watched nor aided, they run into extremes nearly as pernicious, though not ſo unamiable as the vices. What inſtance more than this now before us can ſhew the futility of education, and the precarioufneſs of innate worth, where the contaminating world is allowed to ſeize its inexperienced prey, before the character is fixed as well as formed?"

A deeply aſſenting ſigh broke from the boſom of Edgar, whoſe ſtrained eyes held

held their purpoſe, till neither beach nor town, nor even a ſpire of Southampton, were diſcernable. Again, then, for a moment, he covered them with his hand, and exclaimed: "Farewell! Camilla, farewell!"

CHAP. XI.

A modeſt Requeſt.

QUICK, though without a wiſh of ſpeed, was the return home of Camilla; ſhe felt at this moment in that cruſhed and deſolate ſtate, where the ſudden extinction of hope leaves the mind without energy to form even a wiſh. She was quick only becauſe too nervous to be ſlow, and hurried on, ſo little knowing why, that when ſhe came to Mrs. Berlinton's, ſhe was running to her own room, wholly forgetting what had called her from Eugenia, till the ſervant ſaid, "this is the man, ma'am."

She then ſaw, parading up and down the hall, a figure wrapt round in a dark blue roquelo, with no part of his face viſible, from the flaps of his hat.

At another time ſhe might have been ſtartled: but ſhe was now indifferent to every thing, and only enquired what was his buſineſs.

He made no anſwer but by a low bow, pointing, at the ſame time to the door of one of the parlours, and then, in a ſupplicating manner, putting together his hands, as if begging to ſpeak to her in private.

Careleſs,

Careleſs, rather than courageous, ſhe was going into an empty room with him, when the ſervant whiſpered her to be upon her guard, as the man had a very ſuſpicious look.

Stopping ſhort, then, ſhe again repeated her queſtion, adding, "I can hear any thing you have to ſay where we now are."

The ſtranger ſhook his head, with a motion towards the ſervant, that ſeemed to demand his abſence.

Alas! thought ſhe, it is ſome gentleman in diſtreſs, who wants to beg and is aſhamed. I have nothing to give him! I will, at leaſt, therefore, not inſiſt upon his expoſing himſelf. She then whiſpered the footman to keep in the hall, and near the parlour, which ſhe entered, telling the incognito he might follow.

But ſhe was ſeriouſly alarmed out of her apathy, upon ſeeing him cautiouſly ſhut the door, and ſeduloufly examine the apartment.

She wanted not preſence of mind, when not robbed of it by ſome peculiar and poignant feelings. She turned immediately to the bell, certain its firſt touch would bring in the footman; but, perceiving her purpoſe, the ſtranger ſeized her by the arm, and in a hoarſe low voice ſaid: "Are you

mad? don't you know me?" and ſhe recognized her brother.

She expoſtulated upon his having ſo cauſeleſsly terrified her, and enquired why he came diſguiſed.

He laughed heartily at her affright, and extolled his own ſkill in perſonating a ſubtle ruffian; declaring he liked to have a touch at all trades, in caſe of accidents.

"And have you come hither, Lionel, only for this fooliſh and very unpleaſant trick?"

"O no, my dear! this was only for my opening. I have an hundred ſmart freaks in my head, any one of them worth a little trip to Southampton. Beſides, I wanted to know what you were about. How does a certain maſter Edgar Mandlebert do? Don't bluſh, child. What a little ſly rogue you have been! hey ho! Tears?—My dear Camilla! what's all this?"

She entreated him to make his enquiries of Eugenia.

"Well, you took me in, I promiſe you, I fully thought the young Baronet had been the man. And, really he's as fine a fellow as I ever ſaw."

"Do not ſpeak of him, I beg! O Lionel!—If you knew—" She was going to ſay, how through your means that affair has injured me—but ſhe checked complaints

which ſhe now regarded as uſeleſs, and therefore degrading; and, wiping her eyes, aſked if he had yet conſidered the large ſum for the obligation of which he had made her ſeem reſponſible to Sir Sedley.

"Pho, pho, my dear child, don't be ſo Vellum-like; you'll be fit for nothing, ſoon, but to file bills and ſcore accounts. What's two hundred to him? Hang him! I wiſh 'twere as much again—I hate making a fuſs about nothing. But come, tell me ſomething to raiſe my ſpirits—I am horribly melancholy. I've ſome notion of making a little ſport here with Miſs Scare-crow. How does ſhe go on? Waſpiſh as ever?"

"Do tell me, ſeriouſly, Lionel, what it is has brought you hither?"

"Two things, my dear. The firſt of which is the pleaſure of ſeeing you; and the ſecond, is a little amuſement I propoſe myſelf with old Dr. Hic, Hæc, Hoc. I find Clermont's had rare ſport with him already. It's duced unlucky I did not come ſooner."

"Clermont? When did you ſee Clermont?"

"Don't be curious, child. I never encourage curioſity. It always leads to diſagreeable queſtions. You may tell me any thing you pleaſe, but aſk nothing. That's my manner of dealing with little girls. How did you like my ſending the Major to you?

Was not that good fudge? What do you look ſo grave for, my dear? You're enough to give one the vapours."

Camilla attempted not to rally; ſhe felt pierced as by a poignard at the very ſight of Lionel. The debt he had made her contract with Sir Sedley, the ſecrecy it exacted, the correſpondence it had drawn on, the cruel circumſtances it had produced, and the heart-breaking event to which it had, ultimately, led, made his view excite ſenſations too corroſive, and reflections too bitter, for any enjoyment of a gaiety which her utmoſt partiality could not diſentangle from levity the moſt unfeeling.

"Come, come, for pity's ſake, be a little leſs ſtupid, I conjure you. How terribly you want a good ſhaking! ſhall I give you one? By the way, you have never thanked me for ſending you that ſmart young tinker. You are horribly ungrateful to all my tender care to provide you a good ſpouſe. What! not a ſmile? Not one dear little dimple for all my rattle? Nay, then, if that's the caſe, let's to buſineſs at once. Any thing is better than mawkiſhneſs. I always preferred being flogged for a frolic, to being told I was a good boy, at the expence of ſitting ſtill, and learning my leſſon."

"And what buſineſs, my dear Lionel? Have you really any?"

"O yes,

"O yes, always; nobody has more; only I do it ſo briſkly, people always ſuppoſe it nothing but pleaſure. However, juſt at this minute, I am really in rather an ugly dilemma. You know, my dear girl, there is a certain little rather awkward affair of mine, which I once hinted to you."—

"Lionel, I hope, at leaſt,"——

"O, none of your hopes with that grave face! Hope, with a grave face, always means fear. Now, as I am already half ſhoes over in the ſlough of deſpond, 'twill be horridly ungenerous to poke me ſtill lower."

Camilla now began to tremble, and would aſk no queſtions. Lionel, when he had ſilenced her, ſeemed at a loſs how to proceed; he walked about the room with quick jerks, opened and ſhut the window, ſeated himſelf upon every chair, and every table; and then, in a half paſſion, ſaid: "ſo you don't want to hear any more? and you don't care a fig if I'm hanged or drowned?"

"My ſpirits are not high, my dear Lionel; and my head is full, and my heart is oppreſſed: if you have any thing, therefore, important to ſay, ſpeak, I beg, without trifling."

"Nay, there's nothing new; ſo don't

look frightened; it's all the ſame old ſtory."

"You continue, then, that dark, myſterious connexion? O brother!"

"Why ſhe's ſo pretty! ſo monſtrous pretty! beſides, ſhe doats upon me. You don't half conceive what a pretty fellow I am, Camilla. A ſiſter never knows how to judge a man. All the women like me prodigiouſly."

"Indeed, Lionel, you take an undue advantage of my affection. I muſt ſeriouſly inſiſt that you mention this ſubject to me no more."

"I don't intend it. I intend to finiſh with this once—provided you do me one laſt good turn. Will you, now? Come, don't be queer."

"I will do nothing, abſolutely nothing in ſo improper—ſo ſhocking a buſineſs. Indeed, I know not how to forgive you for naming it again."

"Well, then, I'll pledge you my word and honour you ſhall never hear of it more, if you'll only grant me this one favour."

Diſpleaſed at the paſt, and frightened for what might be to come, ſhe proteſted ſhe would immediately leave the room, if he continued this perſecution: adding, "how affectionately I love you, I need not,

not, I am ſure, ſay; but a confidence ſuch as this, from a brother to a ſiſter, diſgraces us both: and let me penetrate, but not irritate you, if I own, that I much doubt whether I ought not from the beginning, to have revealed this tranſaction at Etherington. Do not be angry Lionel: has not every conſideration been ſurmounted by the fear of giving you pain?"

Finding he ſtill would be heard, ſhe was peremptorily quitting the room; but when ſhe had her hand upon the door, he effectually ſtopt her, by ſaying, "Nay, then, if nothing will content you but getting the whole out at once, you may make yourſelf eaſy: the buſineſs is at end, for——we're blown!"

"I muſt certainly be glad if ſuch a buſineſs is at an end, Lionel; but how do you mean blown? to whom? in what manner?"

"To every body, I'm afraid; for the huſband's upon the point of getting at it."

"Huſband?"

"O, the deuce! I did not mean to ſay that: however, it's out! and as it muſt have been known ſooner or later"——

Camilla now had an air the neareſt to ſeverity ſhe had ever worn: "Adieu, Lionel!"

Lionel!" ſhe cried, "I am ſorry for you indeed; but you muſt find another hearer for this guilty hiſtory,—I will liſten no more!"

Lionel now detained her by force. "How can you take up the thing ſo wrong," ſaid he; "when I tell you it's over, isn't that enough? Beſides, I promiſe you I have not wanted for my puniſhment: when you hear all, you'll find that."

Too ſick for ſpeech, yet too weak for reſiſtance, ſhe was conſtrained to return to her ſeat, and hear what he pleaſed to relate."

"My adventure, my dear, was diſcovered entirely by the want of a little huſh-money. 'Tis the very deuce and all for a man to be in love when he is poor. If I had only had a little huſh-money—yes, yes, I underſtand that eye! but as to thoſe paltry ſums I have had, from time to time, ſince this affair, why they could not be expected to laſt for ever: And the firſt went to a houſe-maid,—and the ſecond to the groom,—and the third"——

"Lionel! Lionel! is this a communication—are theſe particulars for me?"

"Nay, I only mention it to let you know it's all gone fairly. Beſides, as to her being a married woman, which, I ſee,

is what you think ſo much the worſt of all, I aſſure you, if you knew her huſband, you would not wonder; he deſerves every thing. Such a tireſome quiz! It was often hours before we could get rid of him. You never knew ſuch a blockhead. The poor thing can't bear him. But ſhe's fond of me to diſtraction. Nay, nay, don't frown ſo! If you'll believe me, Camilla, you'll quite ſpoil your face. Well, the fellow that threatens to betray us, won't keep our ſecret under three hundred pounds! There's an unconſcionable knave! However, I thought that better than a trial too; not that ſhe would have broken her heart at a ſeparation, you'll believe; but then...there's a certain horrid thing called damages! And then my father's particularities,—and my mother's ſeeing things in ſuch ſtrong lights—and a parſon's ſon,—and all that"—

Camilla, ſhaking and pale, now entreated him to get her a glaſs of water, and, for a while, at leaſt, to forbear continuing this terrible ſtory.

He conſented to ring for the water, and then, more briefly, went on.

"Finding in vain to hope any longer for entire concealment, I thought a private diſcovery leſs ſhocking than a public one; and therefore, telling my ſtory as well as I could,

could, I ſtated, in a letter to my uncle, that three hundred pounds would ſave both the expences and publicity of a trial; and, with every poſſible profeſſion of contrition and reformation, I humbly petitioned for that ſum."

"My poor uncle! alas! what unreaſonable—unmerciful claims every way ſurround him!"

"He's well revenged for mine, I promiſe you! There's no plague loſt between us, as you'll own, when you've heard the end of my poor petition. I followed up my letter, according to my uſual cuſtom, the next day, in order to receive my money; knowing poor uncle hates writing worſe than giving: well, and when I arrived, my mind juſt made up to a few gentle reprimands againſt naughtineſs, and as many gentle promiſes to do ſo no more; out pops me the old butler, and ſays his maſter can't ſee me! Not ſee me? Why, who's with him? Your father, Sir! O,—then for your life, cries I, don't ſay I have been here—but now—now Camilla will you think me puniſhed or not?—My uncle had a little gout in his right hand, and had made my father open and read—that very day,—all his letters! If ever you knew old Nick ſerve a poor young fellow a worſe turn than that, tell me ſo? I owe him ſuch

ſuch a grudge for it, I could almoſt find in my heart to turn parſon myſelf."

Camilla could not utter a word. She dropt her head over her folded arms upon the table, to hide her offending brother from her ſight, whom now, placed in oppoſition to her all-excellent father, ſhe blamed beyond her powers, beyond what ſhe conceived even her rights of expreſſion.

"Why now, my dear Camilla, what do you hide your face for? Do you think I'm not as ſorry for this thing as you can be for the life of you? However, now comes the worſt; and if you don't pity me when you hear this, you may depend upon it you have no bowels. I was making off as faſt as I could, mum the word to the ſervants when in comes old Jacob with a letter I ſnatched it from him, hoping my uncle had privately ſent me a draft—but the direction was written by my father! Don't you begin to feel a little for me now?"

She could only raiſe her head to ejaculate, "My poor—poor father!" and then, nearly in an agony, dropt it again.

"Hey-day, Camilla? how's this? what! not one word of poor, poor brother, too? why you are harder than flint. However, read that letter. And then, if you don't think me the moſt unhappy young fellow

in

in exiſtence, you are fit to deviſe tortures for the inquiſition."

She took the letter eagerly, yet awfully, kiſſed in weeping the hand-writing, and read what follows:

To LIONEL TYROLD, *Eſq.*

"To have brought up my family, with the purity of principle which the holy profeſſion of their father ought to inſpire him to teach, has been, from the hour that my paternal ſolicitudes commenced, the moſt fervent of my prayers. How my hopes have been deluded you have but too long known; how groſsly they have failed has reached my own knowledge but this moment. I here reſign the vain expectation, that through my ſon the community might bleſs me: may a forfeiture ſo dread not extend to me, alſo, through my daughters!—"

Camilla ſtopt, ſunk upon her knees, and devoutedly repeated the laſt ſentence, with her own ardent ſupplications joined to it before ſhe could proceed.

"A few words more muſt, for the preſent, ſuffice between us. Accident, by throwing into my hands this laſt letter to the

the uncle whoſe goodneſs you have moſt unwarrantably and unfeelingly buſed, has given birth to an inveſtigation, by which I have arrived at the diſcovery of the long courſe of rapacity with which you have pilfered from the ſame ſource. Henceforth, you will find it dry. I have ſtated to my brother the miſtake of his compliance, and obtained his ſolemn word, that all intercourſe between you, that has not my previous approbation, ſhall here finally ceaſe. You will now, therefore, empty no more thoſe coffers which, but for you, have only been opened to the juſt claims of benevolence.

"You will regard this detection as the wrath of ill-fortune; I view it, on the contrary, as the mercy of Providence. What were further pecuniary exonerations, but deeper plunges into vilifying diſſoluteneſs? If, as you intimate, the refuſal of your preſent demands will expoſe you to public ſhame, may its ſhock awaken feelings that may reſtore you to private virtue! I cannot ſpare you from diſgrace, by aiding you in corruption; I cannot reſcue you from worldly diſhonour, by hiding and abetting crimes that may unfold to eternal miſery. To error I would be lenient; to penitence I would be conſoling; to reformation I would open my arms: but to him

who

who confeſſes his guilt only to ſave himſelf from puniſhment, to him who would elude the incurred penalties of his wickedneſs, by ſhameleſsly ſoliciting a reſpectable old relation to uſe bribery for its concealment,—to him, I can only ſay: Since all precepts of virtue have failed to ſhew thee its excellence, go! learn of misfortune the evils, at leaſt of vice! Pay to the laws of ſociety what retribution they require for their violation—and if ſuffering ſhould lead to contrition, and ſecluſion from the world bring thee back to rectitude, then thou may'ſt find again thy father

AUGUSTUS TYROLD.

Another name I mention not. I preſent not to this ſullied page an image of ſuch purity: yet, if thy own thoughts dare paint it to thy view, will not thy heart, O Lionel! ſmite thee and ſay,—From her native land, from her ſorrowing huſband, from daughters juſt opening into life,—by my follies and indiſcretions I have driven my mother—by my guilt I ſhall make her bluſh to return to them?—

Camilla wept over this letter till its characters were almoſt effaced by her tears To withhold from her father the knowledge of

of the miſconduct of Lionel, what had ſhe not ſuffered? what not ſacrificed? yet to find it all unavailing, to find him thus informed of his ſon's wanton calls for money, his culpable connection, and his juſt fears of ſeeing it publiſhed and puniſhed—and to conſider with all this, that Edgar, through theſe unpardonable deviations from right, was irretrievably loſt to her, excited ſorrow the moſt depreſſing for her father, and regrets ſcarcely ſupportable for herſelf.

"Well," cried Lionel, "what do you think of my caſe now? Don't you allow I pay pretty handſomely for a mere young man's gambol? I aſſure you I don't know what might have been the conſequence, if Jacob had not afforded me a little comfort. He told me you were going to be married to 'ſquire Mandlebert, and that you were all at Southampton, and that he was ſure you would do any thing in the world to get me out of jeopardy; and ſo, thinking pretty much the ſame myſelf, here I am! Well, what ſay you, Camilla? Will you ſpeak a little word for me to Edgar?"

Shame, now taking place of affliction, ſtopt her tears, which dried upon her burning cheeks, as ſhe anſwered, "He is well known to you, Lionel:—you can addreſs him yourſelf!"

"No; that's your miſtake, may dear. I have

I have a little odd money matter to ſettle with him already; and beſides, we have had a ſort of a falling out upon the ſubject; for when I ſpoke to him about it laſt, he gave himſelf the airs of an old juſtice of the peace, and ſaid, if he did not find the affair given up, nothing ſhould induce him ever to help me again. What a mere codger that lad has turned out!"

"Ah, noble Edgar! juſt, high principled, and firm!" half pronounced Camilla, while again the icicles diſſolved, and trickled down her face.

"See but the different way in which things ſtrike people! however, it is not very pretty in you, Camilla, to praiſe him for treating me ſo ſcurvily. But come, doſt think he'll lend me the money?

"Lend?" repeated ſhe, ſignificantly.

"Ay lend; for I ſhall pay it every farthing; and every thing elſe."

"And how? And when?"

"Why,—with old unky Relvil's fortune."

"For ſhame, brother!"

"Nay, nay, you know as well as I do, I muſt have it at laſt. Who elſe has he to leave it to? Come, will you beg the three hundred for me? He dare not refuſe you, you know, in your day of power."

"Lionel," cried ſhe, with extreme emotion,

tion, "I ſhall ſee him no more! nor, perhaps may you!—He has left England."

"Impoſſible! why Jacob told me unky was working night and day at preparations for your keeping the wedding at Cleves?"

"I cannot talk upon this ſubject. I muſt beſeech you to reſerve your enquiries for Eugenia."

"I muſt go to her then, directly. I have not a moment to loſe. If you won't make Edgar help me in this buſineſs—and I know he won't do it of his own accord, I am utterly done up. There will remain but one ſingle thing for me. So now for my roquelo. But do only tell me, Camilla, if you ever knew ſuch a poor unlucky wight? for before I came to you, certain it would not be eaſy to make that young prig do any thing he had already declared againſt, I found out couſin Clermont. What a handſome coxcomb that is! Well, I told him my caſe, for one young fellow ſoon comprehends the difficulties of another, and begged him to aſk for the money of uncle Hugh, as if for himſelf; telling him, that as he was a new comer, and a new beginner, he could not ſo readily be refuſed; and promiſing to ſerve him as good a turn myſelf, when he had got a little into our ways, and wanted it, with my good uncle Relvil. Well! what do you think was the next news?

news? It's enough to make a man's hair ſtand at end, to ſee what a ſpite fortune has taken to me! Do you know he has got debts of his own, of one ſort or another, that poor unky has never heard of, to the amount of upwards of a thouſand pounds?"

He then muffled himſelf up and departed.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

Luke Hanſard, Printer,
Great Turnſtile, Lincoln's Inn Fields.